

**JOHNNY
CASH**

ROLLING STONE

No. 45

ACME

NOVEMBER 1, 1969

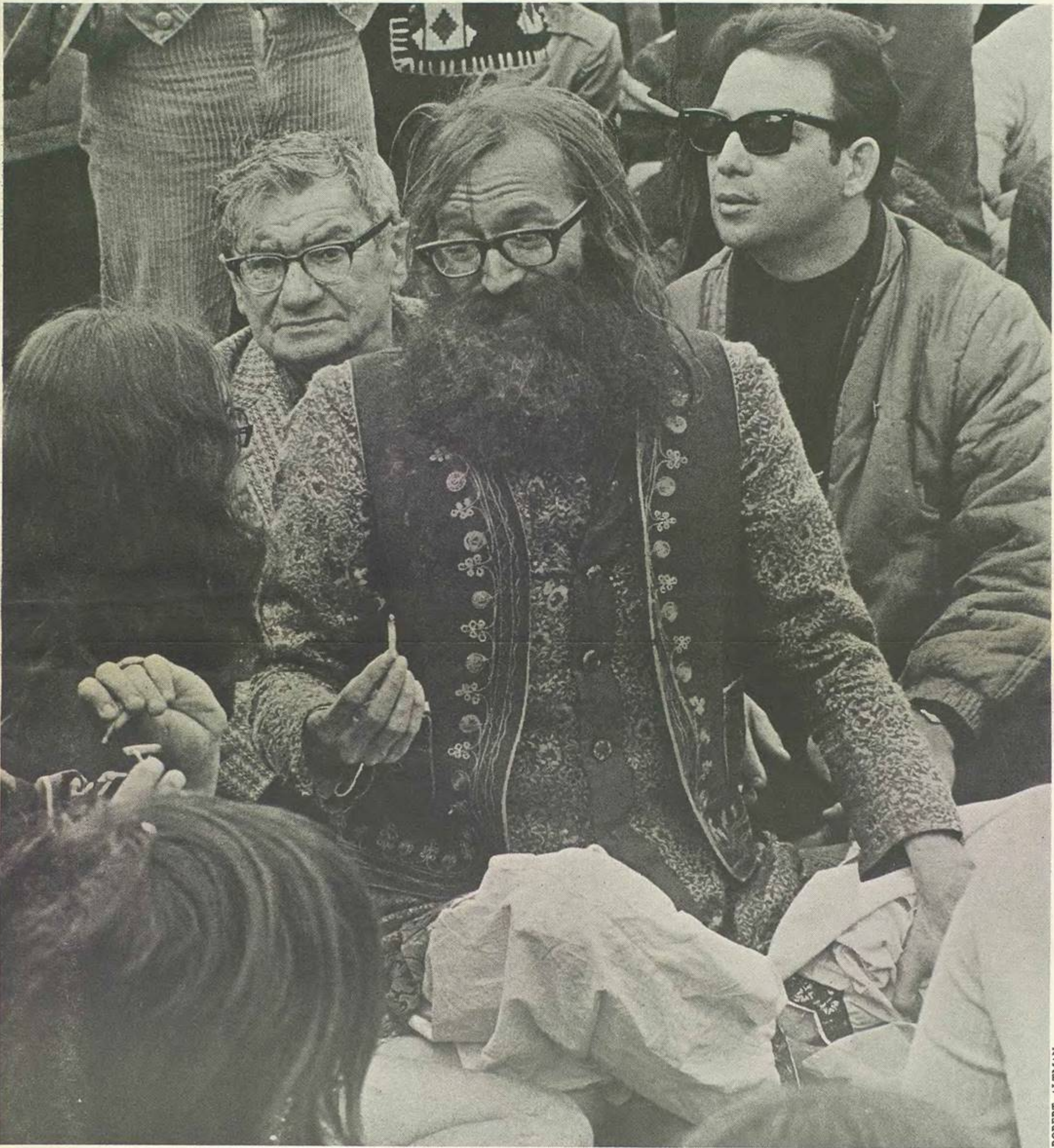
UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**INTERVIEW:
PHIL SPECTOR**

**SEEDS
&
STEMS**



*Tina Turner: In the ads,
at the festivals and
on the records.*



ROBERT ALTMAN

Rev. Wilbert Minzey of the Shiva Fellowship Church

A Temple of Cannabis

SAN FRANCISCO—The Shiva Fellowship Church, a loose aggregation of heads who each Sunday celebrate the religious glories of cannabis sativa outdoors, is planning to open up a Temple of Cannabis in San Francisco.

The temple, which organizers hope to have going by Halloween night, will feature a gigantic water pipe in the main area. Worshippers will be able to take in marijuana through long hoses extending out of the pipe/urn like octopus legs.

Shiva Fellowship, headed by a springy, spry old man named Rev. Wilbur Minzey, has conducted cannabis celebrations on Hippie Hill in Golden Gate Park every Sunday since January, 1968. Congregations have ranged in size between six and 600, and there've been relatively

few busts. Minzey, who began Shiva worship on return from three years of study with a yogi in India, has only been arrested once—last July—for leading his flock in nothing more than a loincloth and a pair of glasses. The only grass bust took place last year. One young man was charged with being "in a place where marijuana was being used." He was fined \$150.

According to one of the organizers, the Temple of Cannabis is at once an answer to "terrific community response to our Sunday meetings" and a challenge to the law.

"Rev. Minzey," said an assistant named Rev. Archer, "would like to prevent the police from interfering with his consti-

—Continued on Page 6

Straight Dope on the Crisis

In the following report, a typical San Francisco dealer—he deals about 200 keys every two weeks—reports on the Mexican-American dope trade, the economics of it, how it gets into the United States, how the big American dealers go about their business, the distribution system once it gets into the U.S. and the effect of Operation Intercept on his business to date.

SAN FRANCISCO—There's two basic ways to bring it in. In packs on mules through the hills where it's impossible for the border guards to catch them—it's a huge border, man, and no way to patrol the whole thing. Or right through the border stations in trucks. Most of it comes in trucks—the big bulk consign-

ments. Trucks can carry more. Two thousand to ten thousand keys in the big rigs.

Whole villages in Mexico have marijuana for their main crop. They grow enough other crops to eat and get by on, but the main thing is grass. Acres of it. The whole village works with it one way or another; the men plant it and tend it; the women and the kids work on packaging it. They use brick molds to press it into keys. Those same molds they use to make adobe bricks for their houses. They put the dope in the mold wet and they press it and when it dries it's in shape to travel.

There are some big growers down there, too. Big farms that are run like plantations, and they turn out as much

—Continued on Page Ten



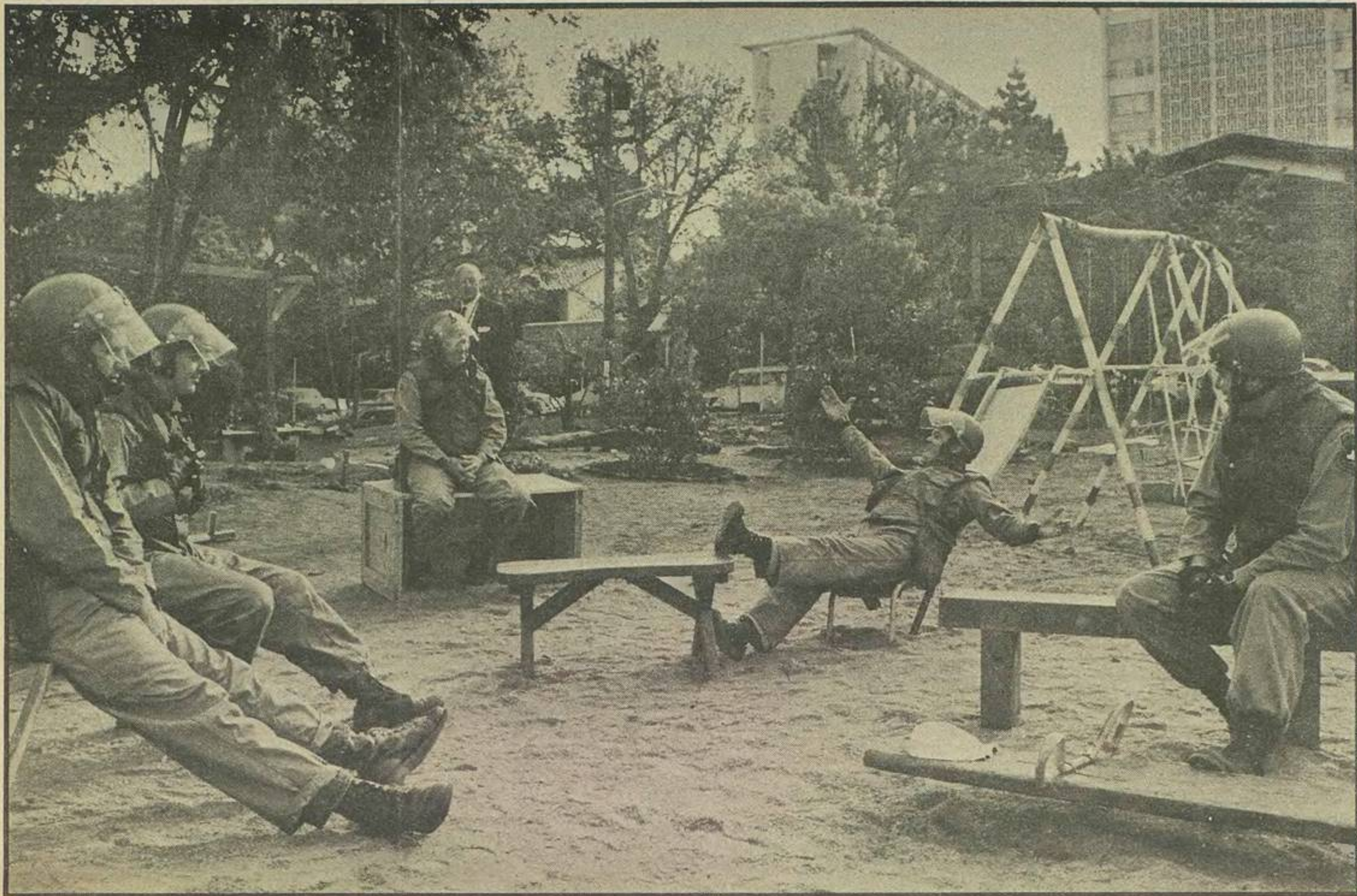
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People's Park

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:
Thought your story on the Underground Press (ROLLING STONE No. 43, October 4th) was excellent—certainly the most comprehensive and honest to date—and thanks for your kind perspective about my role in the thing.

JOHN WILCOCK
TOKYO, JAPAN

SIRS:
I am writing to tell you that the new Beatles album *Abbey Road*, and the Beatles, are straight jive.

Maybe jive isn't a strong enough adjective, but at the moment I cannot think of anything that is comparable except the good old L. A. burn. Anyone that professes peace and love, freedom for kids, freedom from repression and freedom from money hangups has to be termed jive when they put out a record and charge \$6.98 for it when it should retail for no more than any other single LP and fill this record full of novelty songs and such shit and I'm pissed off because the media think they are cute and the media is right—they are cute. They are also JIVEJIVEJIVEJIVEJIVE.

HUDSON MARQUEZ
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:
Dylan once sang, "I'm just average, common too/I'm just like him, same as you/I'm everybody's brother and everybody's son/I'm not different than anyone."

Obviously Columbia hasn't gotten the message yet. Dylan's music is to be passed around, shared by everyone, not copyrighted, contracted or exploited. Columbia dropped his contract when he was sick and not making them money, but now that he means money they want every cent.

Bravo for the bootleg record-makers in L.A.
WILLIAM VOGT
PHILADELPHIA

SIRS:
I realize it's a bit early to start lobbying for the It Happened in 1969 issue—but if *Nashville Skyline* isn't named the Album of the Year and "Honky Tonk

Women" the Record of the Year, well, shit, man, I cancel my subscription to the Resurrection. I know nobody could care less, but I really mean it.

THE FAMOUS ALASKA KING CRAB
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

SIRS:
I read with interest Frank Kornelussen's letter concerning the Airplane stealing the lyrics for "Crown of Creation." There is another case. The lyrics for "The Ballad of You & Me & Pooneil" are taken, word for word, from a poem called "Spring Morning" by the children's author A. A. Milne (creator of Christopher Robin and Winnie the Pooh). The lyrics are:

If you were a cloud and sailed up there,
You'd sail on water as blue as air,
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:
"Doesn't the sky look green today?"

If you were a bird, and lived on high,
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:
"That's where I wanted to go today!"

This seems to me to be a serious oversight on the part of the Airplane with regard to respect among artists. To me, there seems little difference in the injury they claim RCA is doing them by not letting them say what they want, and in their refusing to acknowledge another artist's individuality.

BRUCE SCOTLAND
SOUTH MILWAUKEE

SIRS:
Thank you for your sympathetic coverage of the great Johnny Carson/Youngbloods collision. I must clarify a couple of issues. First of all, Carson did not send us home. We walked out. Secondly, it was Jimi Hendrix, not the Youngbloods, who said "Fuck him and his show."

Banana, our public relations director

says that we should have a more benevolent image and that we should not make that kind of statement in public. "Poor Johnny," continues Banana, "probably does not know what went down. He probably got the story from the director who is a rude, crass individual and the same thing would occur if a reappearance were made. Poor Johnny probably remains ignorant of the true situation to this very day."

STUART KUTCHINS
POINT REYES, CALIF.

SIRS:
I am increasingly disappointed in the lack of attention paid to detail, especially in your record reviews. I happen to have been personally involved with several sessions recorded for the Masked Marauder LP, and feel that superstars such as these deserve more attention from your reviewer than the sophomoric superficial perusal he obviously gave the album.

"Kick out the Jams," which you credited entirely to George and Bob, was an arrangement worked out by Brian Wilson over two years ago. The popular plagiarism of this plaintive melody by the MC5 is repulsive, and the Marauder album lays out the first truly honest version of the song.

Also, according to Kooper, there were two songs which he recorded in Montreal with John and Yoko, which the record company refused to put on the album because of the suspicion that they contained dope references.

Really, I wish you'd get your facts straight.
STEFAN PONEK
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:
Kindly print this: Dear Laura Nyro, I've gotta get a message to you. Call your mother—201-353-4396.

SUZANNE K. MORRISON
ELIZABETH, N.J.

P.S. Be cool. This is my "parent's" home. Ask for Susan.

SIRS:
Many thanks for the mention of Fillmore East's Tuesday Audition Nights. I

hope this informs a lot of people who haven't heard about the program—both bands and potential audiences. The date you listed, however, was incorrect. It should be October 28, instead of October 8.

MARK SPECTOR
AUDITIONS DIRECTOR

SIRS:
As such, Lester Bangs reviews are, for this record listener at any rate, totally dispensable.

STEVE SIMMONS
SAN BRUNO, CALIF.

SIRS:
If enough people wrote to Playboy Magazine, which has always taken a pro-pot stand, and encouraged them to set up a pot lobby, they might rise to the challenge. The lobby could be funded by contributions. If half of the alleged 10-20 million heads donated a dollar each, enough could be raised to support a staff to organize facts, dispense information to influential persons, and to hire a full time lobbyist to work in Washington. Many persons would donate more than a dollar, and a very substantial lobby could be established.

I think Playboy would do it if encouraged by letters. I also feel they are the most logical people to do it. They are well read and respected by people from all walks. They would have the confidence of many people and could handle the job efficiently. They are less likely to attract harassment from the law than an underground organization.

I hope you will print this letter and that you concerned heads will write Playboy. It's worth a try. Here is their address: Playboy Magazine, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

A. FORD
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

SIRS:
If everyone saved their seeds and scattered them over hill and dale, woodland and meadow, public park and neighbor's garden, America would soon become a more beautiful place in which to live.

JOHNNY
SAN FRANCISCO

ROLLING STONE

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It happened at Tommy Smothers' new house in the Hollywood Hills, at a party for Donovan. A lot of his Hollywood friends were there: Cass Elliot, Eric Burdon, Johnny Rivers, Joni Mitchell, Graham Nash, Steve Stills, Carol Lynley, Mason Williams, Jennifer, Micky Dolenz, Davy Jones, Chelsea Brown, Murray Roman, and Phil Ochs among them.

Invitations to the party had been numbered and guests surrendered stubs on entering for a door prize, and it was this that provided the soiree's most unforgettable moment.

"The winning number is 401," said Murray Roman, MC for the night. "Who's got 401?"

Phil Ochs had 401, stepped forward, and took the mike. He looked at the prize — a basket of imported meats, cheeses and wines — and began, "I'm probably drunker than anybody here, but I'm probably unhappier than anybody else." Then, mumbling something about the "corruption" present at showy parties like this, he accepted the basket and sank it in the swimming pool.

A death-like hush fell on the 200 guests. Artist Eve Babitz giggled and John Carpenter started a smattering of applause. Roman, ever the gag man, took the mike and said, "I'm Jewish, too," and made a quick speech about starving people. Then he introduced Smothers, whose face by now was nearly as long as his 40-foot pool.

"There's also a time for good times," he said quietly, and he introduced the party's guest of honor, Donovan, who was sitting cross-legged on a ramp high above the pool with Paul Horn, his accompanist at the Hollywood Bowl, sitting next to him with his flute. Donovan did 20 minutes and swan dived into the pool to applause. Then people began to drink seriously. And Ochs went back to a house in the hills almost as sumptuous as the Smothers manse, with nearly the same splendid rich view.

The word out of Woodstock, Jimi Hendrix division, has him being photographed for his next LP, to be called *Gypsies, Suns and Rainbows*. Hendrix, reportedly sick of "being a clown — a rock and roll star" — is into what he calls "cosmic music" (a big influence: Juma Lewis, head of Woodstock's Aboriginal Music Society and part of Hendrix's new group). The lineup behind Jimi now reads: Mitch Mitchell, drums; Billy Cox, bass; Larry Lee, rhythm guitar; Jerry Velez, percussion and bongos, and Juma, flute. Called simply Jimi Hendrix, the group will set up a winter base either in Mill Valley, across the San Francisco Bay, or in Jamaica. A concert tour is also upcoming.

Transistor vesper: KRLA, a Pasadena-based Top 30 station once hailed as AM radio's only "underground" force, is now firmly planted atop God's earth. They've added a new weekend program called "Heaven Is On Your Mind" which cleverly weaves rock music and religion into a show that might be subtitled "Up With Preachers." Producer-narrator Gary Marshall says it was designed to supplement the station's public-service obligation, but a listening indicates it also might have been plotted to offset the station's left-wing rep.

In one recent episode, pop tunes were mixed with the philosophy of a Mormon church in Pasadena. Opening comments from a church member were followed by Peter, Paul, and Mary's "Hymn" and Motherlode's "When I Die." Next came a statement warning young listeners not to sacrifice eternal life for a few moments of pre-marital hi-jinks here on earth (A few moments?!). Then Buffy Sainte-Marie's "God is Alive; Magic is

Random Notes



SATTV

Afoot." Then another church member urged people to fight and die for the Constitution because it was "divinely inspired." And on and on like that for two solid hours. It's enough to drive a man to drink.

Short shorts: Bob Dylan's *Isle of Wight* performance was taped, and if all sounds well, will be out as an LP before too long. . . . Jefferson Airplane's next album, meanwhile, is due for release October 20th, only three months past the original release date, which must be some kind of record for the band. It's called *Volunteers*. . . . Lulu, wife of Bee-Gee Maurice Gibb, has been signed by Atlantic Records and recorded her first album for them — in Muscle Shoals. Well, Cher can do it. . . . World Peace Day is October 15th, and KMPX-FM in San Francisco will salute it with a silenced cash register. "For our entire 24-hour broadcast day, we'll be devoting ourselves to peaceful vibrations," says program director Tom Swift. "The only announcements will be public service messages about draft counseling and related services." And the crazy S.F. Chronicle, which sneaks in a little dope wherever possible, sent out their Question Man to ask, "What went wrong on your summer vacation?" Among

the answers was a college student's: "We stopped at a gas station. One of the kids was holding 17 tabs of acid. The gas station owner's wife saw it but she was real nice about it. She hid the acid in the hub caps for us."

Scary news: The Newport '69 Pop Festival at Devonshire Downs — the one in June that erupted in extensive property damage and some 75 arrests out of 150,000 people there over three days — has been thoroughly investigated by southland dicks. Their report reads, in part: "Information from two sources indicated that youths were hired by as yet unknown persons or organizations to agitate and lead crowds to violent acts. . . . Investigation revealed that Ultraliberal organizations were involved. . . . One person was reported to have Communist connections." Right. He was the only cat there who wasn't dropping reds. . . .

Timothy Leary, the next governor of California, has offered a potted plan to counteract "Operation Intercept." Heads, he said, should begin growing their own cannabis, using THC and acid, and switching from bulky grass to the microscopic hash. Dr. Leary says Nixon's latest war is a "political issue, because a minority group — 30 million marijuana

users — is being discriminated against. They've lost the war in Vietnam, and now they're using the same techniques in the war on pot." If they are, the peace talks should be interesting. . . .

The BBC may have banned Max Romeo's "Wet Dream" and Jane Birkin's "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus," but catching such obvious nasties was no mean feat. On the other hand, as Pamela Fearon in London points out, "A number one blue beat, 'The Israelite' (by Desmond Dekker) had words: 'My wife and my children they fuck-off and leave me.' This was number one for weeks, but although matrons and housewives hummed messily along to it, the words are indistinguishable to the uninformed."

Among the jazz players on B. B. King's live session album cut recently at Fillmore East are Pharoah Saunders and Dizzy Gillespie. Their presence disturbed at least one rock/blues head (*vide* ROLLING STONE Love Letters, Correspondence & Advice section, last ish), but jazz freaks will await with bated breath.

Marty Robbins, country/pop star of the early Sixties and a popular headliner with the Grand Ole Opry, has been hospitalized following an apparent heart attack early last month. Robbins, who accounted for such hits as "White Sport Coat," "El Paso," and "Devil Woman," suffered the attack in a bus going from a Warren, Ohio, gig toward another one in South Carolina. He is recovering in a Nashville hospital.

Environmental rock: Later on this month, a New York outfit called Syn-Tonic Research, Inc., is releasing an album that may wipe out minds, music, and Muzak—all at the same time. The record, called *Environments*, disc one, makes use of what is called "psychologically-based stereo sound"—the ocean on one side; songbirds on the other—that can, as the company claims, "neutralize noise and be left on indefinitely without fatigue or boredom."

It's really an amazing piece of wax, engineered so you can play the sea sounds at any speed between 16 to 45 rpm (one side can last a full hour), manufactured so it'll play hundreds of times without noticeable distortion from wear, and designed to mask out the effects of noise pollution. It's supposed to be used for hours at a time, to become part of a room, house, or office, to make relaxing, studying, sleeping, turning on, and balling all that much better.

A ROLLING STONE test shows side one (ocean) best for balling and crashing; side two (the birds) best for sunny morning hours. But try it out yourself.

It's what's left out that counts: Playboy, for 14 years now, has advanced the idea that the sexiest chicks are the ones with polished breasts, lipsticked lips, and hair-free pubises. Then, last August, they ran a pictorial spread on black dancer Paula Kelly and, for some reason, left air brushes inert. Immediately, Soul, a black music publication, cried "discrimination" in an article entitled "Screw Play." But the magazines are at peace once more, because the October Playmate, as Soul proudly reports, is "a lovely black girl from Houston, Texas. She is Jean Bell who not only looks like she just got out of the tub, but you have to shake the picture to make sure they got all the water off. To us it's their greatest Playmate ever. No pubic hairs and everything in its proper place. . . . this is real progress in a very short period."

We're sure that Martin Luther King would be pleased.

There Weren't Any Apple Records When Billy Preston Cut His First Album Mick And Keith Didn't Even Know Each Other When Gene Allison Cut "You Can Make It If You Try" Otis Hadn't Joined The Pinetoppers When Little Richard Cut "Lucille" Jerry Butler And Betty Everett Had A Whole Album Of It Before Marvin And Tammi Ever Met

Rock and roll music people like Little Richard, Bobby Day, and Chris Kenner pounded out the teen beat sounds of the 1950's so hard you can still feel the vibrations. They were part of the first generation of rock; part of parking in the dark and every high school hop. This first generation of rock, blues, and early soul is an excitement that can never be captured through the intellectualization of today's rock print, you've got to feel it to understand it.

We've assembled twelve albums which will make you want to unlace your shoes, pull off your white socks, jump up on the kitchen table and dance. The entire series is called "The First Generation: Rock/Blues/Early Soul". You can get the whole set, set them on your hifi, and really have a blast. Albums like "First Generation Soul" with Gladys Knight, Jerry Butler, Jimmy Hughes, Betty Everett, Jesse Belvin, Gene Chandler, Jimmy Charles, Maxine Brown, Bobby Lewis, Chris Kenner, and Lee Dorsey. And "The Great Groups" with The Spaniels, Quintones, Moonglows, Nutmegs, Skyliners, Dells, Dubbs, and Flamingos among others. And "Blues Jam" with Memphis Slim, Willie Dixon, Victoria Spivey, Sonny Boy Williamson, Otis Spann, Muddy Waters, and Lonnie Johnson. And "The Rock and Roll Stars" with Richie Valens, Bobby Day, Harold Dorman, Maurice Williams, Terry Stafford, Jimmy Clanton, Little Richard, Joe Jones, Frankie Ford, and Ron Holden.

Some of the other First Generation albums are by Little Richard, Billy Preston, Memphis Slim, Joe Simon, The Dells, The Staple Singers, John Lee Hooker, and Junior Wells.

The entire set of albums will give you a firm, vibrant foundation in the history of rock and roll. We kind of hope that you'll put yourself together with some of these sounds. Vitalis, black leather jackets, and a comb in the back pocket of your jeans may not be part of your life style anymore, but rock and roll should be.



The First Generation, Rock, Blues, Early Soul

Available exclusively on ITCC 4 & 8 track stereo tape cartridges.
Buddah Records is a subsidiary of Viewlex, Inc.

Cannabis Temple

—Continued from Page 1

tutional rights of worship." The Shiva Fellowship Church is chartered by the Universal Life Church. According to Archer, ULC's leader, Rev. Kirby Hensley, is willing to put his huge church (200,000 ordained ministers) behind Shiva in its fight for the right to worship any way it wishes.

As for the grass church itself, blueprints show a maze-like construction with stop points for discarding one's clothing (in exchange for temple garments), for dropping off contributory dope (which is transferred into the central hitting system) before getting to the main room.

"Narcs," said Rev. Archer, "will be welcome, if they're here to visit and worship. But they'll have to leave their guns and weapons at the door."

Rev. Minzey hopes to open the temple at 10 P.M. Halloween night, then go into a schedule of regular cannabis services on Sundays at 1 P.M., with other services "whenever a group of worshippers gather there."

At this point, a site near central San Francisco has been chosen, and it's a matter of raising funds to nail down a lease and take care of elementary business. Most of the money will come from beer-can collections taken up over Columbus Day weekend in the city. Would-be supporters of the Temple of Cannabis are encouraged to send a dime to Shiva, c/o the Good Times office, 1550 Howard St., San Francisco 94103.

Big Heroin Scare Shakes France

BY FERRIS HARTMAN

PARIS—France is finally frightened for its young people.

Drugs, a new major problem here, knocked the first convulsion of fall labor strikes off the front pages of national newspapers even though editors admit that the strikes could pull down the Pompidou government and the Fifth Republic.

Paris Jour, the major tabloid, created multicolored headlines on page one to scream the news of heroin deaths among the young on the Riviera.

Its back page was solemnly black with reports about the arrest of millionaire Rik Van Steenberghe, three times world champion of bike racers, for financing a drug ring. Strikes and government apoplexy had to make do with what space was left on the inside.

A 17-year-old girl died after receiving a heroin shot in the toilets of the Bandol casino. A 16-year-old girl died similarly in Cannes. There were other deaths in St. Tropez, Marseilles and Aix-en-Provence. Drug clubs were uncovered in high schools in Melun, Bayonne, Enghien, Apt and smaller towns as well as larger cities.

Co-ed Claire Lambert, 20, found two pounds of heroin around the house and fed it to her pals until it killed Jean Claude Lamoureux, a young draftee. Her father, who works for the Social Security department, had bought the villa after the arrest there of drug king Joseph Cesari.

Cesari had used the place as a factory for refining the stuff he sent to America and Claire was passing around samples that he left behind.

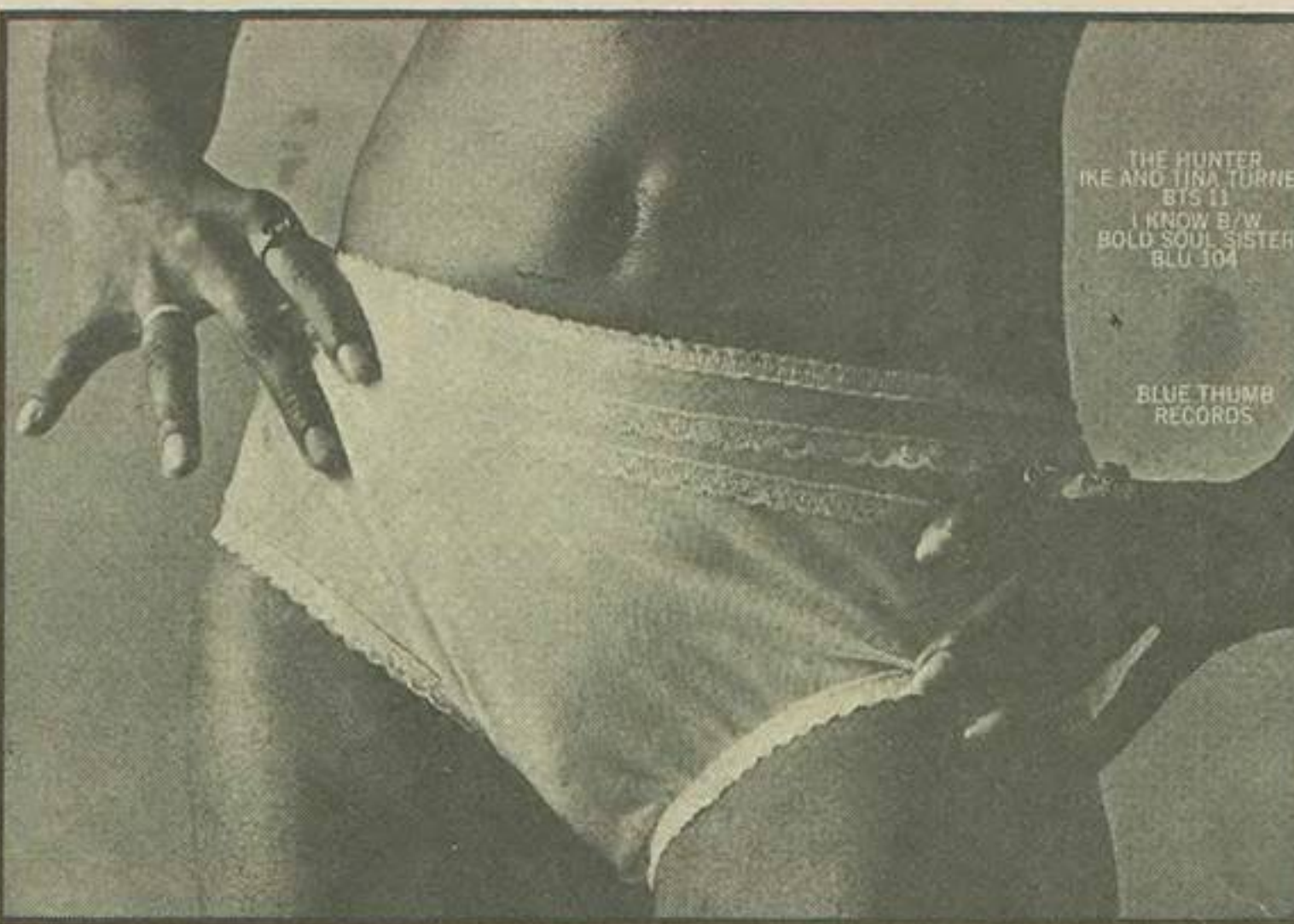
With Claire, the drug story completed full circle. In the old days the French were not tempted by the stuff but loved to transport it for profit to America. France was the relay station for drugs arriving from the Middle and Far East.

Even for celebrities, drug-running was fun until a French star of the government-owned television network was caught in New York delivering a car full of the stuff.

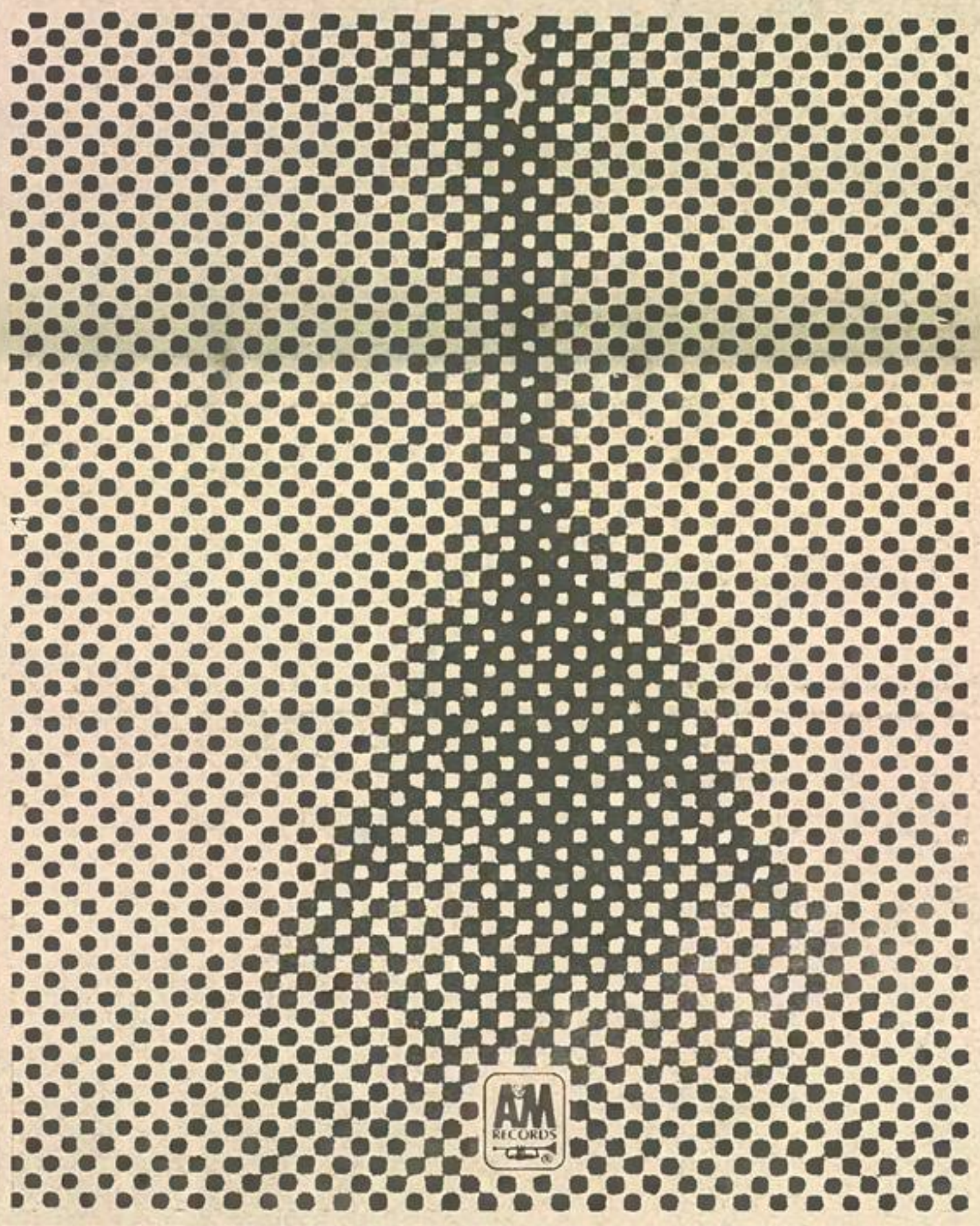
American students started bringing pot and snow with them on European vacations, and the stuff caught on with French kids like Coca Cola and hot dogs. Anything American does.

Mayor Jacques Medecin of Nice reports that the poor as well as the rich are taking drugs because "they cost no more than a movie ticket here."

He warned that drugs, prostitution and white slavery go together on the French Riviera. Young men offer girls free "bonbons" in high school areas, then let them smoke free at surprise parties until they are hooked. Forced to pay,



joe cocker
delta lady/A&M 1112



(Top) The Blue Thumb ad; (bottom) the Cocker shocker

the girls turn to prostitution in order to earn sufficient money.

"There are also parties on the yachts, but we have no authority to do much about them," reported a police commissaire. "Most of the minors, both boys and girls, who are picked up for prostitution say that they are trying to earn money in order to buy drugs."

In 1969, Nice has fewer police than it did 30 years ago. The population has doubled, and the area of the city has tripled. The situation is similar in other French cities.

Mayor Medecin has appealed to the federal government to permit young men to do their military service in local police departments. "We need the young to fight to protect the young," he said.

The mayor also wants stricter drug laws. In France, the punishment for trading in drugs ranges from three months to five years. The top fine is \$7000.

The Band Goes On the Road

NEW YORK—With a second album and two memorable performances with Bob Dylan behind them, the Band has moved into their first extended concert tour.

Last weekend, the group appeared in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music, and their next stops, most of them at large concert halls, include the Philadelphia Academy of Music (October 26th), Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. (27th), and the Symphony Hall in Boston (31st.) In November, the Band will be at the Riviera Theater in Detroit for dates on the 14th and 15th.

Dylan, meanwhile, has moved out of his Woodstock compound and back into the city—into the Village, in fact, in a

house at one of Greenwich Village's busiest intersections. When not with his wife and kids, the singer may often be seen playing basketball with neighborhood children. There are currently no plans for a Dylan concert tour.

Record Ads Hitting Below the Belt

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—Readers of music trade publications got something more than the usual charts and hype this month—namely, a page full of snatch and a half-page of foxy, bulging underpants.

The snatch, presented in a super-magnified form so that the immediate impression is of a dot-tone pattern, was used to proclaim the arrival of a new A&M single, Joe Cocker's "Delta Lady." It appeared in the September 28th issue of Cash Box.

The underpants ad was printed in the October 4th Billboard opposite a piece on Ike and Tina Turner in Las Vegas. The photo is a medium close-up on a blackchick with hands on her hip. She is wearing three rings and a pair of a laced white undies. It's a sheer garment, and that lovely female bulge is quite evident. The ad is for Ike and Tina Turner's single, "The Hunter," on the Blue Thumb label.

Too, there's a multi-page spread in the Billboard for the Grand Funk Railroad, with these lines among the prominently-featured copy: "Atlanta Pop Festival: 125,000 people hear three men play . . . and learn it's not how big it is . . . it's how you use it!" "Los Angeles, Calif.: Grand Funk came . . . and so did L.A.!"

In the face of Beaver movie houses, underground papers, and Screw, Kiss, and the New York Review of Sex—which regularly display crotch spreads—the Cocker photo is far from shocking. Still, it's the first time that such a graphic photo has been used in such a place, for such a reason. It might well be called a milestone in record advertising.

The ad—designed by A&M's award-winning art director Tom Wilkes—was rejected by Billboard, whose publisher labeled it "vulgar and offensive," and it was apparently sent to Cash Box without approval from A&M president Jerry Moss (who reportedly did a quick burn when he found out about the ad). Similarly, the Ike and Tina Turner ad resulted in the firing of a PR shop. Overall, however, reaction has been cool.

As Mort Nasatir, Billboard's publisher, put it, "We're not isolated. All advertising in all forms of communications has been liberalized; there's been an increased use of nudity and more freedom of language everywhere."

Trade papers are actually isolated, in one important sense: the readership is known—in Billboard and Cash Box's case—to be record distributors, rack jobbers, radio broadcasting personnel, coin-machine operators, and such. "And this is how these people advertise to each other," Nasatir said. "It's a different forest, and we reflect the industry as it is."

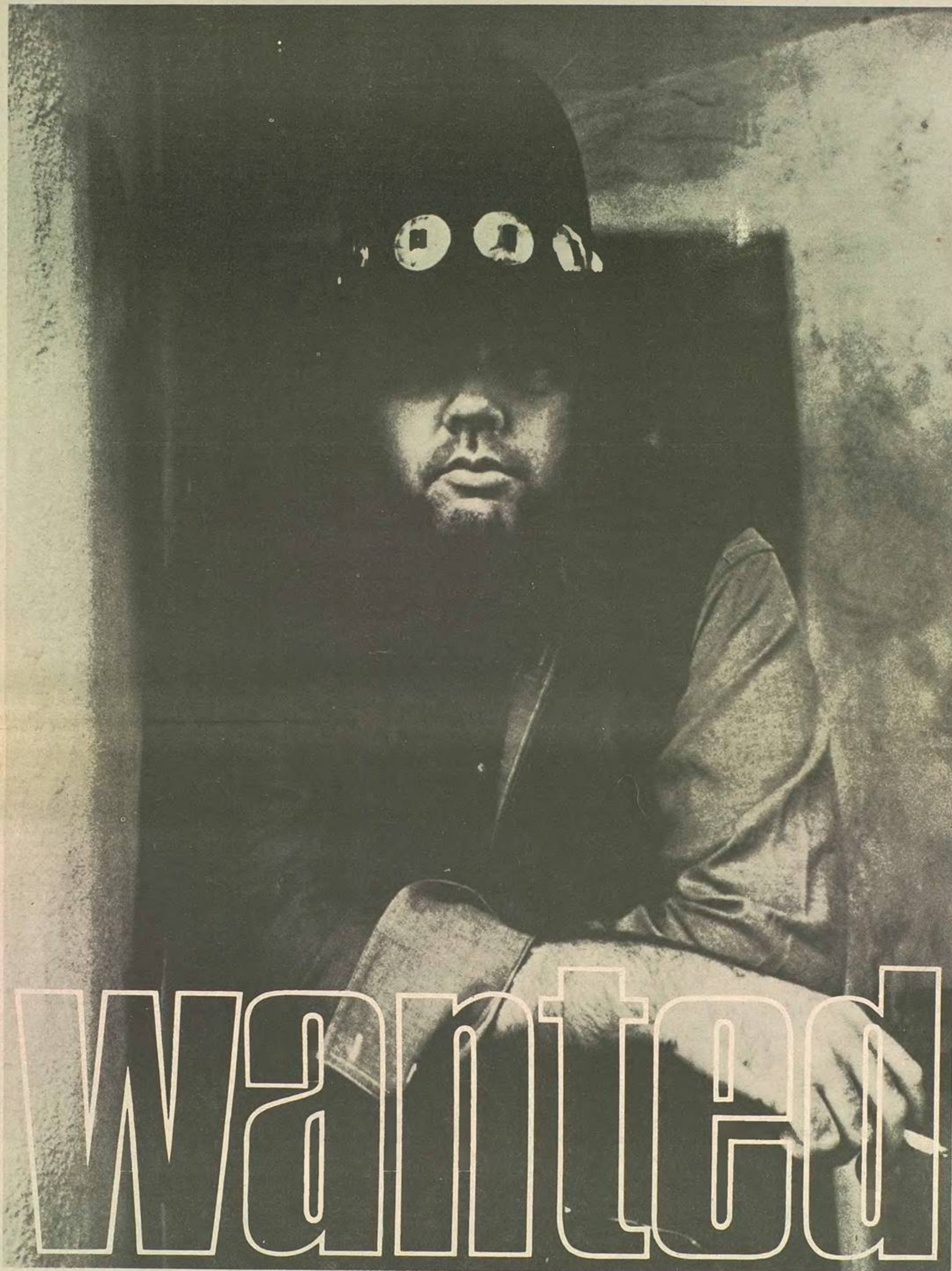
Standards, then, are as vague as definitions for obscenity. "If in copy, the ad is really in bad taste or offensive, or if in illustration it is basically suggestive—or if it degrades the book—we have to draw the line."

"That ad (Blue Thumb's) comes close, but I didn't find it objectionable."

Billboard's San Francisco correspondent, Geoffrey Link, frankly called the Blue Thumb ad "a good thing. All good, sexy rhythm and blues stuff isn't very subtle, so why should the advertising have to be? The artists aren't hiding anything, so this ad is just saying what the music says."

But at Blue Thumb, advertising director Dan Graham found the panty-photo objectionable enough to dump a Los Angeles publicity house that came up with the ad. He admitted, however, that reaction had been minimal—"Most dealers and distributors are deaf and dumb, anyway," he said, "and about all I've heard is that somebody at a radio station in Orlando, Florida, loved it."

And Cash Box magazine, according to advertising director Bernie Blake, has no set standards. Each ad is considered on its own merits. As for the zoomer snatch, "When we got the ad, nobody saw what it was. It's very difficult to see anyway. I mean, the name of the record is 'Delta Lady,' and some of the guys just figured it was a delta design or something like that."



Be on the lookout for Lonnie Mack and his latest album, *Whatever's Right*, on



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Tragedy Strikes David Crosby

SAN FRANCISCO — A long-anticipated four-night stand by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young was cancelled here at the last minute, following the death of David Crosby's girl friend, Christine Gail Hinton.

Christine, 21, was killed in a bizarre collision involving her VW bus and a school bus in Novato, north of the San Francisco Bay, on September 30th, just two days before the group's engagement was to begin. A companion was seriously injured.

Crosby, close to Christine for some two years, went into a state of shock and was still reportedly shaky on Thursday when the other members decided to cancel out.

"David's lost a dear, close friend," John Sebastian explained to one Winterland crowd, "and he's spending a few days in a boat on the bay . . . he just needs some time to stew and think things over."

Meanwhile, Bill Graham was forced to cancel the Thursday night show at the Winterland. For the remaining three days, he was able to present four-band bills. Filling in for Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young were Janis Joplin, Richie Havens, It's a Beautiful Day, Santana, Cold Blood, and Sanpaku. Sebastian and Blues Image completed the bill each evening.

With Christine, who was driving the VW that Tuesday afternoon, were Barbara Langer, 23, and a number of pets. Their bus was moving up Diablo Avenue, a two-lane road, when, according to the driver of the school bus, "The VW started drifting across the center line." The oncoming bus driver said she slowed down and honked her horn, but her warnings went unheeded. Christine died immediately, while Barbara was taken to the local hospital with head injuries and multiple cuts. She is in fair condition.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have been re-scheduled for November 13th through the 16th at Winterland.

Park Protesters Camera-Shy

LOS ANGELES — What started as a fight against laws to limit rock concerts in public parks has turned into a controversy over whether cops have the right to take pictures of protesters.

The new battle erupted at a meeting of the Board of Parks and Recreation Commission held to discuss an ordinance that would ban the use of sound amplification equipment except by special permit in specially designated areas—a law proposed after violence at a free concert at Venice Beach and a summer pop festival (Newport '69) at Devonshire Downs.

When it became known that such legislation was being considered, a Coalition Against Repression was organized, led, in part, by Ed Pearl, owner of the Ash Grove night club. His first move was a "park-in" at Griffith Park to show the parks belonged to the people, not the bureaucrats. The cause, and the music of several top bands (including the Flying Burrito Brothers and the Youngbloods),



David Crosby and Christine at the Big Sur Folk Festival

drew 15,000 persons. There were no incidents.

Three days later the Coalition took 100 protesters to the parks commission hearing and it was then that UCLA student Gordon Alexander said police photographers had been taking Coalition members' pictures as they entered the meeting room. This, he said, was an "insult to all citizens and an infringement of their rights."

Also speaking in protest was Michael Hannon, an attorney who once ran for district attorney on the Peace and Freedom ticket. Himself an ex-cop, he told the commissioners that "recent court decisions confirm the right of citizens to appear and be heard at public meetings without being photographed by the police, or having their rights otherwise compromised."

And then the 100 walked out, passing a command post of 50 cops who had been called "in case something occurred."

Next day, Lt. Jack White of the Hollywood Division told newsmen: "Police can and should take photographs as evidence, in case something does happen. That way, we will know what happened. We would love to have photographs of the start of the Watts riot. We had heard rumors there might be a confrontation. We were there in case there was a breach of the peace." White also said the photographs were used in "police training," but wouldn't elaborate.

Hannon said he would seek legal relief in the police photography issue,

probably working with the ACLU.

Meanwhile, the commission continued discussing the sounds-of-silence ordinance, which if approved goes next to the city council.

Zappers Zapped in New York, LA

LOS ANGELES—Police have arrested employees of two Los Angeles area head shops for selling Zap Comix, charging them with selling obscene material.

City police came down on the Third Eye in suburban Encino and the Psychedelic Supermarket in Hollywood. In both cases, those arrested were named as being the individuals who had previously sold the comic books to police.

Rick Redus, one of the owners of the Third Eye, said officers visited his shop six weeks prior to the bust, buying a copy of Zap No. 2, returning in late September to arrest Eddie Burton, one of the Third Eye clerks. He is to appear in court November 14th.

At the Supermarket, Hollywood police reportedly bought copies of Zap Nos. 2, 3 and 4 from Richard Epstein, who operates the poster booth in the shop, then later arrested him at his home. His court appearance is scheduled for November 3rd and the shop's manager, Gary Jacobs, said Zap was no longer being sold.

Of course, police are not strangers at

shops like these, but Redus said he felt the Zap bust was "merely part of a continuing harassment of the Third Eye." This was the shop's third arrest since June, he said, the others coming in connection with a series of free weekend rock concerts held in the yard adjacent to the shop.

Zap has also been zapped in New York City where, on September 17th, two plainclothesmen strolled into the East Side Bookstore, identified themselves as cops from the "Public Morality Administrative Division," and arrested manager Peter Dargis for selling Zap Comix No. Four.

While the bust was happening, Terry McCoy, an employee, dropped in on his day off to visit; the cops whipped out a warrant for a clerk who'd sold Zap to an agent a few days before and collared McCoy, even though their warrant described the clerk as 6'1" with curly hair and McCoy is 5'7" with long straight hair.

Meanwhile, uptown at New Yorker Books, cops made another Zap bust, and when owner Peter Martin went to the station to bail his clerk out, he was hauled into the tank.

A number of bookstore owners have now united as the Free Booksellers League to protect themselves. As for the trial for the East Side bust, owner James Rose (who himself was arrested for "promoting obscenity" when he went to visit his employees) said Allen Ginsberg has offered to testify to the virtues of the Robert Crumb comic books.

Timothy Leary Is a Democrat

LOS ANGELES—Dr. Timothy Leary, already an announced candidate for the California governorship, said in a press conference here that he hopes to take control of the Democratic party.

Leary said he had decided to run as a Democrat because "the Democrats are the party of youth, the party of the blacks, the browns, and the minorities; as a matter of fact, all the individualists and kooks in this state belong to the Democratic party. We make up the majority."

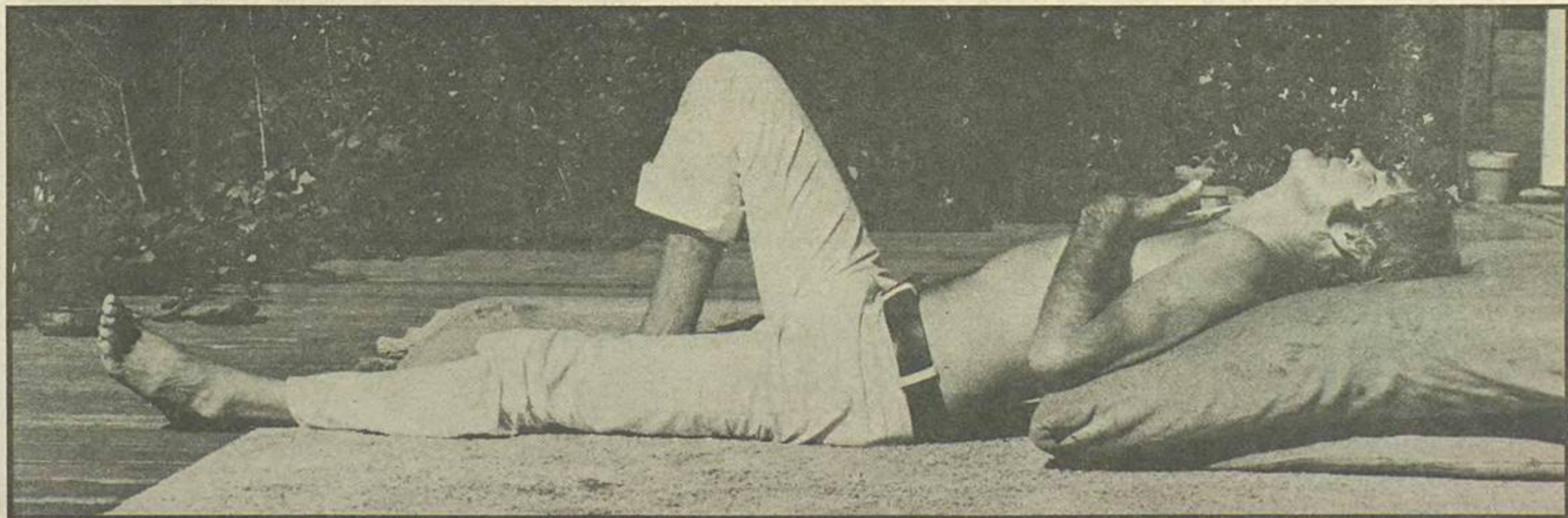
He said he had considered running on the Republican ticket, but advisors had told him most registered Republicans were past 50, "menopausal." Nor, he said, did he see much future in taking a stand with either the Peace and Freedom or George Wallace organizations.

Leary recognized the competition that exists for the Democratic nomination, but he didn't seem worried about it.

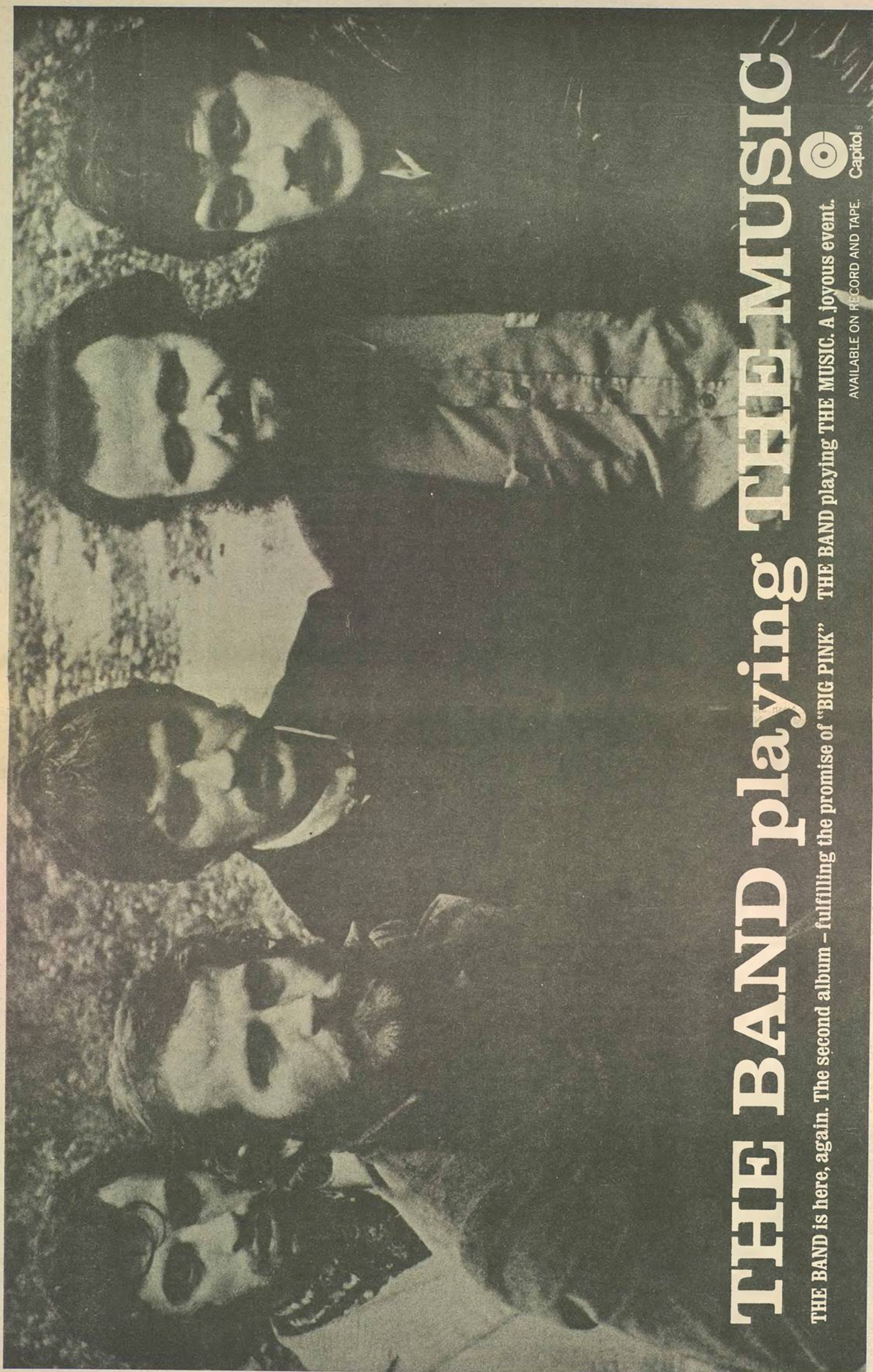
"At the present time we are told that Mayor Alioto of San Francisco and Jesse Unruh are considering running. I love both of these men. They are liberal men. As a matter of fact, they're probably turned on, if not actually, at least they've gotten a contact high from their sons. Because it's a matter of public record that their sons, like the sons and daughters of most of the leading politicians of this country, have taken the trip with me in the last couple of years."

Leary said Alioto probably would get the Humphrey vote, Unruh the machine Democrat and the old Kennedy blocs, while "that leaves me with the natural and righteous heir of the young Kennedy people, the McCarthyites, the peace people, and that large majority of young people who have never bothered to register because—why bother?"

The Democratic primary election is in June, 1970.



Timothy Leary: The Making of the Governor



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Kids Do the Darndest Things

LOS ANGELES—Diane Linkletter, who never escaped the presence of her TV star father in life, is being haunted by him in death.

The 20-year-old Miss Linkletter, an aspiring actress, leaped to her death from a kitchen window of her 6th floor West Hollywood apartment October 5th.

Since then, her father, best known for interviews of little kids on his housewife show, has unleashed a torrent of messianic words on drugs and youth, virtually using Diane's casket for a podium.

Linkletter claimed that Diane was under the influence of LSD when she jumped, and that "it isn't suicide because she wasn't herself. It was murder. She was murdered by the people who manufacture and sell LSD." Linkletter made his statement before an autopsy was performed.

What was immediately known was that Diane had taken acid, on and off, for the past half year and was despondent the night before her death. According to a friend who was with her for several hours before her plunge, Diane was depressed and concerned about her career, and about how she "couldn't be her own person."

The elder Linkletter, meanwhile, is planning to use his daughter's tragedy as an "example" in the talks he gives around the country on the topic "Permissiveness in this Society." He launched into a diatribe immediately after the suicide in a lengthy interview with the Los Angeles Times. The following Tuesday, just before the funeral services at Forest Lawn, he did another stint for the press, defending himself as a parent. "We've been a very close family," he said. "We've done everything you do according to the book—taken vacations together, gone on pack trips together, traveled extensively all over the world."

Something else Dad and daughter did together might shed more light on the width of the generation chasm between them, whatever Linkletter is saying. A few years ago, Art Linkletter cut a record called "A Letter to a Teenager." The flip side was a rebuttal done by Diane.

Linkletter also laid out a long rap Tuesday about his dead daughter's personal problems and linked them to acid. He called LSD a "poison . . . a tiger in her bloodstream," and he wrapped up with this piece of advice:

"What you have to do is not just say using drugs is a bad thing, but have incontestable scientific proof. And when somebody like Timothy Leary comes out and justifies it, we've got to jump on him with hobnailed boots."

The Dope Trade

—Continued from Page 1

crop as one of the villages. Usually they're off the beaten path, in secluded areas so it's not too obvious. But the *federales* know about them, it's no secret, not really. That's where *mordida* comes in—the pay-off. That's the first pay-off, to keep the Mexican feds from ripping off the crop in the field.

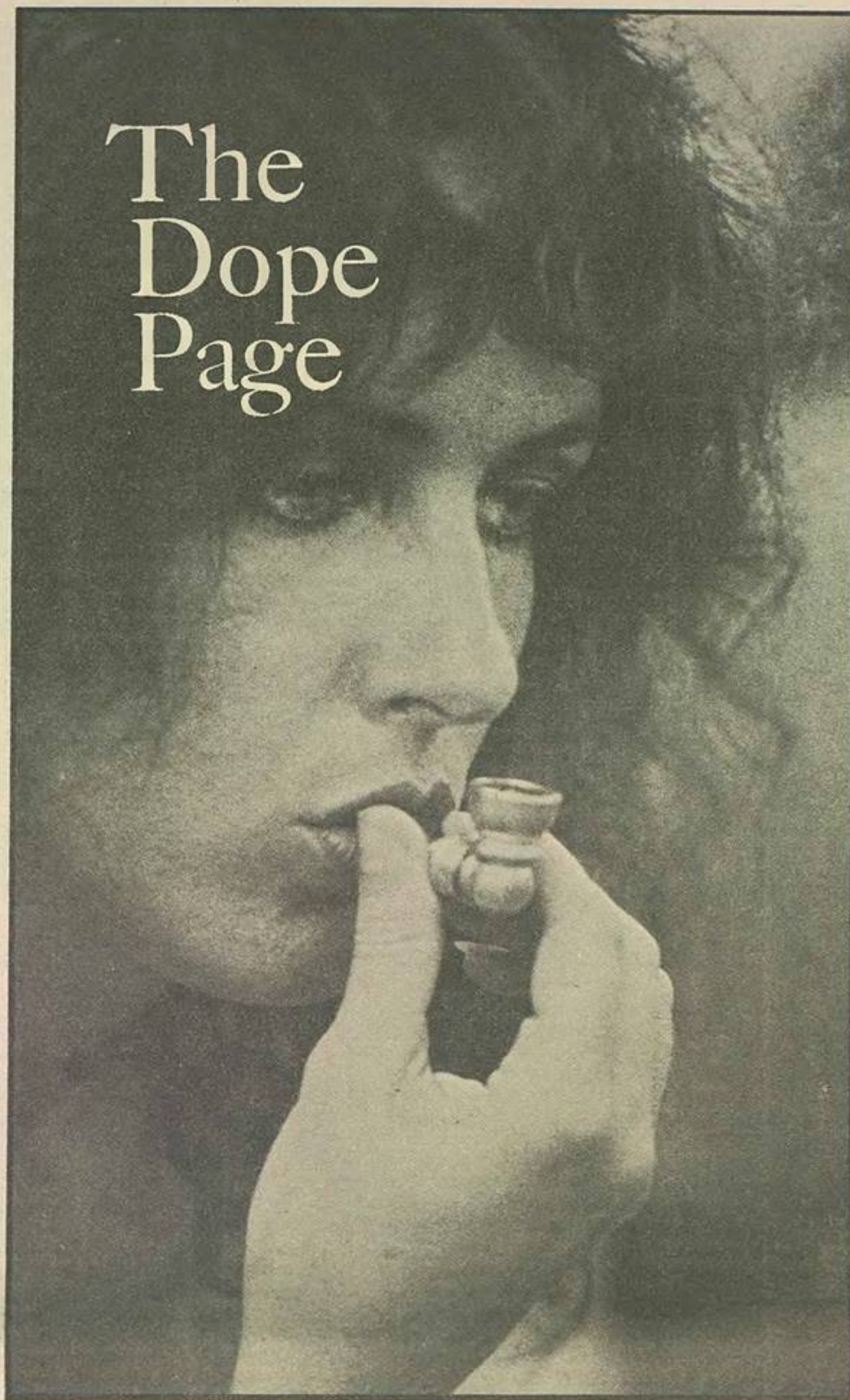
After it's together, the big dealers from the United States will fly down to taste it and test it. They don't carry any of it back. They taste it there, to be sure it's quality. If they're satisfied they make a buy, but they don't carry it back themselves. They come back into the United States clean. They let the Mexicans get it into this country. Some of them wait until it's in the United States before they taste it, down near the border. The big guys go right into Mexico to taste, though.

The way it usually works is a village contacts a Mexican truck driver to haul the shipment. Either somebody they know who lives in the village or close by, or dope trucking contractors. These guys load up a truck and drive up just south of the border and wait. It takes time sometimes to work out a pay-off. You've got to pay off the border guards on both sides.

But it's done all the time. Operation Intercept slowed things down for a couple of weeks, but it's not going to cut it off. The pay-off's too tasty.

And I doubt that the Mexican government's taking it very seriously. If they'd meant to stop marijuana farming down there, they would have stopped it. Mexico isn't the United States, but they're to-

The Dope Page



gether that they got schools in all the provinces and transportation and their own socialism, and if they thought it was any kind of priority issue to stop grass, they'd have stopped it. If they did, it would wipe out whole villages. Take away their main crop and they wouldn't know what to do, or a long time before they could adjust. A lot of hard times. Times are hard enough already.

Whoever runs the border is independent himself, probably. He bought the kilos at a given price and is getting them across the border to wholesale to people in the north who are dealing them out. Quite often the border runners themselves never go more than a hundred miles from the border on either side, so they're a special link in the whole thing. From there on out, the wholesale and distribution is normal to any trade.

People who normally pick up stuff at a border contact don't deal them out directly to the consumer because they usually have so many that they couldn't take the time to do that. So they usually either entrust some of these kilos to friends or possibly have them give out the money in advance or some arrangement like that. But they set a price whereby they're making a profit, and then the person who's next down the line, such as myself, is free to add on his profit.

I don't make a fantastic profit. Anywhere from ten to 25 dollars on a kilo. Some customers of mine buy just one. Some buy 30 to a hundred kilos. They're usually buying again to re-distribute to other people, or possibly to take the kilos where they're worth a great deal more money. The East Coast.

There's a small number in that middle class white collar head scene who like to buy a kilo and smoke it and then later on buy another and smoke it. They're unusual. Most of the consumption that goes on in the country is done on an ounce basis. And many places most of it's done on a matchbox basis. And the price differential in each one of those allows for somebody to make

a profit of five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five dollars. The majority of people who purchase a kilo are going to piece it out in some way so as to at least make their investment back so their own smoke is free. Or else maybe sufficient profit to make two kilos next time. A Horatio Alger approach to the dope trade.

Operation Intercept is going to bring about something that you might call anarcho-capitalism. It's going to make every kid love spending his dimes and dollars from newspaper routes for consumption of marijuana. If the demand is driven up out of his reach, he's simply going to start buying larger quantities—initially half a pound or something of that nature—and sell off five ounces in order to make his margin of profit and smoke the rest himself. You're now going to find that the kids whose parents worry about their using it will be out in the street dealing.

If the price of dope goes up, people who are consuming will have to start dealing themselves. It's inflation, that's all. Kids will find a way to buy enough that they can piece it out and it won't cost them anything. You're going to have kids experiencing unadulterated business. They're going to become American capitalists by the time they're ten years old. It's the only free market left in the country.

It will be legalized one day. There are two alternatives. Either the power structure as it stands will recognize that rather than spending money that they don't have and can't print, they should recognize it, legalize it, tax and control it, and wind up with a source of fiscal income. I mean, the income from liquor and cigarettes wouldn't even touch what you'd get from marijuana.

I hope it doesn't happen soon, while the present power structure is in control. I don't want the people who are selling lung cancer and cirrhosis of the liver to be selling me my dope.

Without Mexico, there wouldn't be enough marijuana to meet demand, but there's been a great deal of action in this last six months to a year with peo-

ple planting Mexican seeds in different parts of the country. So that there is now a good quantity of quality home-grown product available in many parts of the United States. Particularly east of the Mississippi.

I personally know of many people who are growing acres and acres of it. In the past, it was never very good in quality. But some that has been tried lately is very, very excellent. I don't think we could grow enough here to meet the demand. There's far too many people turning on.

It's so easy to score today. It doesn't make much difference who you are, whether you're in high school or college or a business person, most people who smoke can spot others who smoke. It's got something to do with the way people look these days. So it's no real difficulty scoring if you keep your eyes open. It's a small matter to walk up to somebody on the street. I've been approached on the street—great looking people, all kinds of people—who think you might have something for them. And you do. That's the way people get turned on.

Of course, they don't have to go to a dirty hippie on the street. The chances are that there's somebody within their immediate business surroundings—a secretary at work who's like a little vague on dictation or something—and she's it. There's somebody in your office who's getting high tonight.

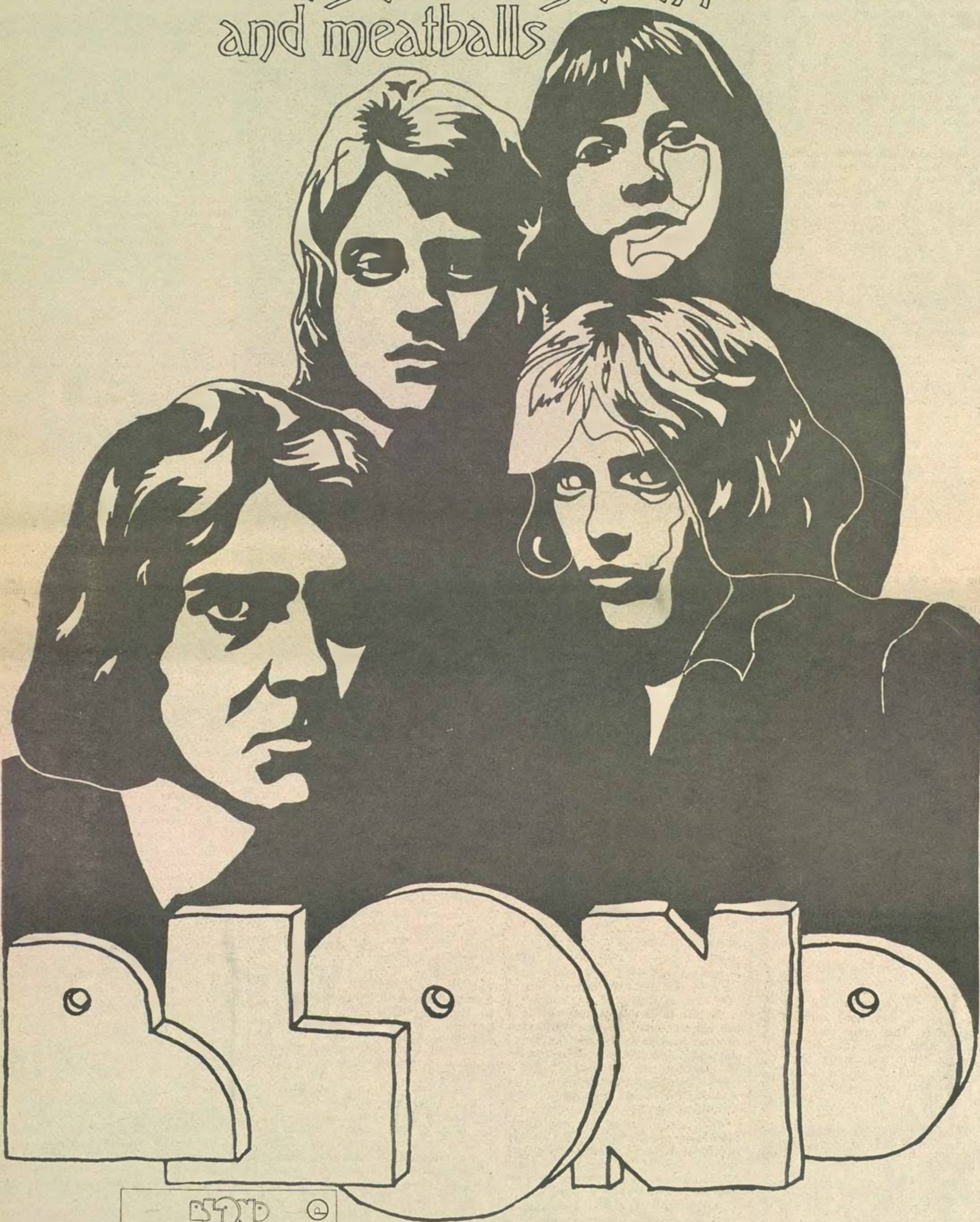
I was talking yesterday to a newspaper photographer who scored grass from his doctor who'd gotten it from his secretary, but both the doctor and the photographer were unhappy about the quality of the grass. But that shows where it can come from. It also shows the ethic of dealing bad grass. When it gets far enough down the line, somebody will get tempted to cut it with something. It gives the trade a bad name, but there's always somebody trying to short-cut the law of supply and demand.

Seeds & Stems

The trial of Owsley Stanley III, the 34-year-old psychedelic entrepreneur after whom the acid is named, grinds on in San Francisco federal court. He was busted nearly two years ago in a raid where feds and state narcs claim to have found 67 1/2 grams. State's case seems to hang on one lone fingerprint, and in most cases it takes two. . . .

Study done at the Los Angeles County Medical Center reveals that only three out of 90,733 consecutive admissions were due to marijuana. There were many times that for over-the-counter drugs like Sominex, Sleep-Eze and Nytol. Many times more for booze, even for nicotine poisoning. During one month, 121 cases of barbiturate poisoning were reported—with a 10 per cent fatality rate. Doctor who did the study suggests that increased use of barbiturates and other harmful drugs is probably a bad side-effect of Operation Intercept, and the resultant shortage of pot. . . . Oddly enough, word leaks out of the Nixon Administration that more flexible drug laws are being prepared, aimed at treating grass as a medical problem, rather than a criminal one. Dr. Roger Egeberg, nation's top health officer, has evidently been trying to convince the Justice Department that treating heads like human beings is something closer to justice than their way. Present law calls for: 2-10 years on a first conviction for holding, 5-20 for a second offense, 10-40 for a third, plus fines up to \$20,000. Far out. . . . Meanwhile, post offices in key cities around the United States are aswarm with over-worked customs officers, sniffing, shaking and opening all suspicious packages from abroad. Before the big search and destroy mission began in early September, each customs man had 200 packages to check daily, and looked into only a few. Now he checks 100, and is expected to open them all, if need be. Packages from Mexico and Vietnam get special attention. A tip: packages mailed as "first class matter" are exempt from the shakedown. It costs a lot more, but if you're mailing dope it's worth it. . . . At Pacifica, California, one enterprising police sergeant lit up some grass in front of a roomful of parents. Not to get stoned, but to show them what it smells like (so they could turn their kids in if they caught them smoking). Cop didn't smoke any himself, but he was clearly (1) holding and (2) exposing to an unlawful drug. Isn't there a law against that?

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A 'People's Park' In Copenhagen

BY CAROL MATZKIN

COPENHAGEN — The young people of Copenhagen have a special interest in the problems of Berkeley's People's Park. Students, artists and politicians in Copenhagen have banded together in a revolutionary effort similar to that of Berkeley's youth, but with widely varying results.

The action centers around a group of condemned buildings, known as Sofiegarden, in the oldest section of the city. The broad issues are familiar ones. Who should have the right to determine use of property—those who own it, or those who need it? Should young people have the right to choose their own life style?

Four years ago, a number of students decided that they needed an apartment building with low rent and friendly atmosphere. The housing situation in Copenhagen, extremely difficult since the war, made such a move legally impossible. In this city, young people wanting an apartment must either have a good deal of money or get married.

As an alternative, 60 students, artists and workers took over a block of condemned buildings, each paying the owner \$20 not to tell government authorities.

At night they had to put black curtains over the windows so police wouldn't notice the light. In the meanwhile, they pitched in money and energy to put in plumbing, electricity, and to paint and patch up the seven buildings—each 300 years old.

"We put in more than \$12,000 fixing up the buildings. We put a new roof on one, cleared two tons of stone and garbage from another," said Soren Hansen, 22, a student and resident of Sofiegarden.

"Then we set up a democracy: five people elected to determine how the apartments should be managed. It was fantastic . . . we shared a lot of things, like a park, and a community kitchen."

"We held feasts for ourselves, and the community, complete with rock bands and dancing. The community in general liked us. The old women helped us cook for the feasts, and their husbands and children joined us after to dance."

"But it wasn't just the feasts that made Sofiegarden so fantastic. It was the every day life of having 60 or 100 people to talk with, work with, to help and be helped by."

Last year, however, the Lord Mayor of Copenhagen, Edel Saunte, found out about the occupants, and announced that the buildings would be torn down, due to "health reasons."

"We hired an architect who told us that the buildings weren't dangerous. That to tear down seven from the middle of a row of houses, leaving an empty space, would be more dangerous than to leave them up," Soren said.

Three months after the announcement, a brick layer was sent to begin demolishing the buildings. The inhabitants greeted him with a rock band, coffee and cake party. Every time he removed a brick, a student would replace it with another. The workman finally gave up, and joined the party.

Soon after, the young people set up a barbed wire barricade, using old cars and motorbikes as bulk. The barricade stood for a month, until one morning in February.

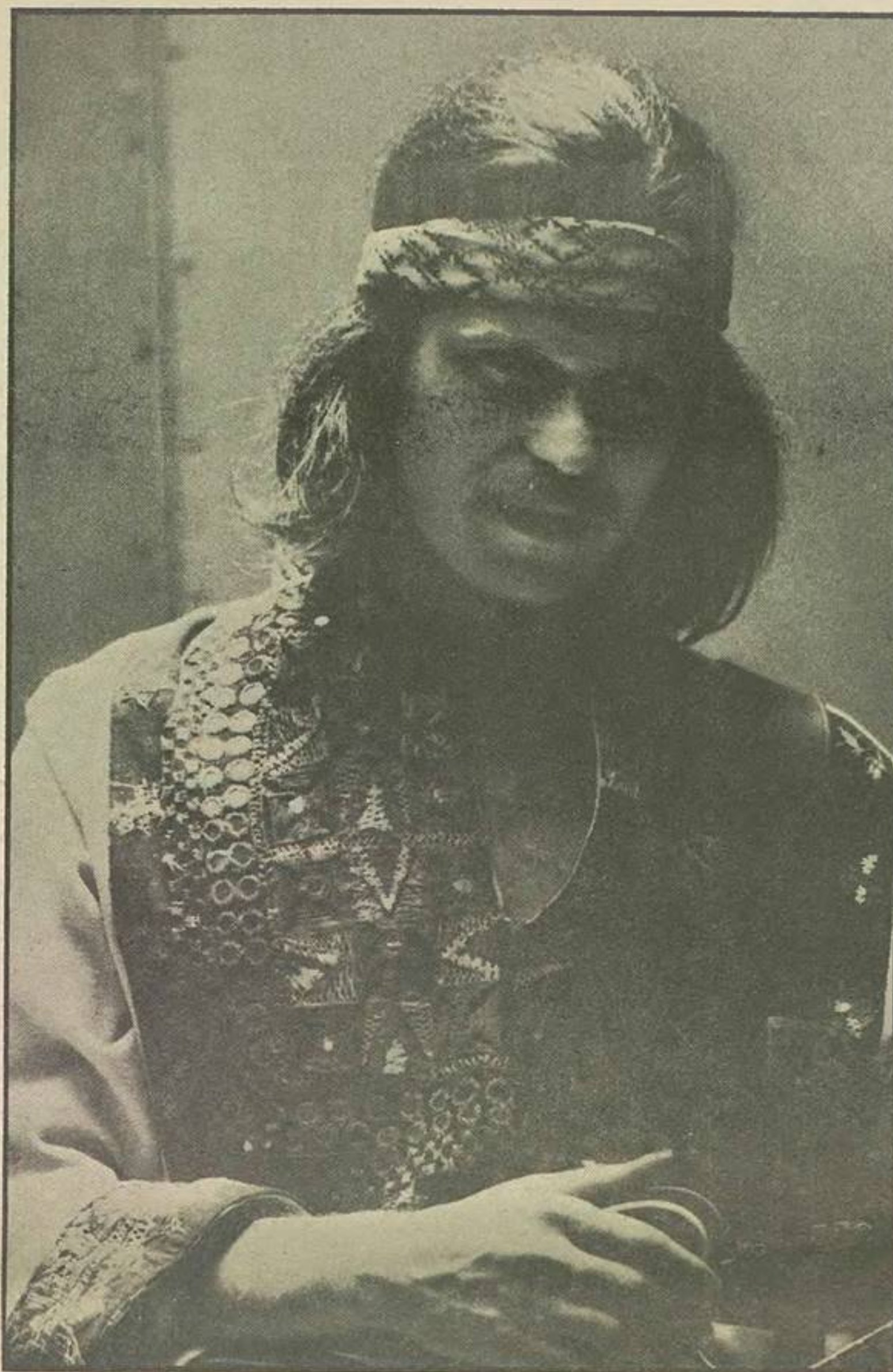
"More than 100 police came, with helmets and clubs. They had a crane, and easily removed our barricade. Some of us chained ourselves to the building, but the police cut us out. Many of us were then beaten, hair torn, and 25 were arrested."

The police then blockaded the street, and threw resident's belongings out of windows into trucks below.

"They took a bulldozer and smashed the building just to prove their power. Some of our women were crying. It was such a waste. We'd put so much effort into the garden, the rooms, the community. And all they'd accomplished was a new dirt lot."

Many of the inhabitants are now living in the few remaining buildings, soon to be torn down. The atmosphere there is far from sorrowful, however, as residents speak of the experience as a victory.

"In the long run, our efforts have had a very positive result. The Lord Mayor was forced to admit that there is a need for better facilities for young people here. She recently announced plans to renovate a large area, including Sofiegarden,



GI Joe

into a collegium of 240 apartments.

"More important is that she is allowing Sofiegarden's elected council help to determine the structure of the collegium. And until the collegium is completed (in about two years) she is allowing us to live in another vacant building in the neighborhood."

"The young people have a real power, based on love and community. It has been a long struggle, but perhaps at last, we are successful."

GI Joe Visits The Troops

BY ED JEFFORDS

TACOMA, Wash. — "I've traveled more, made more money and have more friends than any officer in the Army. I think I'm more important than any officer." Nothing but cheers. Right on, Joe.

It was the Shelter Half, a store-front coffeehouse in Tacoma, Washington, where GI's from nearby Fort Lewis and McChord AFB relax and listen to music in a short-haired, but hip, atmosphere. And it was Country Joe McDonald, who had flown from San Francisco to "entertain the troops."

Joe's appearance at the small coffeehouse was to have been a brief stop on a Northwest tour. Cancellation of a Portland date and Vancouver, B.C.'s Thunderbird Peace Festival, though, cut short the tour.

So Joe bought a plane ticket and spent a Saturday afternoon in Tacoma anyway.

It was a beautiful, triumphant gig for Country Joe, completely devoid of any hype or even advertising. A sign in the coffeehouse window was the only indication he was expected.

Still, nearly 200 soliders and other fans jammed into the Shelter Half for an entertaining, informal two hours.

Perhaps it was the informality that made the afternoon set a unique experience. Nothing was ready when Joe arrived. Barbara Garson, author of *MacBird*, scurried around the coffeehouse,

turning off lights, getting cokes and setting up mikes. It was sort of a San Francisco reunion, with Joe, Barbara, the Shelter Half staff and members of the Blue Mountain Tribe, refugees from the Bay Area trying to start an underground paper in Tacoma.

Really suffering from a cold, Joe popped a mouthful of vitamin C pills and took the small stage. He apologized for not having prepared a set in advance.

Accompanying himself on acoustic guitar, he sang "Here I Go Again," "Who am I?", and "Tennessee Stud." The last number is off an unreleased album he recently cut in Nashville, consisting of country standards and a Nashville band.

"I never did understand all that stuff about People's Park," he muttered into the single mike, "but I saw all those soldiers in town. They all kept in step and had shiny bayonets and polished boots. I'll bet people looked at them and said 'Aren't those fine soldiers?'"

He continued: "Yeah, they were fine soldiers. They all looked the same and they all walked the same. They were probably afraid their sergeant would call them a bad name or something, if they didn't."

"Let me tell you something. You don't have to do anything anybody tells you. Just have a good time."

Then it was "Ring of Fire," "Sweet Lorraine," "Tomorrow" and "Maria." Before he left the stage, Joe led the audience in the fuck cheer and a version of "Fixin' to Die Rag" that shook the walls of the Oddfellows Lodge, which shares a building with the Shelter Half.

Later, Joe talked about his Nashville recordings. "The first album will be released in October. It's a collection of Woody Guthrie songs. The second won't come out until about January and will be a collection of country standards."

Both new releases feature Joe backed up by Nashville musicians. The Fish, however, will continue to tour with him.

Country Joe's benefit at the Shelter Half was the latest of a series which have seen Don Copeland, Barbara Dane and Muf, a Seattle rock group, entertain soldiers departing for Vietnam — or Canada.

Hall of Fame for Rhythm and Blues

BY JERRY HOPKINS

HOLLYWOOD — There were nearly 30 of the all-time rhythm and blues greats crowded into the little office on Vine Street.

Billy Ward (of the Dominoes) was there. So was T-Bone Walker, along with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Big Jay McNeely, Nellie Lutcher, Bobby Day, Little Esther Phillips, Scatman Caruthers, Roy Milton, Mary Wells and perhaps a dozen more.

They were gathered together to discuss formation of a Rhythm and Blues Hall of Fame (and Museum) and for the first hour or so business was shoved aside as they talked about old times. Many present hadn't even known some of the others were still alive, let alone living in Los Angeles, "practically around the corner."

"It was incredible," said Johnny Otis, who is serving as the Hall of Fame's executive board chairman. (Otis is one of the more successful of older R&B bandleaders, producers and recording artists, now a staff producer at Columbia.) "We just sat around touching each other to see if it was real. A lot of us, we hadn't seen each other in ten years and more."

Otis said he had called a few friends about the meeting and they in turn called friends who called other friends. Thus, the turnout of "convention" size.

Once enough chairs had been pulled into the office to accommodate the unexpected attendance—and some had to sit on desks or stand in corners—actual plans were laid for the formation and construction of the "dream."

It will be designed along the lines of the Country and Western Hall of Fame and Museum in Nashville, but certainly in a much funkier building—something that captures the "feel" of the music's rural/ghetto roots. According to Otis, there may even be a soul food restaurant in the complex, with "a big sister behind the counter, dishing out hog jowls, black-eyed peas and grits."

Nominations to the Hall of Fame would be limited to performing artists, Otis said, would be considered at the monthly board meetings, and elected by the membership once each year—with an awards banquet and R&B show to follow the election by a month or two. And, possibly, the evening's entertainment at that show would be recorded and released by the Hall of Fame as an annual fund-raising project.

Otis said the Hall of Fame would honor young R&B artists as well as the all-time greats and would have a scholarship program for needy but talented ghetto youth.

As for the museum, old records, photographs, instruments and memorabilia are now being collected and locations are being scouted for construction of the building. Otis said probably, but not necessarily, it would be in the Hollywood area.

Otis said the idea for the Hall of Fame came to him nearly 10 years ago as a suggestion from Anthony Reaza, described as "a young Mexican-American fan of R&B." Otis said Reaza's interest in the project continued through the years, that he was responsible for goosing the first meetings into reality and that he probably would serve as the museum's full-time director. Reaza is now in charge of collecting materials for the exhibits.

Officers of the Hall of Fame are Roy Milton, president; Big Jay McNeely, vice president; Preston Love, secretary; and Joe Liggins, treasurer.

The four officers and 21 others would form the executive board. The others are, besides Otis, Billy Ward, Lloyd Glenn, Pee Wee Crayton, Nellie Lutcher, Jackie Kelso, Rene Hall, Bobby Day, Dimple Harris, Big Jim Wynn, H. B. Barnum, Scatman Caruthers, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, T-Bone Walker, Little Esther Phillips, Johnny Woodson, L. "The Snake" Wilson, Mary Wells, Louie Jordan, Amos Milburn and Tank Jernigan.

As mentioned, Otis would serve as chairman of the board, and Ray Charles would be the chairman of the honorary board of directors.

Inquiries should be addressed to Johnny Otis, Johnny Otis Productions, Suite 2, 1717 N. Vine St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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Texas Pop: Heat, But Not So Hot

BY JOHN ZEH

DALLAS—It was three AM, not yet the morning after—but merely the continuation of the first day at the Texas International Pop Festival and the culmination of 12 hours of music. Many of the weary dragged away after Janis did her homecoming thing, but those of the original 35,000 tripping on fatigue and fine music stayed for Canned Heat, the climax.

The Bear, wearing a cowboy hat, announced, "We're just gonna boogie for ya," and the boys did just that until Larry Taylor broke a string on his bass. During the delay, someone in the audience shouted something about a party. "Party?" Bear shot back. "You got your own party right here. Take off your clothes," he yelled exuberantly at the masses. "Get naked!" As the crowd cheered, he caught himself, and wondered aloud if Texas was ready for that. "No," he said straight, "smoke your dope, but keep your clothes on."

Bob Hite was only half right about Uptight Texas; the Lone Star State was down on dope as well as nudity. Redneck reactionary (and/or truly concerned) parents apparently kept their kids away from the Labor Day fest. Attendance dropped sharply the day the Dallas Morning News headlined "Drugs Mar Pop Festival." (The cats who wrote the page-one story hadn't even left the office. Stories buried inside talked of love and peace.)

"The press hurt us bad," said one of the Atlanta-based promoters. "I could just see parents looking up from their papers at breakfast and telling their kids, 'You're not going out there.' Thanks partly to the exaggerated reports, less than 25,000 showed each of the last two days.

Moreover, people remembered Woodstock, or rather, what they remembered reading about it, and apparently feared the worst. The Texas planner spoke out defensively in the shadow of the White Lake hassles. "In reply to some unfavorable response," co-producer Jack Calmes said, "we would like to clear up several points. There is not going to be another Woodstock here." He insisted that the Texas event would not be oversold and that preparations would be adequate. "It is unfair to declare us guilty by association."

Calmes and his colleagues delivered on their promises, and their precautions provided a bitter irony to the festival's financial failure: Much money, time and energy had been spent to take care of an anticipated onslaught that didn't materialize.

Even those optimists who had taken a true reading of Wonderful Woodstock didn't turn out en masse, probably thinking such an orgy of love/happiness/peace/dope could not come off in the town of the Texas School Book Depository. "The location definitely hurt us," says co-promoter Alex Cooley. "People feared there was too much heat in Dallas."

Out-of-staters who feared repression were partly wrong. The festival was actually located 12 miles north of Big D, at the Dallas International Motor Speedway in Lewisville. Just about the only trouble came from horny, crew-cut cowboys in town for a rodeo. (Yup, a real rodeo, just down Route I-35E a couple miles.) The only publicized arrest the first day was of a cowpoke who wanted to "beat on a few heads," according to Lewisville Police Chief Ralph Adams. Local townsfolk who had turned out for a look-see at the naked heepees also created problems. These "hometown gawkers" (in the chief's words) came so perilously close in motor boats that Adams had to halt skinny-dipping. (Long hair can really get tangled in boat propellers.) All this nakedness and degradation was "just disgusting" to a middle-aged man who sat watching in his air-conditioned car—for two hours. Some of the concerned citizens took home movies of the sinners. Voyeurism apparently is much less a sin than what's considered exhibitionism.

All this excitement occurred five miles from the festival site, at the U. S. Corps of Engineers' free lakeside camping area. Here thousands avoided the \$7 gate (\$6 in advance) and grooved to free performances by some of the festival stars and tireless lesser-known groups. The Hog Farmers of New Mexico and the Merry Pranksters held forth as they did at Woodstock, feeding the hungry, nursing



Taj Mahal in Jackson, California: One of the last—and most peaceful—rock festivals took place on a private lake in Amador County—in the heart of California's mother lode, on October 4th. More than 30,000 persons filled up a five-acre slope on the shore of Lake Amador to hear 14 bands from mid-morning through 2:30 AM Sunday. Heads occupied the island and the nearby town, Jackson, for 36 hours, all together, and there were only three arrests, two for grass and one for drunk driving.

According to all reports, bum trips were few (60 people had acid bummers following a massive free distribution of strychnine-contaminated caps early in the day); sound, by McCune, was far-reaching, weather was Indian summer-warm—perfect for nude swimming parties—and dope was plentiful.

The festival, called "Gold Rush," was produced partly as a benefit for science students at San Joaquin Delta College by professor Doc Davis. Promoters were Robert Strand and Gene Lane.

the sick, and trip-sitting the freaked. Truly a hip Red Cross. The universal spirit of cooperation, love, and smoke symbolized by two fingers in the sign of peace, was Woodstock all over again, only on a much smaller scale. Police Chief Adams (a la Max Yasgur) flashed the V as he complimented the crowd on its behavior. Mayor Sam Houston (yup) noted that football fans at Texas U. games don't handle themselves as well.

"I hope you're having a good time," Bear Hite said, "cause that's what you're here for." Everyone seemed to know it. "This is the best thing that ever happened to Texas," said one guy from Dallas. Others agreed, some adding as a qualification "... since the Alamo."

Because of the precautionary overkill, hassles were at a minimum. Bill and Terry Hanley's \$40,000 system boomed the sound excellently across the 25-acre field. There was plenty food and drink, even water. Salt tablets helped to counter the only real hassle: heat (Mother Nature's variety). The only death was attributed to heat prostration. Few other serious medical crises arose, although there was some concern over young kids' bad trips. A trip tent was set aside, and doctors were imported from Dallas when it became obvious that local physicians couldn't handle drug bummers.

The under-30 promoters—Angus Wynne III (of the Dallas family that owns the Six Flags amusement parks) and the others from Atlanta (who formed Interpop Superfest, Inc., after their Georgia July festival was a success) booked a varied talent line-up. Included were Herbie Mann, Sam and Dave, B. B. King, Chicago, Freddie King, Sly and the Family Stone, the Incredible String Band,

Santana, Sweetwater, Delaney and Bonnie, Tony Joe White, and some newcomers, notably Grand Funk Railroad and Quarry. "Thank you for letting us be ourselves," said Sam as he, Dave, and their revue ripped into "Soul Man."

Led Zeppelin turned in a fantastic set, their last in America on this tour. Two guys on friends' shoulders up front waved a Union Jack as Rob Plant ended with a frenetic "... I want you to squeeze my lemon." Ten Years After drove the crowd to dancing in the blazing afternoon sun, ending with a medley of rockers from the Fifties.

The highlight, though, had to be the return of those two Texans, Johnny Winter and Janis Joplin. Back stage before his gig, the albino blues guitarist held forth for curious newsmen. Asked how it felt to return home famous, he replied, "That's what I want to get up there and find out."

Janis did her new stuff with her new band for the first time in her home state. After "Work Me Lord," she stopped and exclaimed, "Texas never looked like this when I lived here. Man..." Then she went on, ending the encore "Piece of My Heart" with her familiar "Keep on rockin'" yell. Backstage, in a gray T-shirt with the red clenched fist on the back, she talked about how repressive Texas had been to her. "I had to get out, man, they were fuckin' me over." She talked about going back to Port Arthur the following week for only the second time since she split west and became a superstar. Chances are she found her hometown much like she left it. Those Texans not still fighting the last civil war seem to be doing their best to battle the newest Yankee threat: free, hip youth.

Monterey Jazz: A Festival No More

BY LANGDON WINNER

MONTEREY—The fairgrounds were beautifully serene with the local Kiwanis Club selling pastrami sandwiches and tacos just as they always have. The cops were pleasant. The sound system even worked most of the time.

Beneath the surface of the Monterey Jazz Festival, though, there was a pervasive hollowness about it all which everyone felt obliged to apologize for. "So what if there's not much happening musically. There're a lot of nice people here having a good weekend." But the excuses didn't really work. Rarely have performers and audiences been so strangely alienated from each other.

Fully forty per cent of the people there were black, mainly middle class folks from the San Francisco Bay Area. The Festival is still the big weekend of the year for many of them and they come to "get it on," i.e., dance in the aisles, sing, shout and clap their hands. But in a real sense the audience and the performers were simply at different festivals. When the crowd was getting in on, the musicians couldn't get it together. And when the musicians finally did get it together, the audience couldn't care less.

An example of this strange split came in the middle of the Saturday afternoon concert. The Sons of Champlin were playing a fill-in set for Willie "The Lion" Smith who had cancelled due to illness. They were playing a heavy rock number in the only way they know—loudly and poorly. Since the rest of the afternoon had been a total drag, the audience rose to its feet in dance—most of it done on the folding chairs of the ground floor. Dancing, smiling, hand clapping, getting it on.

Then the Sons of Champlin ended their number. No one noticed. They all kept dancing, smiling, and clapping. The music made no difference.

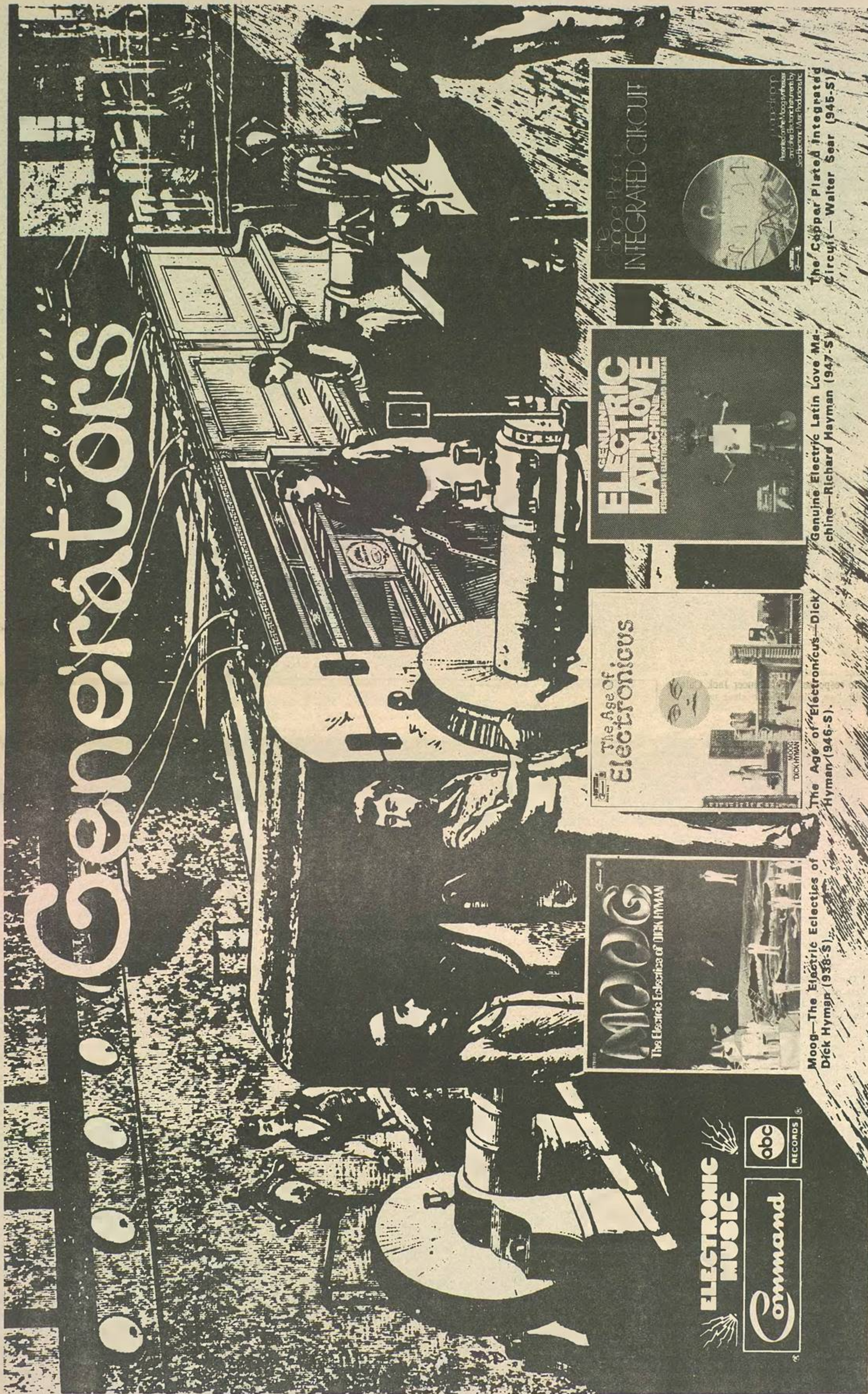
That evening something even more disturbing happened. Miles Davis, Theonius Monk and Roberta Flack all played excellent sets. The audience responded with polite but cool applause. Then festival director Jimmy Lyons introduced a special "surprise." "A Great young pianist from San Diego—Monte Alexander!" Out came a cocktail pianist playing silly souped-up licks like "John Brown's Body" and lifting whole two-minute solos right out of Oscar Peterson records. The crowd, thrilled by the Sears and Roebuck blues chords, promptly went off its nut.

Most of the music wasn't that bad. It was just very very dull. Only on rare occasion did a small ripple of excitement disturb one's boredom. Sly and the Family Stone played marvelously opening night and really shook the place up. If it means anything, Sly was the "hit" of the festival. Cannonball Adderley, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jean Luc Ponty, and Sarah Vaughn were all in good form and did some interesting numbers. Miles Davis played beautifully. His sidemen Chick Corea, electric piano, and Wayne Shorter, tenor and soprano sax, took some truly impressive steps in their solos. Shorter in particular seems to have benefited from the new direction Miles has taken.

The Tony Williams Lifetime was also in top form. Tony's group includes a lead guitarist from England, John McLaughlin, and an amazing young organist, Larry Young. Together with the fiery passion of Williams' drums they play some of the most intense and truly weird music in jazz right now. Astoundingly beautiful compositions. With any sort of intelligent response from listeners, there is no reason why the Lifetime shouldn't become as important as the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

The element missing at Monterey this year was any sense of what a festival can be. In the old days musicians from the various groups would come out on stage and play with the band that happened to be on — Dizzy with Cal Tjader, J. J. Johnson with the M.J.Q., etc. It was a festival for the audience because it was a special event for the musicians. Old friends met and jammed together. You could see them smiling during the other guy's solos. Now all of this is gone and apparently forgotten.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GRISSIM

JOHNNY CASH

BY JOHN GRISSIM

NASHVILLE—Johnny Cash cut another sure fire hit at Columbia studios here on a recent Wednesday evening amid tighter than usual security. The extra precautions were not for the protection of the artist but for the song. According to a Columbia spokesman, the name of the forthcoming single will remain secret prior to its release to prevent other labels from getting a head start on cover versions by their own artists. Underlying this reasoning is the record industry consensus that at this point in his career Cash would have a hard time missing with "Jingle Bells."

As it turned out, this was not a recording session so much as it was a Cash family get-together. There was no sense of anticipation. There rarely is in Nashville. By 6 P.M. the day-shift Cadillacs had left 16th Avenue South, the cicadas had begun their insect-drone, and the rear door security guard had started his first cigar of the night. The preparations inside Studio A seemed accidental. W. S. "Fluke" Holland finished setting up his drums, then broke the acoustically perfect with a few experimental licks. In a corner guitarist Bob Wooten chatted with one of his fans—a great looking Jeannie C. Riley. Behind the glass, Bob Johnston was on the phone to New York, furious about something.

And then the Carter girls enter, bringing with them a sense of history. A gray-haired and elegant mother Maybelle smiles hello. Anita and Helen, pretty in pantsuits, discuss sight-seeing in Hawaii with Luther Perkins' widow Marge. She

will leave tomorrow on a free trip to the Islands, courtesy of her late husband's membership in United Airlines' 100,000 Mile Club. Amidst brave excitement, a hint of sadness. And in the control booth June Carter Cash, irrepressibly enthusiastic about life, brings Bob Johnston back to Nashville.

"Ah just felt terribly up to yesterday, Bob. No sleep at all. Then ma doctor gave me the last magic potion he could think of, and ah slept like a baby. Ah'm so thankful. . . . Now, where's John?"

In he comes—gray shirt, slacks, hushpuppies and a handshake—plus a couple of next door neighbors from Hendersonville. In two strides he reaches the other side of the booth, now drawing

himself to full height, hands slapping his paunch, breathing deeply, audibly. He listens to Johnston while looking through the glass, arms folded, head and dark mane tossed back. A wave to Jeannie, more breathing, hands in back pockets, a shifting, towering giant of a man fixing to make music.

Cash picks up his old Gibson and ambles out to talk to Carl Perkins and bassist Marshall Grant. Sitting next to the board Johnston becomes more intense. For a producer who once claimed all he ever did was "just let the tapes roll" he blows the image. Through the talkback he asks for a tighter drum. The talkback volume is way too high, but no one complains. Johnston stares ahead,

listening only to a steady ka-thump-chik of bass drum and cymbals. A minute and a half later he is still listening, waiting for a percussive tone to reach that precisely identifiable pitch which will make it part of the Cash sound.

More adjustments follow as both Johnston and engineer Charlie Bragg check mike levels—all very routine but very meticulous. Somehow in the process Johnston gets talking with his artist about the cover photograph for the next album. ("Oughta be a straight-on stage shot with a feeling of movement. Something that says 'Hello, I'm Johnny Cash.' It'd be beautiful!"). He offers to fly to the coast to choose 20 stills from a documentary film of a recent Cash performance. The conversation was well timed—Cash seems to relax. A moment later he pulls up a stool and through the wordless chemistry of long association, everyone is ready.

He is right on top from the beginning, half-seated, half-standing, his big left foot rocking from heel to toe in syncopation—a sense of total movement. Cash is in concert, almost oblivious to the microphone. His upper lip peels back to a hard luck smile and the words rumble through his massive chest before emerging with gut resonance. He becomes monumental, no less so without his black frock coat and pin stripe trousers. Shoulders back now, he cries out, eyes closed, and the Carters echo "Oh yeah!" in response. It's great music.

And then it's over. The artist becomes mundane, merely professional. June

—Continued on Page 18



The Carter Girls

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TEXAS INTERNATIONAL POP FESTIVAL:

180,000 people give . . . and GRAND FUNK gets it all!

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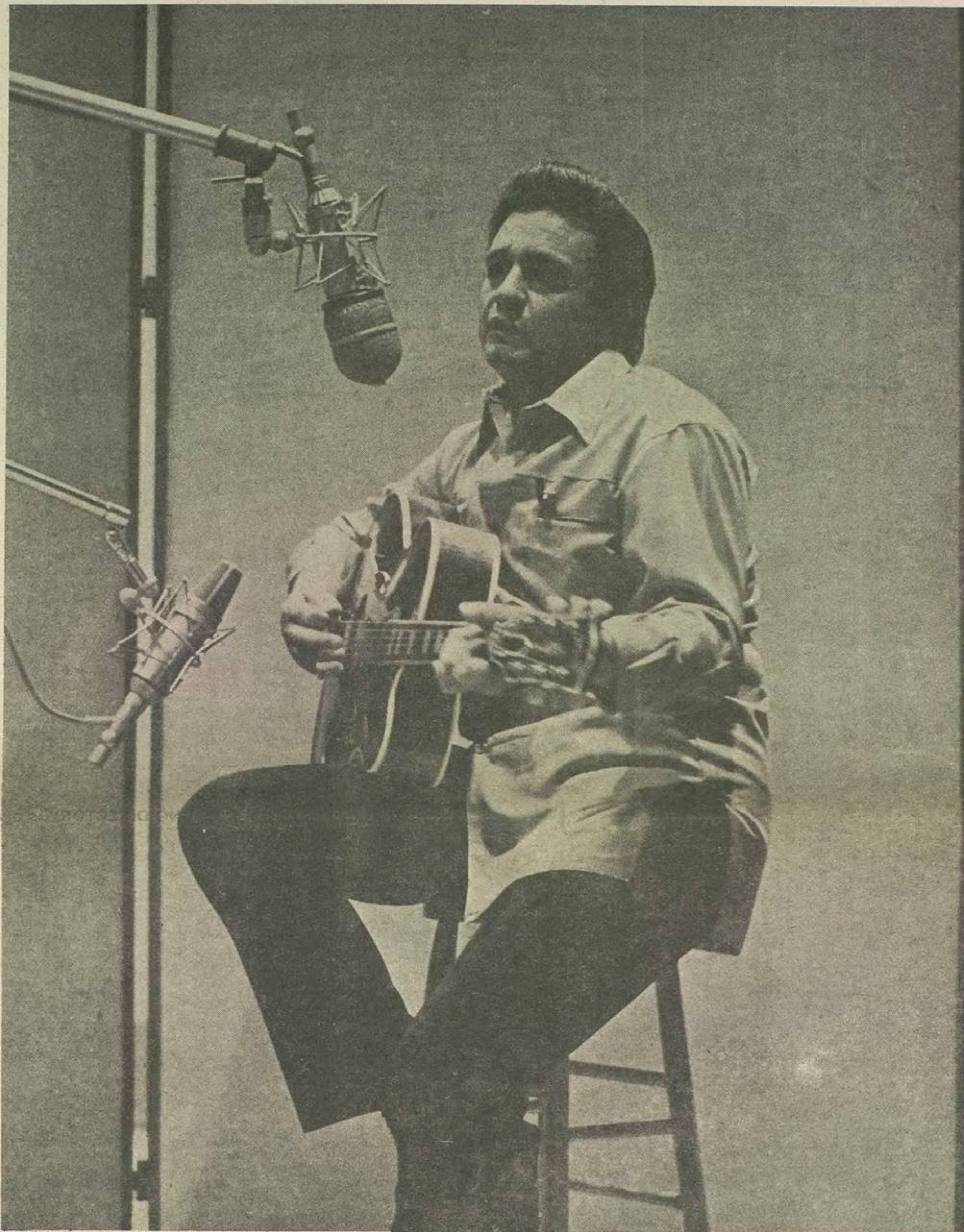
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—Continued from Page 16

comes up to her husband and he puts an arm around her. "Let's go hear." Exhilaration heightens a sense of community. Fluke pipes up in all seriousness: "Hey Johnny I think you're getting a little ahead of the beat there towards the end." Cash looks back. "Man, I can't help it. Sometimes I just get to diggin' myself so much I can't stand it!" He smiles at June, then spins around with a whoop and a laugh. "Hey, don't quote me on that. I'm just kiddin'."

Someone goes out for cokes and coffee. Left alone in a chrome forest of microphones Carl Perkins—mellow and dignified—ruminates for a moment, reaches out for his guitar, kicks one leg over the other, and plays a few quiet licks to himself. Lighting a cigarette, he impales it on the stray end of a steel B-string on the peg head, and continues picking.

A dozen people hear the playback, then Johnston runs it through again, this time listening to drums only for half the take, then cutting in with the two rhythm guitars.

"There's a hole in there . . . Johnny's voice and three harsh instruments in one register." He thinks in silence. Everyone

waits. Then through the talk-back, "Carl, can you play some rock licks in the middle there, say, a low down filthy dirty rhythm line?" Perkins nods and a second take proceeds.

Johnston concentrates on the acoustic guitar of Fred Carter, Jr. (no relation), the only outside musician brought into the session. Perkins' licks are an improvement but Johnston is not ecstatic. "Fred, I don't think we'll use you on the next take. Carl and Bob pretty well drown you out."

Marshall Grant shakes his head. "Shot down by progress, Fred. Dam e-lec-tricity done come in here and changed ever-thang." The conversation somehow gets around to new business ventures. "John, when you gonna open up a fried chicken stand like Minnie Pearl and Eddie Arnold and all them other stars?" Fluke asks. The answer is not long in coming.

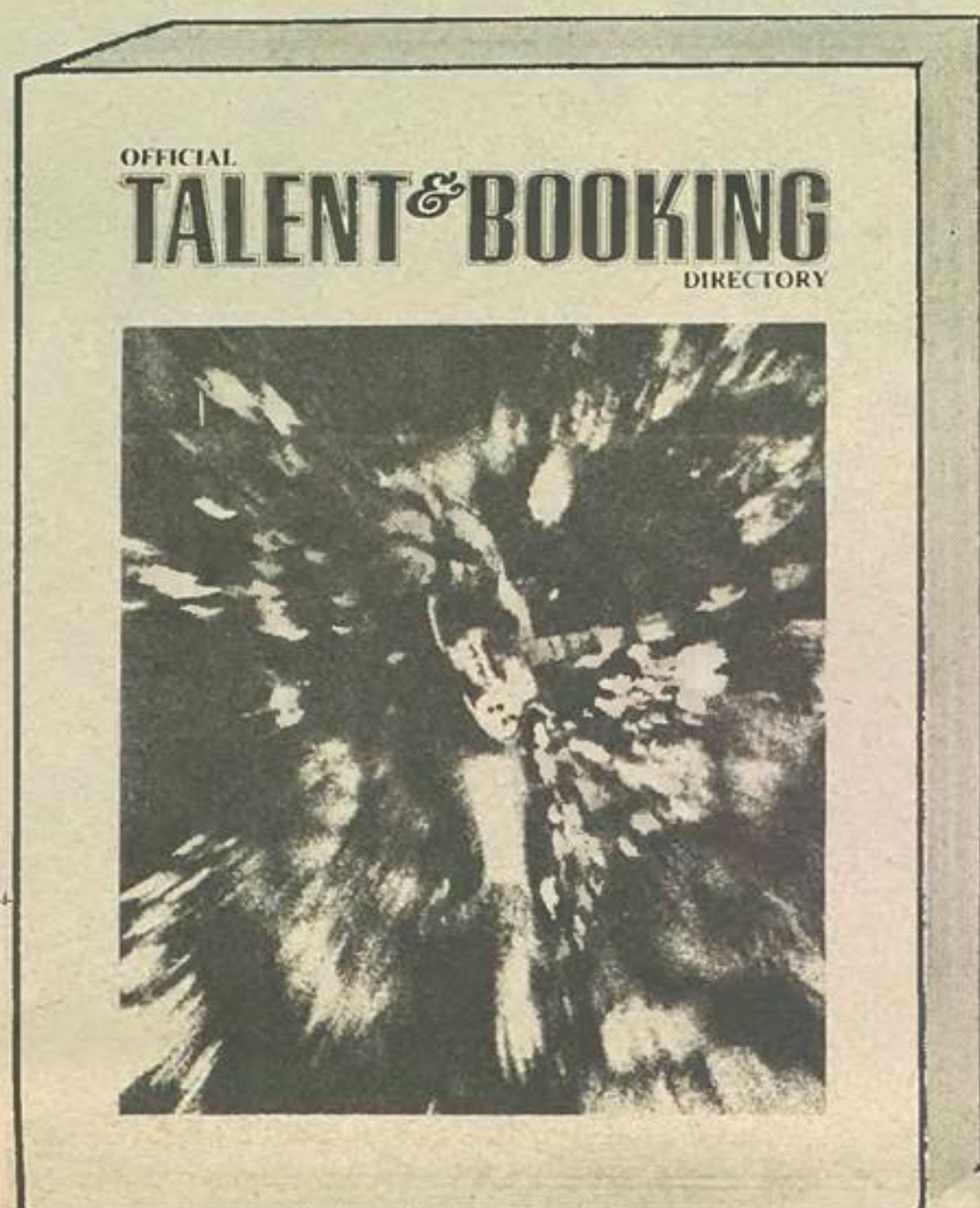
"You ain't never gonna find my name on some greasy sack of stuff."

The laughter barely subsides before Bob Wooten kicks off a final take with some fierce picking on dead string guitar. The Cash clan is totally organic. And it's beautiful.

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From left: B. B. King, Fred McDowell, Big Mama Thornton (with Pepsi), Junior Wells, Roosevelt Sykes (seated).

A² BLUES

BY JERRY HEIST

For everyone involved, the First Ann Arbor Blues Festival was a sensory overload of satisfaction.

For white boys who've been buying blues records since they were fourteen, like myself, it was a chance to hear not just blues but the best blues for a total of more than twenty-four hours in one three-day period, the first weekend in August. The Festival had ten or twelve of the younger Chicago blues men who play in those South Side bars that seemed possible for a white boy to try in '66 or maybe '67 — (he could take his chances) — but which no white I've known has visited in the last couple years. And then, even more overwhelming, the Festival virtually realized the goal of getting together all the living "first generation" artists, Son House, Sleepy John Estes, the men you mostly hear on those almost "public service" blues labels, Delmark, Piedmont, and Arhoolie records, men that a blues lover gets to think of, prematurely, as "classics," influences on the guys who influenced our own influences, men that seem as inaccessibly past as Blake or Rimbaud. You really can't take in that even one of these men is really alive and well, let alone some dozen of them set to play in front of you.

For the musicians the overload seemed even more overwhelming, and I found it hard to divide my attention between the consistently great individual concerts and the fenced-off acreage behind the band-

stand, where the bluesmen had some trailers with bars in them, and where they were visibly and movingly getting to know each other, renewing old acquaintances and generally being themselves. I spent several hours leaning on the fence there envying the people with official buttons who'd been let in behind it. I got a whole lot more than I expected anyway: disarmingly human raps from Clifton Chenier, Arthur Crudup, and Fred McDowell, among others, who cut through the fan-star embarrassment without a word and then talked with you from there, until they noticed some old friend off to the side somewhere. Crudup got me to get him some food from one of the public stands, and Chenier told me to call his home in Houston when I asked how I could find his band, if I got to his neighborhood.

The mood of the first night seemed cautious and somehow expectant, as the program began with the barrelhouse piano of Roosevelt Sykes. Almost everyone there was worrying, see, if it wasn't maybe too good to be true and if it would be able to happen again. Big Bill Hill, a blues DJ from Chicago, made his presence felt from the beginning with a few choice phrases that he permuted and combined throughout his three-day stint as MC: "And now, truly needs no introduction, a man whose music is appreciated all over the world, all over the universe, let's have a real Ann Arbor,

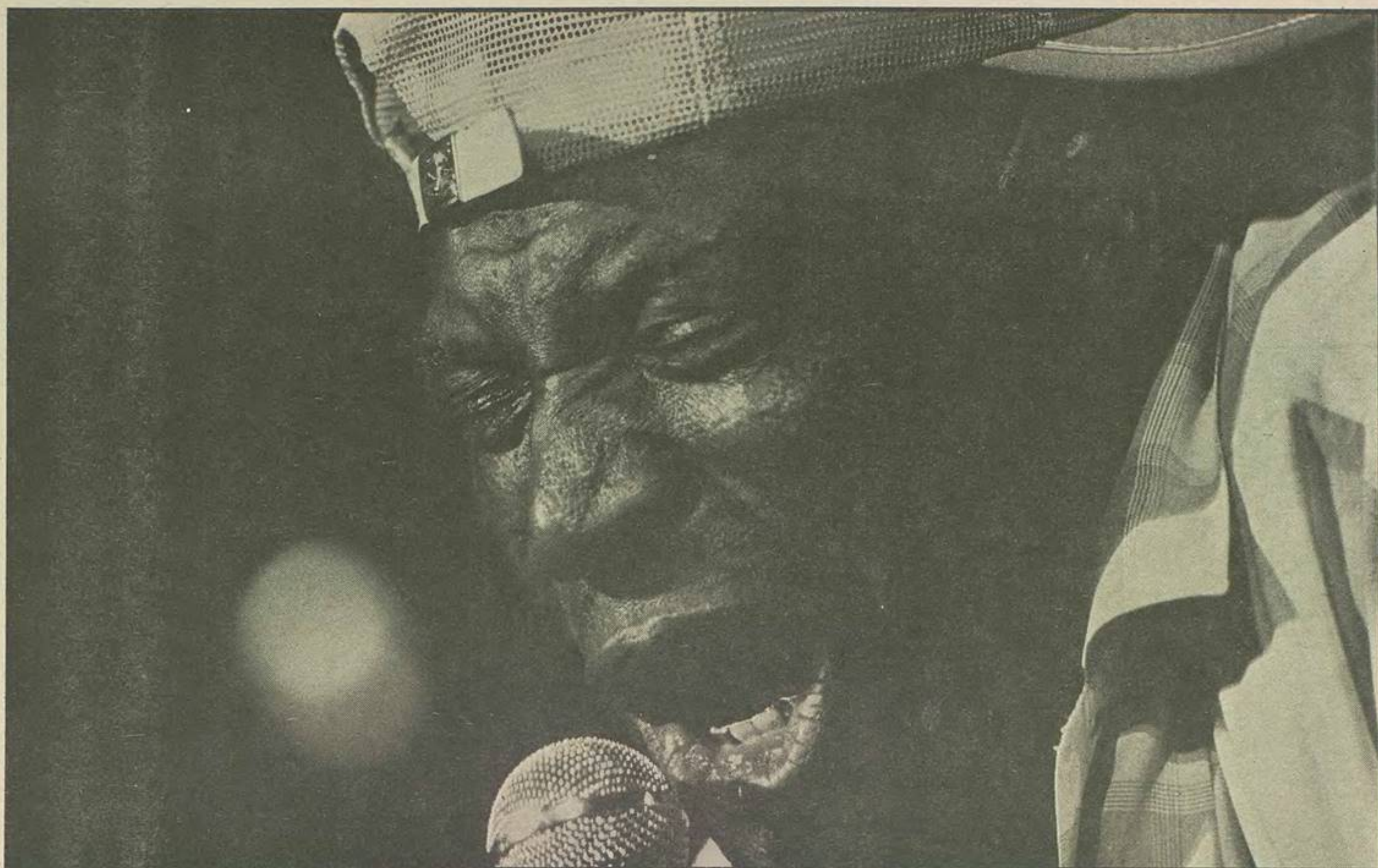
University of Michigan welcome for . . ." (At later moments the words "universe" and "university" became interchangeable as Big Bill pumped round after round of applause for miscellaneous Festival officials, police departments, University chancellors, and—most frequently—for the hope that the Festival would become an annual event: This last was the one cheer everybody seemed to get together on.)

So the Festival opened with Sykes (who saved his sexiest songs for a later appearance Sunday afternoon), then Arthur Crudup, both of whom sang beautiful blues, but thus far seemed unconvinced that there was really an audience eager to hear them. After all, Crudup was a "race" records "superstar," you might say, in the Forties, but he still had to earn his living as a porter in a West Side liquor store.

Thus it was something of a relief when the first night moved into the younger generation with J. B. Hutto & his Hawks, guys a little more used to getting modern audiences together. Hutto made a good transition in the program: His slide guitar technique and rough vocal style evoke strong Delta associations, but the band is electric and it rolls and tumbles with a general city-blues feeling. Hutto was followed by Jimmy Dawkins, who did what was to prove the weakest set of the whole Festival. His horns stayed out of tune throughout, and Dawkins seemed

generally dissatisfied with his success in getting it together. Someone said his band hadn't made it to Michigan and he'd just assembled those guys. Tough break for him. Spirits were generally buoyed again, when Junior Wells came on with the James Brown Superstar personality he's gotten going for himself since he stopped working on his harp playing. Wells did his new thing, insulting hecklers, strutting around, letting on how good he is, and making the audience wait, then wait, then admit they'd like to hear it once more when he did a train whistle or whatever. It was a heavy ego-trip to have to see in that particular context, and you sort of felt like saying "Well, that's good blues Junior, but why don't you just move on to the other Festivals you've got booked."

B. B. King finished off the first night, and though, like Wells, he had other gigs to make, B. B. really got into the spirit of this all-blues festival, ending with a long emotional rap. But first he just sang the blues a little bit better than we'd heard it yet that night. As Muddy Waters was to do the next night, B. B. really dramatized the difference between the great bluesmen and the greatest. You could say it's a matter of timing, or of reading an audience's needs; but actually the phrase that kept occurring to me with a sense I hadn't had before was "it's how they carry themselves," the idea just of carrying the self. On Dylan's second album jacket he's quoted talking about



Howlin' Wolf

THOMAS COPI

bluesmen: "I don't carry myself yet the way that Big Joe Williams, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly and Lightnin' Hopkins have carried themselves. I hope to be able to someday, but they're older people..."

Saturday night I got there early, but Sleepy John Estes was already going, to a small throng of people who'd evidently showed up for the "workshops" that afternoon which had turned into relaxed extra concerts. They'd had to move the scheduling up to get it all in—a problem they had throughout the Festival, since Ann Arbor has a midnight curfew for juveniles. I hate to say it, but they really shouldn't book quite that many acts again. They're more than right to give everybody 45-minute sets, but there's still a little too much for anyone to take in. I suspect that the overabundance of this First Festival may have come about simply because no one knew if there'd ever be a second.

Sleepy John is really old. The late Big Bill Broonzy seemed to recall running away from home "about 1912" to hear John singing hollers for the railroad gangs. Actually John was born in 1904, so Big Bill must have misremembered the year, but he does epitomize that legendary many-removes quality—for me partly because James Agee wrote of him long ago in the same tones that he would have used for some great dead poet. Sleepy John's partner of some forty years is Yank Rachell, the world's undisputed greatest blues mandolin player. Yank was more conspicuous, and audible, than Sleepy John, who was the first spectacular casualty of the Festival programming: No-one was really ready for him. I think Clifton Chenier came on next. I'd just been talking to him, and he was a little depressed because there hadn't been enough funds to get his band up from the Gulf area with him; but he didn't show it onstage, singing cajun songs and playing his unique blues accordion (Bill Hill referred to him as "my Polish friend Mr. Chenier"). I must admit I didn't get into Chenier's music at the Festival, but this cat is *really* good just the same: since I've been back home in Missouri, Gabriel, the great St. Louis blues DJ, has been playing Chenier at times I was better able to listen. Gabriel should MC the Second Festival, and everybody who loves blues should buy one of Chenier's three Arhoolie albums.

Another recommendation: anyone booking a rock show should look into booking the guy who played next, Luther Allison. I thought Allison would be getting tagged the "surprise sensation" of the Festival, but by the next day it became evident that a whole lot of kids had decided to make it a demonstration for Magic Sam; in fact there were some

guys organizing cheerleader-type yells for Magic Sam, embarrassingly, in the intervals before some of the great old men like Big Joe Williams, Son House and Lightnin' were coming up, on Sunday night.

Howlin' Wolf came on riding a little motorscooter, with a baseball cap on backwards like a catcher's. He put on a great show, about double his allotted length. Frequently he let the mike hang down between his legs between sung lines, then he'd roll his eyes all over the fairgrounds and say "Oh, excuse me! I didn't mean to do that, etc., etc." He got everyone looking at the moon, and interrupted some song he was doing with a rap about the NASA landing, then settled back and howled at the moon. He got several encores and did about ten minutes on each. Then Bill Hill broke in to say that the curfew hour had been reached and Muddy Waters would have to be cancelled. Everyone booed, word came up that they could go some extra time, and Muddy did a masterful but short set, carrying himself beautifully. I learned the next day that Wolf cut Muddy's time on purpose: apparently an expression of some old crosstown rivalry.

Sunday, the last day, was when the marathon of it really got to me. I was staying fifty miles away, and just got home in time to get up and head back for Sunday morning's first concert, Fred McDowell. I guess a lot of people have seen Son House, talking about the blues in that film *Festival*, with Dylan, and Johnny Cash and Bloomfield rapping about how Butterfield could be a tuna fish sandwich and he'd still have the blues, then cut to: Son House talking about them, how you'll stay up in your room, you don't want to talk to your father, your sister, etc., you don't hate 'em, you just got the blues. Well, Fred McDowell did about as much as anyone at this Festival trying to *explain* the blues: what he kept driving at was that a man's blues *are* him, and that though nobody likes all kinds of blues you have to listen to everybody's, no two ways about it, that he himself didn't ask too many questions about what kind of blues a man was singing, but just heard them.

McDowell, like Big Mama Thornton later, was more conspicuous as a presence felt—and alluded to by other musicians—than as a performer: both gave short but excellent concerts, McDowell's starting at eleven AM, and Big Mama's coming at a point in the late afternoon when almost everybody seemed heat-prostrated. Big Mama got a lot of people together with her on her set—I forget who all: she did a lot to put things back together at the one point in the

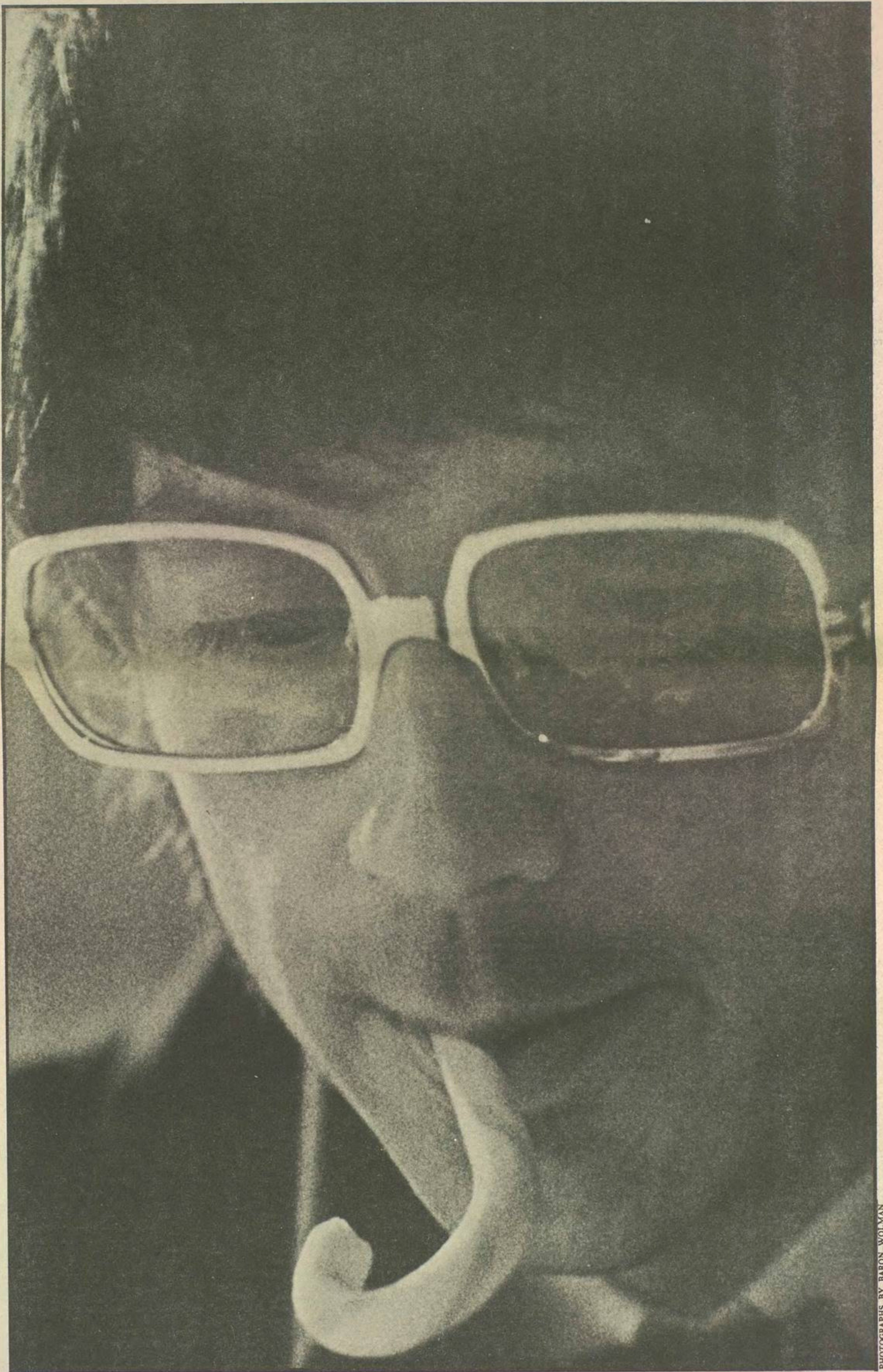
Festival when things seemed to be getting too disorganized (there were equipment failures, a stolen amp and no one could find Lightnin' when it was finally his turn, though he'd been dancing a real spry step to most of the music for the preceding two days). Anyway, in Big Mama's part of the festival, things got rectified a little bit for a lot of the greats who suffered from the scheduling on this last day, Big Joe, McDowell, and T-Bone Walker, who stayed or after Big Mama called him up for his own set, then for still a third, with Sam Lay who came on while the equipment reached its worst state of disrepair. These things can seem quite tragic when they happen to guys that you sense really need the exposure. Some place in there came dynamite sets by first Magic Sam, then Freddy King. Both did sets such as I imagine they'd do at the Fillmore and both got frenzied responses.

Personally I was in a frenzy because among the few spots remaining on the program were my two main men that I'd driven from Missouri to see: Lightnin' Hopkins and Son House. They finally found Lightnin' some place, a little later than they were supposed to. He did a very short set, maybe 25 minutes, putting everybody on, breaking everybody up. This man is one of the greatest comedians ever, I mean one of the great guardians of the comic spirit, which is by no means to say that he doesn't know the blues, quite the contrary: it's saying he had the kind of blues Shakespeare had in his comedies and romances. Men like Lightnin' and Son House are guys whose magnitude as men and as artists so far transcends the blues that I can't keep from playing games like "What immortal writer would Son House be if he'd been born in a society that gave everybody an education?" Anyway, what Lightnin' did on stage left everybody screaming encores that he just laughed at. I sympathized, but I'd been following him along the fence whenever he showed up the past two days, and I knew he'd already done more than his share of performing: for instance he'd held one large random group of fence-straddlers spellbound explaining how he knew the moon landing was a hoax—because they claimed they'd brought back some dirt, but he knew that all the dirt there was anywhere was right here on earth. Lightnin's timing is his genius. In college I once played a record of his spoken reminiscence to a Shakespearean actor friend, who was properly awed.

Memphis Charlie Musselwhite and James Cotton had the two sets before Son House came on to close the Festival. I can't give very fair accounts of them, because most of their time I was trying

to spot Son House, who was the only performer no one had seen up until the time of his performance. I finally spotted House, crawled under the fence, and pestered him for about ten minutes, telling him how often I played his album, etc. I tell you, if you ever want to have a difficult experience, try telling a humble genius that you dig his work, then see if you can handle the sincere thanks he responds with. I can't explain what a close look at this man meant to me. I felt like an idiot, but I'm glad I did it.

When I got back around front, Cotton had his shirt off for some reason and was down off the stage in the "audience"—except that he was still in the "backstage" enclosure, so the only people that were getting to feel him up were the folks with the Festival Officer badges. I was afraid he was going to cut Son House's time short, but they came up with another curfew extension, and the moment I'd been waiting for was at hand. Dick Waterman, the blues impresario who managed John Hurt, gave a tasteful introduction explaining, as the program notes had, that Son was old and his fingers a little stiff. Then Son came up and sat down, started musing ("You know, singing these blues is a funny business..."), expressing as I recall it his general and legendary ambivalence concerning the blues vs. the church as ways of life. Then I think he might have sung some of his "Preachin' Blues," though it's hard for me to remember, because all of the songs on his Columbia album (CS9217) exist in my head, in a sort of continuous present, and then some "Death Letter" and some "Empire State Express." Then he began a rap, a meditation really, about Robert Johnson. It seemed to me that this began to kindle something like my excitement in the crowd-at-large—I sort of sensed people remembering, maybe whispering, "that's the guy whose record's on the cover of *Bringing It All Back Home*." I felt this sense of influence and consequence spreading as Son told how Robert had come to him saying he "just couldn't stand" the come-ons put down by those gold-digging chicks at the levee camp. He'd told Robert "You'd better stand it." But a few days later Son was sitting on some porch with Willie Brown, and word came in that Robert had been killed at the levee camp. Then Son closed with his "Levee Camp Moan." For encores, Dick Waterman introduced Mrs. House, who joined Son in four or five familiar spirituals, to close out the Festival like a revival meeting. The finale meant a lot to me, and to most of the audience, but as I was leaving I heard one last numb voice shriek the name of Magic Sam.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: PHIL SPECTOR

Baron and I sat in a rented Mustang outside the Sunset Strip office of Phil Spector Productions for 40 minutes one April night, listening to the car radio and waiting for the man. A black Cadillac Limousine pulls up, and then away, circles the block and parks behind us. Out steps the chauffeur, who in reality is one of Spector's several bodyguards. The whole Tom Wolfe legend is about to take place in front of our eyes. We change cars and the chauffeur pulls way with us in the back seat.

Phil Spector, the first "Tycoon of Teen," is finally about to make good the promise for an interview, after two months of hassling over time and place. The interview is going to happen on the

night of "Mission: Impossible." Spector, it turns out, lives only ten blocks or so from his office.

The grounds are surrounded by electric fences and gates, and what's more amazing is that after pulling into his driveway, you see electric fencing also covers the windows and front door of his house. Once inside the doors and gates it's Phil Spectorland, with framed pictures and clippings, all the famous articles about Phil, pinball machines and jukeboxes with all his hits still on the playlist.

The living room is around the corner: the house used to belong to one of the Hollywood starlets, and it's a beauty: 20 foot gabled ceilings, sunken rooms, a

grand piano, Irish wolfhounds and two Borzoi's running around on the patio off the living room. Next to the living room is the game room, a huge pool table in the center, the walls covered with framed photos of Phil playing pool with Willie Moscone, Phil playing pool with Minnesota Fats, and dozens of others.

We waited in the living room another half hour, while Phil was "getting ready." We were offered something to drink, something to eat: candy-filled dishes on the coffee tables (long with the books and magazines, with bookmarks in place, which carried more of the famous articles about Phil), slices of pizza and cokes. Baron and I sat, almost whispering, because the place must have been

wired for sound as well as everything else. The chauffeur-bodyguard returns to check the last minute details, and he comes in without his coat on, displaying his shoulder holster and his gun.

We didn't know whether to laugh or to faint. Like, they never checked for the stick of dynamite I had in my tape recorder and the 38 Baron was carrying in his camera kit.

In walks the man: Phil Spector, short little Phil, all dressed up for the interview in outrageous yellow plastic rimmed glasses, a tie-piece around his collar, sucking a candy cane. What a show to-night!

—Jann Wenner

Do you see any black militancy in the record business? Let's take Stax which is owned by . . .

Let's take it, man. Like, you take \$4 million, and I'll take \$3 million, and we all be very rich very quick. I'm rich already, what am I talking about? Go ahead, what about Stax-Volt?

Do you find any black resentment against the whites. You worked at Atlantic, another white-owned company, dealing primarily with black music. Was there any resentment from the artists?

Oh yeah, man, "We bought your home, goddamn, and don't you forget it, boy. You livin' in the house we paid for, you drivin' a Cadillac we got, man. It's ours. You stole it from us."

You heard that from the beginning of time. All the Drifters were gettin' was \$150 a week and they never got any royalties. It wasn't that Atlantic didn't pay them; it was that everybody screwed everybody in those days. I mean I was in the Teddy Bears and what did we get—one penny a record royalties!

What has disappeared completely is the black groups, other than what you have comin' out of Motown and your other few—and I don't mean Stax-Volt because I don't consider that what I'm talking about. The group on the corner has disappeared. It's turned into a white psychedelic or a guitar group, there are thousands of them. There used to be hundreds and hundreds of black groups singin' harmony and with a great lead singer and you'd go in an record them.

You used to go down to Jefferson High or 49th & Broadway and could get sixteen groups. Today you can't find them; they're either involved in the militant thing or they just passed, like it's not their bag anymore, or like it's just disappeared. It's not the big thing to get together after school and harmonize. And it used to be a real big thing. It was very important. I guess they just got tired of knocking on record doors, and they saw that a whole new regime had taken over.

This is why you have the music business dominated in the black area by just two companies. Because there is just really no place for them to go. They've just sort of disbanded. Other than Motown you don't see any groups, colored groups. The Dells happened for a while on that Cadet label from Chicago or whatever. That's where black something has affected it. I don't know if it's black militancy or whatever, but something has definitely effected the complete destruction of the black groups that used to be dominating the record industry.

How has that changed the music?

It's changed the music drastically. It's given birth to English groups to come along and do it like Eric Burdon. It's also given birth for the Stones and the Beatles to come along and do it—not that they wouldn't have done it otherwise—but the first place the Beatles wanted to see when they came to America (cause I came over on the plane with them) was the Apollo Theatre.

As bad as a record as "Book of Love" by the Monotones is, you can hear a lot of "Book of Love" in the Beatles' "Why Don't We Do It the Road." I think you hear a lot of that dumb, great-yet-nonsensical stuff that makes it—even though it's silly. It's got the same nonsense.

I believe that the English kids have soul. Really soul. When I watch Walter Cronkite or Victory at Sea, or You Are There—any of those programs, I see bombs flying all over England and little kids running. Now that's probably Paul McCartney running. You know, 'cause that's where the bombs fell. They say

soul comes through suffering. Slavery for the blacks. And gettin' your ass bombed off is another way of gettin' some soul, so I would say that these English cats have a lot of soul legitimately. You're gonna have Dave Clark in there who don't know too much about it, and just like you're gonna have a Rosy and the Originals in America who don't know too much about it.

What do you think of groups like Sly and the Family Stone or the Chambers Brothers who have such a large white audience, almost primarily white?

The Chambers Brothers have been around so long that they're just like a group I think of as "having" to have made it—a must. In other words, if they hadn't made it, it would be as much of a crime as Roy Orbison not being a star today or the Everly Brothers not making it today. It was criminal that they weren't big before.

The fact that they appear for white audiences is, I think, only because black music—if there can be such a phrase—or music as interpreted by black people—is a lot more commercial than music interpreted by white people.

The biggest English records are really when they are imitating. It's much more commercial when Eric Burdon sings a black copy. Just like Al Jolson was much more commercial when he did the black face than he ever was than when he went out and sang "My Yiddish Mommy." They love "mammy" with the black face—Stephen Foster, I mean. Which is probably why the black people resent so much of America. "We are the most commercially imitated people, we write and sing the most commercial music and yet we are the least talked about and the most oppressed."

So the black man got to figure that may be the reason he's passed from the musical scene to a large extent. Now when I say passed, I really mean passed. I mean it's as good as Sam Cooke being dead. You don't hear Ben E. King or any of the real soulful music anymore, and that was really commercial music, and it was good music.

I don't remember where we were. You asked me something.

The Chambers Brothers.

I don't know why they appeal to white people really. I would imagine that if you went into a black Baptist church, you'd dig it a whole lot because it's groovy music. I don't know why they are more commercial. I don't know even if they do appeal to a larger white audience than the black audience.

Being on Columbia Records has a lot to do with it. White people hear them much more. You don't see colored people going into a store sayin', "Let me have the Columbia Master Works series number 129." Or just like you wouldn't see any of the young cats doing it. It's just not their bag.

I think that Columbia doesn't really get them played on R&B stations, because it doesn't say "this is a new Chambers Brothers album." It just comes in a Columbia package with Tony Bennett and Andy Williams and they sort of put it, you know, I mean you can't hear Jocko or Rosco or any of them getting all excited about—"Oh, a new shipment from Columbia came in today, any free goods runnin'?" I mean there ain't gonna be any free goods or money inside. So, I mean they ain't gonna get too excited.

The Chambers Brothers play white audiences; they dig Melodyland. You don't see them very often in the same parts of town that you see the Four Tops when they come. The Four Tops do the Coconut Grove, but they also do Joe Louie's Club on 189th Street, keep-

in' cool with him. Maybe the Chambers Brothers paid dues so long that they're a little bit tired of payin' dues. They just sort of want to make it, and if it means makin' it before the white kids—then they're gonna make it. I don't really feel that the Chambers Brothers have really been recorded right yet; they haven't really hit it yet for me. I mean they're groovy, but their records haven't hit it yet.

What artist do you really feel has not been recorded right that you'd like to record?

Bob Dylan.

How would you record him?

I'd do a Dylan opera with him. I'd produce him. You see he's never been produced. He's always gone into the studio on the strength of his lyrics, and they have sold enough records to cover up everything—all the honesty of his records. But he's never really made a production. He doesn't really have to.

His favorite song is "Like a Rolling Stone," and it stands to reason because that's his grooviest song, as far as songs go. It may not be his grooviest message. It may not be the greatest thing he ever wrote, but I can see why he gets the most satisfaction out of it, because re-writing "La Bamba" chord changes is always a lot of fun and any time you can make a Number One record and rewrite those kind of changes, it is very satisfying.

I would like him to just say something that could live recording-wise forever. I would have enjoyed recording John Wesley Harding in its own way. He doesn't really have the time nor do any of his producers necessarily have the ambition or talent to really overrule him or debate with him. I would imagine with Albert Grossman there is a situation of business control just like it would be with Elvis Presley and Colonel Parker. Assume that there is no control, then somebody should be much more forceful. Maybe nobody has the guts, balls or the ambition to get in there, but there is no reason unless Dylan didn't want it. But there is a way he could have been made to want it.

There is no reason why Dylan can't be recorded in a very certain way and a very beautiful way where you can just sit back and say "wow" about everything—not just him and the song—just everything.

How would you have done John Wesley Harding?

There is a way to do it. He's so great on it and he is so honest that it's just like going into the studio with twelve of Steven Foster's songs. There's so much you can do. There is so much you can do with Dylan; he gives you so much to work with. That's probably why he sells so many records without trying so very hard in the studio.

It's also probably why the Beatles . . . well it's obvious that Paul McCartney and John Lennon may be the greatest rock and roll singers that we've ever had. They may be the greatest singers of the last ten years—they really may be! I mean there is a reason for the Beatles other than the fact that they're like Rogers & Hart and Hammerstein, Gershwin and all of 'em. They are great, great singers. They can do anything with their voices.

So to pat them on the back doesn't mean anything. It's really from the great background they had—of digging so much all their lives—that not only did they get that great gift of writing, but they have the great talent of singing; which is really where it's at. When you can get in and sing "Rocky Rac-

coon" that way, you know that he knows how to sing better than anybody else around, because he can switch right into "Yesterday." They've got a great gift, and for me it's much more than just sayin', "the Beatles, the Beatles, the Beatles."

I would like to record them a certain way because, again, other than what they do themselves—there's nobody. I don't know how influential their producer is, and I am sure they have a great deal of respect for him and he's the fifth Beatle and all that, but I don't think he thinks the way I would think. Their ideas are so overpowering that you just sort of go along with them and you're gonna end up with something groovy. I don't think it was necessarily his idea to put "King Lear" on the end of that one record. Which did or did not have to be in the record.

I think Mick Jagger could be a lot of fun to record. It's not just the big artists; I think Janis Joplin leaves a lot to be desired recording-wise. How well she can sing when she's way up front—I don't know. How well she would sing under different circumstances I don't know.

But the one that really would be the most satisfying probably would be Dylan because I could communicate with him and justify what he really wants to say—no matter what it is—musically, which is something that you don't see very often happening today.

Many of the artists today just sing, they don't really interpret anything. I mean the Doors don't interpret. They're not interpreters of music. They sing ideas. The Beach Boys have always sung ideas—they've never been interpreters. The Beatles interpret; "Yesterday" meant something. Whereas "Good Vibrations" was a nice idea on which everybody sort of grooved. That's what I feel is missing in the Chambers Brothers—the interpretation.

Four or five years ago . . . Sam Cooke interpreted, I have a feeling that a lot of it is the producers' fault, and a lot of it is the . . . the fact that everybody is runnin' a little too scared today. Nobody really knows, nobody really knows what Janis Joplin can do except Janis Joplin, and I don't necessarily think she puts her faith in anyone or would have anyone direct her.

What did you think of Beggar's Banquet?

Well, they're just makin' hit records now. There was a time when the Stones were really writing contributions. See that's a big word to me—"contributions."

What were the songs at the time.

"Satisfaction" was a contribution. They've had a few contributions. See there's a difference: other than one or two numbers, Johnny Rivers is not a contribution to music, he never will be, he never can be. I don't care if all the Johnny Rivers fans say "boo." Just like Murray Roman will never be a comedian. There's just certain people that just don't have it. Moby Grape will never be a contribution. There are a lot of groups that will never be a contribution. 'Cause if you listen to just one Muddy Waters record you've heard everything Moby Grape's gonna ever do. Or if you listen to one Jimmy Reed record you've heard everything they may want to do.

The big word is "contribution," and the Stones lately have not been—although they have been writing groovy hit things—contributing anymore. You have a time when they were contributing all of it. Everything was contribution.

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They'll go down as a contribution. They'll be listed as a contributing force in music. An important influence. It's not a put down on them, because nobody can keep up that pace.

If some of these groups, and some of the people in the business would dig athletics they would see more the reasons for themselves than they do now. Like Sonny Bono will never know what happened when it's all over. He'll never know why it happened, because he didn't know what happened to make it happen. So he won't know what happened to make it fail. But if you go out and you watch athletics and you watch a winning team lose, you watch them accept the failure. You see why they didn't win, and it makes sense. You sort of put things in perspective to yourself.

The people in today's business really don't do that. They don't know why they're making it—they just dig it, but athletes never do that. You never see athletes go crazy. They know tomorrow it's all over; one bad tackle, one bad jump and it's all over, and you're dead and nobody cares about you anymore.

In the record business they just try, try forever and ever and ever. They don't plan nothin'. Motown, as marvelous as their recording company is... I mean, I've said it before: they have invented the Mustang body or the Volkswagen body and there isn't very little they can do wrong with it. They're gonna keep groovin', but I wouldn't be surprised if they release one percent of what they record. If they release twenty things a month, you can see how much they're recording and how much they don't release. Their studios are goin' 24 hours a day. Because they know that's what their strategy has to be.

The other people in the industry, like Ahmet... I love Ahmet. When I first went to New York, he took care of me, and I love him. I mean he has no strategy. He calls up his office and says, "How many records we sell today?" I mean he can't know everything that's out there.

We had dinner with him one night and somebody said, "Ahmet, I'd really like to get the Bee Gees," and Ahmet said, "Well man, you know, I can't, you know, do anything man cause they've got this Stigwood somebody and anyhow man, he's a very difficult man to deal with. Anyhow the Bee Gees ain't gonna be nothin'. Man, the Cream, you know, got two records in the top ten albums and you know that I'd never even heard of the group. But the very best group, the best that gonna be the biggest group in the world is the Vanilla Fudge." He didn't even know, man. Because what's he care if it's Vanilla Fudge or Cream.

Like the Cream are breakin' up, and he said, "like man you have to do a final album for me." They said, "Why man, we hate each other," or somethin' like that. Ahmet said, "Oh no man, you have to do one more album for me. Jerry Wexler has cancer, and he's dyin' and he wants to hear one more album from you." So they go in, make the album and he says, "Like man, Jerry Wexler isn't dyin', he's much better, he's improved."

He's just jivin' like that 'cause it's a lot of fun and he's a great business man.

Like when I met Otis Redding the first time. Otis says, "Hey Phil"—man, I loved Otis—we were just gettin' along famously talking, having dinner and he says, "How long you been knowin' Omelet?" I just sort of laughed 'cause he said "Omelet," and I know his name is Ahmet not "Omelet." And I said, "About seven years."

And he said, "Omelet is just too much, he's too much."

I said, "Yeah he sho' is." Afterwards, I went over to Ahmet and said, "Ahmet, how long you been knowin' Otis?"

He said, "Oh, about three years." I said, "And you mean he calls you 'Omelet'?"

So he says, "That's right man. You know he calls the office all the time and he asks for Omelet, and they don't want to hurt his feelings by telling him my name is Ahmet."

Otis was not a dumb colored cat. You know he was a smart cat and knew what was happening. If he ever knew that Ahmet's name was not Omelet, he would have been real upset, you know. And none of the secretaries told him 'cause they thought, "Oh, man, maybe a dumb spade." And also they loved him and didn't want to put him down,

but he'd get on the phone with Jerry Wexler and he'd say, "How's Omelet do-doin'?" Wexler would say, "Oh, Omelet's fine Otis, Omelet's doin' real good, Otis." The poor guy called him Omelet all his life.

[Note: Phil Walden, Otis' close friend and personal manager, says Otis knew Ahmet's real name, but thought it was a laugh to call him "Omelet."]

But they love Ahmet for that, because he looks like Lenin, he has his beard and he's sophisticated and he come on and he jives all these cats and he goes to Harlem and he cooks and he smokes the shit and everybody digs him.

Several years back we were all sitting around with some colored group, and one of them said, "Shit man, your contract ain't worth shit." We were in a restaurant, and Ahmet looks around to make sure nobody'd hear us. The guy said, "Mercury gonna give me seven percent, you only give me five percent. That's like jive-ass." Ahmet said, "Not so loud." And he said, "Yeah man, I can't sign your contract for five percent when I can get me seven percent over at Mercury."

And I was just sittin' back waitin' for what Ahmet was gonna say to this cat. The guy has the Mercury contract with him, and it does say seven percent. And he's got Atlantic's cockamamie contract for five percent. Now, he's got Ahmet up a wall, he's trapped, and Ahmet knows he's trapped, and we're all sittin' around, and Ahmet hit him with a line: Ahmet said, "Man, listen man, you know what. I gonna give you 15 percent, but I ain't gonna pay you." The guy said, "What?" Ahmet said, "That's what they gonna do. They gonna give you seven percent but they not gonna pay you, and I gonna give you five percent and pay you. Now that's a big difference isn't it?" They guy said, "That's right—never thought of it that way. That makes a lot of sense. I'm gonna sign with you Ahmet, I gonna sign with you Ahmet."

What about Jerry Wexler?

I don't know. It's funny 'cause Jerry Wexler and I never got along, and we only really started to communicate when Lenny died, because he suddenly realized that he loved Lenny very much, and if Lenny and I were that close, it was time to break the ice between him and myself. So in the last few years we've communicated a great deal and talked. Jerry has a good time and gives a little bit, but his contribution really is the early music—all those records he did—like "A Lover's Question," "Shaboomb." That's the Jerry Wexler that for me really changed and set the standards for the recording industry.

I don't know how much he's a part of Aretha. I don't really get into it or care. I enjoyed Dusty Springfield's record, and I don't listen to music too much today 'cause I'm not inspired by a lot of it. A lot of it is a lot of crap. There is so much coming out on Atlantic, they got so many hits that I don't know what Jerry does and what he doesn't do.

I know that he is a brilliant businessman, and what he's done with Aretha is sparkling—what can you say? She was dumped from company to company, and he did make it happen. In many ways he's like Ahmet in another area. He just gets in that studio and if it's right... To sum up Jerry Wexler: As a producer he knows when something is right, and he can wrap some of these young punk producers around his little finger.

But to show you how sophisticated the kids are today, Jerry goes down South and cuts something and comes back up. Everybody listens to it. Ahmet says, "Too many highs in that record. It's shrill." Jerry says, "You're crazy, man. It's a groovy record—a smash." Ahmet says, "I don't know man. It's awfully shrill. Somethin' the matter with the mikes down there." He says, "You're crazy, Ahmet. Man, you can go ask anybody."

And nobody knew what to say. It was like a standoff.

"What about the song?" Jerry asked. Ahmet said, "Well, the song's good, but it's just too piercing. There's something wrong with that record." So he says, "Let's go downstairs and find some kids on the street." So they go downstairs and find three long-haired kids with boots on, comin' home from school.

And Ahmet says, "Say, man, I work for Atlantic Records and we want you to hear a record." So the guy says, "Okay." He says, "Man, we'll buy you some hamburgers and stuff." They say good, so

they go upstairs and sit down—the kids thought we were gonna give them some joints, and we give 'em hamburgers.

They come upstairs and they go in the room and Jerry Wexler played this record for them. And these kids were sittin' there diggin' it, diggin' it, you know. And Wexler says, "What do you think of it?" One guy says, "It's a groovy song man, and great performance." And they all said, "Yeah man, it's a hell of a song and a great performance."

So Wexler looks at Ahmet and winks at him 'cause he knows he's won. Ahmet says, "You like the record?" And the kid says, "Yeah, but too many highs on it, it's piercing, really shrill. You gotta change the mixing—the EQ's wrong."

Jerry Wexler said, "The EQ's wrong? What you know about EQ?" Jerry got real hot. He just didn't realize that the kids today like they've all made records and they're very sophisticated and you can't jive 'em like that. And the kid said, "I don't dig the EQ on the record. Now where's my hamburger? I gave you my opinion and I don't dig the EQ on your record." That's outta sight. I loved it.

So Wexler's a brilliant businessman; I mean he's really a groovy cat. I mean it's a great combination but if you really think of it—a Jewish cat and two Turks becomes the biggest R&B label—it's kinda weird. With no Mafia in there either.

What do you know about the Mafia in the record business?

I wouldn't say anything I knew anyways. I just try to hire 'em all, that's all. No, I wouldn't say a word about them. "What Mafia?" "What record business?" Why must we do the interview on the night of *Mission Impossible*, man? That's a helluva good program. That's a great show man. I don't know what day it comes on because I don't watch television that much. I'm one of those phonies that says he doesn't watch it, but watches it every night.—No, I really don't know.

What was your involvement with Lenny?

Other than that he recorded for me, I would say he was at the time my closest friend. He was like a teacher or a philosopher. He was like a living Socrates. Nobody will ever really know what Lenny was, and who he was, because nobody saw him in those last few years.

The people who really didn't see him are the people who said they did see him. I mean the Mort Sahl's, Bill Cosbys, Buddy Hacketts—those are the people that really let Lenny down. They're the ones who all said, when Lenny died, that they wanted to bury him—only they wanted to bury him when he was living, not afterwards, because none of them were there.

I guess it was hard for them to look at Lenny, because Lenny was obviously the very best. He was the epitome of comic brilliance, he was the greatest standup comedian of his time, he had the ingenious mind that they all wished that they had. To see the best like that would probably be too hard. They probably wouldn't have been able to stomach it.

I took Lenny to The Trip one night when it was open on Sunset, and Cosby was in there, the Smothers Brothers were in there. They all sort of tried not to say hello to Lenny and then they all sort of disappeared because not only did they steal so much from Lenny, take so much material from him, but they didn't know how to confront him. I don't think they knew what to say to Lenny or how to express themselves.

In the last year or six months Lenny had a nail tied to his foot and was going around in circles. He obviously was not guilty of anything he was charged with because the New York courts even let him go after his death. Posthumous vindication doesn't really mean anything, but he was right is what they meant, because the court said he was right. He just had a Kafkaesque life in that he was never allowed to do what he was charged with in front of a courtroom, and that was be obscene or not be obscene.

The film he made was him with the words and everything—'cause he never used a dirty word to use it. He would shuck with you, and if he dug you he would talk like I've been talkin' to you now. I don't use a dirty word or say "fuck this" just to say it or to get you horny, I say it because I'm talkin' with you and that's it. And that's how he was with an audience.

None of the comics came to his defense. If anything, after he died, Mort Sahl said some real bad things about Lenny, much more harmful than they were good. He might as well have hated Lenny all his life for what he said, because he's a liar. It's that simple. He said Lenny was being used by the establishment to prove a point. That's a lot of shit.

I have the exact quotes from the New York Times. I even have the paper—I kept it. Sahl said Lenny never thought of anything so astounding—or something similar to that—because there was nothing Lenny ever thought of that Mort had not thought of at one time also.

Well, that's like saying "Einstein never did anything that I couldn't have done because I was thinkin' all them things too, but I just didn't say 'em—I kept 'em to myself, but now I'm gonna let you in on it. See, here's the theory of relativity."

He wouldn't have dared say that when Lenny was alive. You see after Lenny died they all said all kinds of crap, because he ain't here. And even when he was alive he hardly defended himself. You know, he didn't care. He was like full of compassion for everybody. He saw people stealing his material left and right.

They asked me to do a Les Crane show on Lenny with Murray Roman—it was a joke, and I wouldn't go on the show because I wouldn't give any credence or give any kind of authority to Murray Roman, 'cause he's a joke. I mean he is a joke. He just has to stand up there and I'll laugh at him. He's just a joke. He's indicative of the whole recording industry. Cosby (whom Roman records for) can't make up his mind whether he's a black militant or a white millionaire.



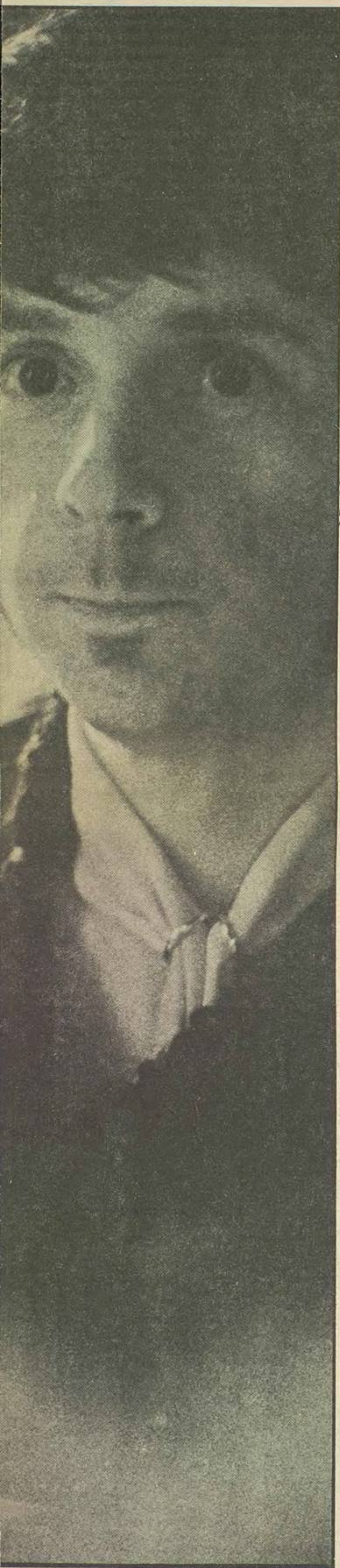
Now Lenny was not obscene, he was not dirty, he never posed in the nude (or an album) and he never did anything on any of his albums that should not have been heard. Yet they wouldn't touch him. We don't see anybody raising a fuss when this company comes and puts out John Lennon, you know with his schlong hanging out there and, "hey, you know, it's a big thing," when it's really not. Now the times may be changing, which is okay and there's nothin' wrong with John Lennon doin' whatever he wants to do.

But you have to get upset when the music industry defends that, but doesn't defend it on a general basis; it just sort of picks out certain things. It's like Marshall on the Supreme Court: he is not really a black man—he will never defend a black man because he's black, but you'll find a lot of white southerners defend white people just because they're white. I mean in the North they don't care that way; the music industry doesn't stick with anyone.

What about John Lennon?

I haven't spoken to Lennon in some time so I don't know where he's at now. But I have a feeling that Yoko may not be the greatest influence on him. I mean, I don't know, but I have a feeling that he's a far greater talent than she is.

You know, a multi-millionaire in his position just doesn't get caught in an English apartment house by the cops on a dope charge unless you're just blowing your mind or somebody is just really giving you a fucking. I mean you have



dogs, you have bodyguards, you got something to protect you. Everybody knows the Beatles were immune. Everybody knows that George Harrison was at the Stones' party the night they got busted, and they let Harrison leave and then they went in and made the bust. I mean it was like the Queen said, "Leave them alone."

So Lennon must really have been causing a disturbance or somebody must have been setting him up to get busted, 'cause it ain't no medal of honor. Like it's no medal of honor to get the clap. Being busted for marijuana don't mean nothin'—it's just a waste of time, if anything. It wasted his time. It may have even caused . . . miscarriages.

It's almost like a weird thing to see just how bizarre he can get before he really blows it or he just teaches everybody something.

But I think without question he is leader of that group, and he makes the decisions. I'd like to know how the Beatles feel about him and what he's going through. I almost get the feeling that they want to help him but I don't think they really can because he's always way ahead of them.

I just hope that he doesn't hurt himself. Lenny really hurt himself. I tried to tell him, "you're going to hurt yourself, you're going to hurt yourself," and when they get going that's it, once they really get going. 'Cause Lenny would have died for any reason that day—a tooth pulled, anything. When you get going in that direction there's nothin' can stop you, no amount of talk.

Lenny should have been out working at all the colleges, and influencing all the young people of the country. That's what he should have been doing, but instead he sat up in his room all night.

He wrote Supreme Court things, you



know . . . "Dear Justice Marshall: You don't seem to understand." He was brilliant; he knew more than anybody but he didn't know there was doors to go through and ladders to climb. He thought it was just 1, 2, 3. I just hope Lennon doesn't blow it. It's his life, but he's too great a contribution.

You came over with the Beatles when they first came over to the States. What was that like?

It was a lot of fun. It was probably the only time I flew that I wasn't afraid, because I knew that they weren't going to get killed in a plane. That plane was really an awful trip. I mean there were 28 or 30 minutes where that plane dropped thousands of feet over the ocean. It scared the shit out of me, but there were 149 people on board who were all Press and Beatles' right-hand men, and left-hand men, and we just sat up there and talked about the Apollo and all that jive. Lennon was with his first wife, and he was very quiet. Paul asked a lot of questions, George was wonderful. It was a nice trip.

I'd just been in England for a couple of weeks and I went by their apartment, and they were leaving and said why don't you come back with us. It's really funny, but they were terribly frightened to get off the plane.

They were terribly frightened of America. They even said, "You go first." 'Cause the whole thing about Kennedy scared them very, very much. They really thought it would be possible for somebody to be there and want to kill them, because they were just very shocked. The assassination really dented them tre-

mendously—their image of America. Just like it dented everybody's image of the Secret Service.

You were associated with the Stones when they first started. Was there any talk of you becoming their producer?

Um, yeah, but Andrew was involved at that time and he was sort of . . . they told me he tried to be like me in England. And he sort of . . . I would say in all honesty that he was my publicity agent in England at that time. In other words, he called me, and said he could do publicity, and I said, well, do publicity because I don't know what it involves. He sort of had a nice affection for me as a record producer and he supposedly held me in high esteem.

The group was thinking of breaking up at the time. They were really disorganized. It wasn't so much breaking up; shit, they couldn't get . . . nobody believed in them. They were like a dirty, funky group. They were like second-class citizens and even at my hotel they couldn't get in. They wanted 'em thrown out.

What did you do with them?

I went to see Sir Edward uh, what was his name? The owner of London Records, an old English cat. Didn't understand anything he said for half an hour. I wanted the Stones on an American label, my label, and he didn't. He offered me a percentage, anyhow, it involved things and money changed hands, and I never really was anything more than just close friends with them.

I knew there would eventually be problems between Andrew and them because . . . I don't know. I just had a feeling. Then there was another guy involved too, another Eric somebody. He was involved. I saw them in America a few times. The first time they came, they did awful; their tours were bombing. They got hung up in hotel rooms,



and nobody knew what was going on.

The funniest call of all was when Mick Jagger called. Andrew used to sleep in my office in New York, when he stayed there. We used to get these phone bills to London, all kinds of nonsense. Didn't know who was doing them or who was calling. One day we got a phone call, you know, and it was Mick Jagger. I happened to pick up the phone and he said, "What you say there?" And I said, "Who's this?" He said, "This is Mick Jagger—what's happening?" I said "Nothing." I said, "Where are you?" He said "In Hershey, Pennsylvania. Everything is fuckin' brown here. The phones are brown, the rooms are brown, the street is brown, every fucking thing is brown. I hate it in this fuckin' city, Hershey, Pennsylvania." He didn't know that Hershey, Pennsylvania, is where Hershey's chocolate company is located.

Did you negotiate their contract?

Well, this was an involved thing. I made a lot of bread real fast and that's about all. But I never wanted to get anything else except to see them happen, because they were really discouraged.

I mean London Records didn't know whether to believe in them or not—their record company. It was just a thing that I felt that if another group was going to make it after the Beatles, they would make it. They were tremendously popular in London. The girls screamed for them everywhere and yet they hadn't had a hit. I figured somethin's here, you know and they tried to get in hotels and people kept them out, and they said they were dirty and they smelled.

So I went to see Sir Edward Lewis. We talked and we worked out some kind of deal, and then they got a hit—"Not Fade Away" became a big hit in England — and then they came here and slowly they happened. But it wasn't until like a year later, when they exploded, that the contract really meant anything, as far as I was concerned. But financially, it didn't mean anything until much later on. Of course there were so many people involved in the background scene before they ever went to Allen Klein. And I don't think Allen Klein ever knew what was going on, and he's not a very good cat.

What do you think about music now? Rock and roll music obviously has this tremendous thing with young people.

What tires me in this business today is that I'm tired really of hearing somebody's dreams and somebody's experiences. I would like to hear a little bit more of . . . I mean the Beatles combined it; and they do it well—their experiences, their love and their feelings. I don't know if they lived "Yesterday," but I know they wrote it.

Now I'm getting a little tired of hearing about, you know, everybody's emotional problems. I mean it's too wavy. Like watching a three or four hour movie. I'm getting so fed up with it. No concept of melody—just goes on and on with the lyric, and on and on with the lyric. They're making it a fad. If it had more music it would last, but it can't last this way.

I mean country and western is evident of that, because it's lived so long by being so obvious. The old tunes have lived so long because they're obvious. I mean "all the things you are" and all the great songs you've heard were obvious in their way. Everybody went to a minor seventh in the bridge. I mean it was standard. You started out in a major seventh chord and you went to the minor seventh of the fourth and that was it, and you wrote a great song. So they had their formula and we have ours today, but they are ruining the formula.

They are going to really kill the music if they keep it up, because they're not writing songs anymore. They are only writing ideas. They don't really care about repetition. They don't care about a hook or melody. And I know the Beatles do. I mean "Lady Madonna" was a hit song. They didn't write that for an emotional experience and you don't have to put things into those songs—they're right there—blah. That "ooh bla dee, ooh bla da . . ." I mean that's a hit song. Ten years ago that was a smash. I mean "life goes on." We must have more songs.

The Beatles have a fantastic feel for the market in addition to everything else.

That's commercialism; that's what is not existing in today's music. That's the shuck that I think is going on whereby everybody is susceptible to being fooled so much that, and they jive so much that . . . you see these people in music don't realize that they are really forming the tastes of the young people of America. If they keep going in that direction they're going to bore themselves out of existence. It's going to get boring.

What are you gonna do with the stuff you're workin' on now? How does that differ from the last work you did with Ike and Tina Turner?

Don't know. I will go in many directions—some experimental—some not. Today "River Deep—Mountain High" could be a number one record. I think when it came out, it was just like my farewell. I was just sayin' goodbye, and I just wanted to go crazy, you know, for a few minutes—four minutes on wax, that's all it was. I loved it, and I enjoyed making it, but I didn't really think there was anything for the public . . . nobody had really gotten into it enough yet; it really hadn't exploded the way it's exploding today with all the sounds and they're really freaking out with the electronic stuff. Today "River Deep" would probably be a very important sales record. When I made it, it couldn't be—so, I don't know. I got what I wanted out of it.

You see, I don't have a sound, a Phil Spector sound—I have a style, and my style is just a particular way of making records—as opposed to Lou Adler or any of the other record producers who follow the artist's style. I create a style and call it a sound or a style; I call it a style because it's a way of doing it.

My style is that I know things about recording that other people just don't know. It's simple and clear, and it's easy

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for me to make hits. I think the *River Deep* LP would be a nice way to start off because it's a record that Tina deserves to be heard on—she was sensational on that record. A record that was number one in England deserves to be number one in America. If so many people are doing the song today, it means it's ready.

How did your association with Ike and Tina first come about?

They were introduced to me. Somebody told me to see them, and their in-person act just killed me. I mean, they were just sensational.

Have you seen it lately?

Yeah, I saw them at the Factory, of all places. They were . . . well, I always loved Tina. I never knew how great she was. She *real-ly* is as great as Aretha is. I mean, in her own bag she is sensational, and Joplin and all that, but I couldn't figure how to get her on record, and then the Righteous Brothers pulled that nonsense, walked out, which cost them. (MGM had to give me a ridiculous sum of money to get them. That was the stupidest . . . I mean it was really dumb. It doesn't matter leaving me; fuck that, that don't mean nothin'. The dumb thing was to leave and suck MGM into that stupid deal, and then die as an act! I made a deal that I would not . . . we can't tell the figures of, you know, for publication, I mean they have to give me so much money. I mean it's ridiculous).

Why couldn't the Righteous Brothers make it without you?

I don't know if they couldn't have, but they really *should* have. I would imagine for the same reason that Mary Wells and Roy Orbison, the Everly Brothers all had only temporary success, if any, when they switched. The Righteous Brothers in particular were a strange group in that they really were non-intellectual and unable to comprehend success. They couldn't understand it and couldn't live with it, and accept it for what it really was—they thought it was something that could be obtained very easily, and once it was attained, it could be consistently obtained.

I think managers in the tradition of Allen Klein came in and jived them—it wasn't Allen, but men like that—jived them. The boys' ability to really dissect, in a sophisticated way, what people were saying was so limited. They didn't have that ability; they could be swayed to other forms of thinking easily. I think that's what happened and I really don't think that they had the ability to do it by themselves.

If anything the reason they should have been successful is because they were accepted by black and white, and that's a big plus. Then they blew that because they tried, I think, to copy and emulate and use whatever it was that I did, and they didn't know how—not that they shouldn't have even tried.

Really, they were not sophisticated enough to present themselves honestly. We really didn't bring them out honestly, except on the album. I mean those records were made, those songs were written, "Lovin' Feelin'" was not just a song. It was a *song* song, and you just can't go into the studio and sing "He Can Turn the Tide" and expect everybody to fall down.

I think people who don't realize their limitations can never really comprehend their ability. You have to know what you *can't* do much more than what you *can* do, because it's obvious that you know what you can do by doing it. But



to fool yourself by thinking you're a tough guy and go out and just fight cause somebody's gonna come along who's really good.

Only an unsophisticated person would go out and start fighting everybody, and the Righteous Brothers are comparable to that because they really got fooled.

Now I don't know what the situation was with Roy Orbison or Mary Wells. I heard there were a lot of different things, but for the Righteous Bros. I just think it was a great loss, because the two of them *weren't* exceptional talents, but they did have a musical contribution to make. I loved them, I thought they were a tremendous expression for myself. I think they resented being an expression. I think now if they had it to do again they never would have left. Two or three years later it never would have happened. In those times there was a lot of bullshit talk going around which influenced artists.

Why did they go to MGM?

Because, if you'll notice, MGM bought Roy Orbison, bought Mary Wells, bought the Righteous Brothers, buys a lot of them. MGM has to make big billings, and they figure they can eventually settle any lawsuit. Now stockholders really don't care about it as long as you get the gross billing, so I think that's why they went with MGM; 'cause MGM opens the door to these kinds of things; they opened it to Wells, Orbison and the Righteous Brothers.

I'm curious now about Holland, Dozier & Holland, represented by Allen Klein, who is the major stockholder in MGM, what's going to happen to them. . . . It's funny that I always believed that the Motown organization was really not colored, in that sense. That only recently they got involved with all that, Martin Luther King . . . But that Holland, Dozier & Holland should ever wind up with a Jewish white cat as their representative is really weird. He probably told them "You made Motown." Which is what the Coasters told Atlantic seven or eight years ago: "We made Atlantic Records." If you tell a guy enough, he'll believe you.

I'm sure that when Motown lost Holland, Dozier and Holland they got a little nervous for a while, and then they shoved it right up 'em by making four number one records in a row with every one of Holland, Dozier and Holland artists, including the ones that were buried like Marvin Gaye. So Allen Klein has got to do a lot of talking now, and I'll

bet he tries to sell them to MGM. I just have a feeling that they'll end up in a deal with them.

Now God knows how many tracks Motown has on Holland, Dozier and Holland, but certainly nobody is responsible, no *one* thing . . . the Righteous Brothers were not Phil Spector. Holland, Dozier and Holland are not Motown. I mean something happens to people's minds, and they start thinking—I guess it's normal—you have to start thinkin' maybe you are the cause of everybody's money and financial success, but I don't know the inner workings, and I think the Righteous Brothers would admit it today if they were together, that they were wrong (and the settlement, although I can't tell figures, is evident). They didn't even want to take it to a court of law. The very fact that they settled meant they did not want to go to court. I think Bill Medley, in an honest moment, which he *has* said since, would say, "We really shouldn't have left Phil, and also we really had no right to."

They just walked out on the contract, and I just sat back and said "Well, the courts will eventually go with me." They have to. Like if contracts get broken and I mean if they'll let people kill each other, then there would be no laws. So eventually, even if it's in the Supreme Court, you get justice for what you put in.

I even ran into Bobby Hatfield one night about a year ago, and he had every reason to be apologetic, you know, he's really a strugglin' cat now. I mean he's not doin' anything of worth now. It's a shame. I really feel funny. I didn't get hurt; I really came out smelling like a rose in that situation, but I was very upset that they blew their talent. I was selling more records in the colored market than I was in the white market, and yet they had a tremendous fan club of white teenie boppers.

I mean they had it made. They could have been around for three or four years solid with big records. Instead they go and make . . . well, let's face it—Roy Orbison for years made hit records be-



Copping cocaine in Easy Rider

of the record industry at that time to that kind of thing?

That record was a monster. The Drifters . . . well, that was to be the follow-up to "Save the Last Dance for Me," and then Ben E. King decided that he'd been screwed, and wanted to go on his own. And then he chose that song, which drove me crazy, I said "You can't go out with *that* song, 'cause that's gotta be done by the Drifters or it'll never get played."

I had been in New York, I was born there and had lived out here in California a great deal of the time. I went back there and I wanted to do "Spanish Harlem." It really meant exactly what it said . . . That song had a lot of meaning to me and is still applicable today. It turned out to be a very very valuable copyright with all kinds of records resulting from it. They've offered all kinds of money for the copyright.

I think the record industry just accepted it. I don't think they knew it was a message or it wasn't a message. I don't think they knew anything. I think it was just there, but I don't think anyone really thought it was a hit; nobody did. Nobody really understood it at first, then it started to grow on people and it made sense. I don't know. I love it and it says a lot for me. Did you know it was Lenny Bruce's favorite song?

Of the records that you've been involved with, and you've done, which do you like the most?

Well, in the beginning I made a lot of records that I didn't put names on and nobody knows about, and it's better that way. But I did it because people in the industry somehow found out, and I needed the bread or whatever it was, and some of those records I can't give titles on, but I'm very proud of one of them. But of those that you know of, I would imagine "Be My Baby" and "Lovin' Feelin'" are the most satisfying. "River Deep" is a satisfying record.

I mean I could tell you how "Lovin' Feelin'" was made. I could tell you I'm the greatest fuckin' record producer that ever lived and that I'll eat up all these cats in the studio if they want to put their mouths right there and their money right there.

If I say Bob Crewe is not good, it puts more pressure on me, like to come out and really kill everybody with another "River Deep," which I really don't want to do. "He's A Rebel," it's fine; the "Da Do Ron Ron" is fine. I'm not interested in knocking everybody's brain

fore he left. Mary Wells was big, but the Righteous Brothers only had three or four hits and then goodbye. They weren't around long enough to sustain with junk. If they had like two or three years of hits they could have put some junk out for awhile. I mean they went to everybody to produce their records and everybody didn't really know what to do with them, because they in themselves were not extraordinary talents. They were just great *commercial* talents—they were like Sam and Dave, only more commercial. I mean what is the business today if not commerciality. You know, you can write 10,000 things out there, but if they're not commercial very few will make it.

You did some of the first, I hesitate to use the phrase, "message" songs. Like "Spanish Harlem." What was the reaction

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'cause I'll *always* make a good record and it'll be better than all that shit out there today.

'Cause they really don't know how to record. They don't know anything about depth, about sound, about technique, about slowing down. One company does know something: that's Motown. They know how to master a record. You put on a Motown record and it jumps at you. That's one thing among many they know how to do. For sure. I know how they're doing it, but it's *their* bag. But a lot of their records are not mastered for the record player, they're mastered for the radio, which is a whole different thing.

So the more things you come out and you say—the more antagonistic you are, the more hostile you are—the more is expected of you.

So when you put out something, a lot of people think . . . "Are you ashamed?" Not ashamed, but like that "Da Do Ron Ron" thing. "Da Do Ron Ron" was where I was at that time, just like "Yellow Submarine" was where the Beatles were; I'm glad people remember those things . . . because if people didn't know where I was, then I would be nothin'. It's like when somebody dies—all the people do is yell "He died, he died." I yell "He lived." A hell of a lot more important than the fact that he's dead, is the fact that he lived.

So people tend to reverse it, and just like the Los Angeles Times plays on that reverse, so does the underground press. You never know what you're gonna read in the underground press for shock value. I mean you really just don't know. So I don't know how to express myself. Maybe that's why I don't do any interviews for anybody. NBC is doing a big thing now. Next month they're gonna come out with record producers.

Now I was gonna tape one and say "It's all a lot of shit and everybody's lousy," and all that, but I figure that if I'm goin' back in the record industry, I'll just antagonize thousands of disc jockeys who may see the show all over the country, and then they're gonna say, "Fuck Phil Spector, because, you know, he's an antagonistic prick," which is a lot of the reason probably for the fact that "River Deep" didn't make it. They wanted me to get out there and take 'em to dinner and "Who is this fuckin' millionaire, who does he think he is? Fuck his ass," you know. But in England they don't give a shit about nonsense like that. So the best thing to do is just like cool it for awhile, I figured.

I have to be smart enough to know that a \$700,000 home that I can sell for \$1,200,000 was bought from the record industry. So if I sit and make fun of the record industry, I'm stupid. But if I *criticize* it, I'm not so stupid because I also have cures for the criticism. I just don't put people down and say they're shits—I tell 'em I think I can do it better, and I think there's a better way.

People put you down for really criticizing, but I can literally tear apart nine out of ten groups. I have to tell you something is desperately wrong with most groups, I mean really bad, bad news. But if you antagonize a million people, and they say, "Well, what are you doing *now*?"—it's true, I'm not in the record industry, but that is what gives me credentials to criticize, but in a sense, it gives me none. I live off what I've done and my reputation is there, and it's unspoiled. I keep it that way.

But I can't communicate with a lot of these people. I can't really bullshit with them. I don't have friends in the record industry. I don't talk with them. We don't jell; we don't communicate; because I'm too bitter I think.

What do you think of Apple?

I think it was a necessity. Why should they split their money with Capitol? so much?

Aren't they still doin' it?

Yeah, but they couldn't do it alone, because the distributors would kill 'em.

Would they?

Oh, sure.

Was Philles records a . . .

A self-distributor. I distributed myself. You see, the Beatles would have made a mistake if they had left Capitol. They didn't have to. All their product was on Capitol. Capitol knows how to throw press parties, Capitol knows how to sell albums. They would have had to suddenly hire all people to do that for them. Like if Tony Bennett and Andy Williams came to A&M to negotiate a deal, in the end Jerry Moss would have had to tell 'em to stay where they are. They'd be stupid. They can't get from A&M what they can get from Columbia Records. Mathis made the biggest mistake by leaving Columbia. The Beatles wouldn't have been smart to start a new association. They would've been fighting their old Capitol product.

You would have had Capitol releasing old shit Beatle records, and the Beatles releasing new Beatle records. It would have been flooded again, it would've been

that same old thing again, only this time somebody would've gotten hurt. So they got what they wanted from Capitol. They're ending up as if they owned their own company anyway. They're saving all the bookkeeping charges, saving all the personnel charges. Capitol's doin' all the work and given' them a lot of bread. A lot of bread. So they're just as smart to stay in that way.

You could say that the record industry is like controlled by people who really don't care about the music.

They don't, 'cause I can make you a millionaire tomorrow! In one day I can make you a millionaire. Just make me a record, I'll send it out to every distributor and I'll bill every distributor. On paper you'll be a millionaire, 'cause I'll ship five million of your records. On paper you'll be a millionaire, and if that record don't sell you'll only be a very quick millionaire, but if I do it enough times, eventually I'm gonna get lucky and eventually you *will* be a millionaire.

That's how RCA works. You know any group that gets \$100,000 from a label advance—you know that label is frightened to death. Any label that puts the Archies out is frightened. Donnie Kirshner is a friend of mine, and he wants me to say nice things about him, but . . . that's shit, the Archies; that's pure, unadulterated shit. When I see and hear stuff like that I want to throw up.

Do you think there is any way of changing the record industry?

It's not that it's so bad, it's just like it's going to bore itself out. These groups are going to bore everybody to death. I mean, it's a pattern—make a Number One record, go on the Smothers Brothers' show; make a Number One record, go on the Dean Martin show; make a Number One record, go on Ed Sullivan. It's getting boring already.

I mean a few good songs are out, like I should name you a good song—a good song is "Games People Play" by Joe South. It's groovy. It's a groovy song. The best song of the year probably is "Heard It Through the Grapevine" or "Abraham, Martin and John." That's probably the best lyric and message love song, ideawise, yet NARAS won't even recognize those songs. They'll give it to that guitar player Mason Williams on Warner Bros. or Paul Mauriat or one of those guys.

"I heard it through the grapevine" is the most common saying; it's a great idea for a song. "For Once In My Life" is a great idea for a song; they won't

even recognize this stuff. You see, I don't care about the groups: Just like who can care about the Chipmunks, let 'em make it, so what? Let the Archies make it, let the Monkees make it, so they're a lot of shit, so what? Let all these groups make it—let 'em cook, cook, cook forever.

But the people who have to *change* the industry are the people who are running the big time—the NARAS organization. Like it doesn't mean anything to me, but I've never been nominated. Now you say it must mean something or you wouldn't say it. Well, it means something 'cause, like Dylan has never really been nominated. The Beatles have only been nominated recently, because they wrote "Yesterday," and they just couldn't stop the power of that song. Jimmy Reed and Bo Diddley and B. B. King—none of these cats have *ever* been nominated.

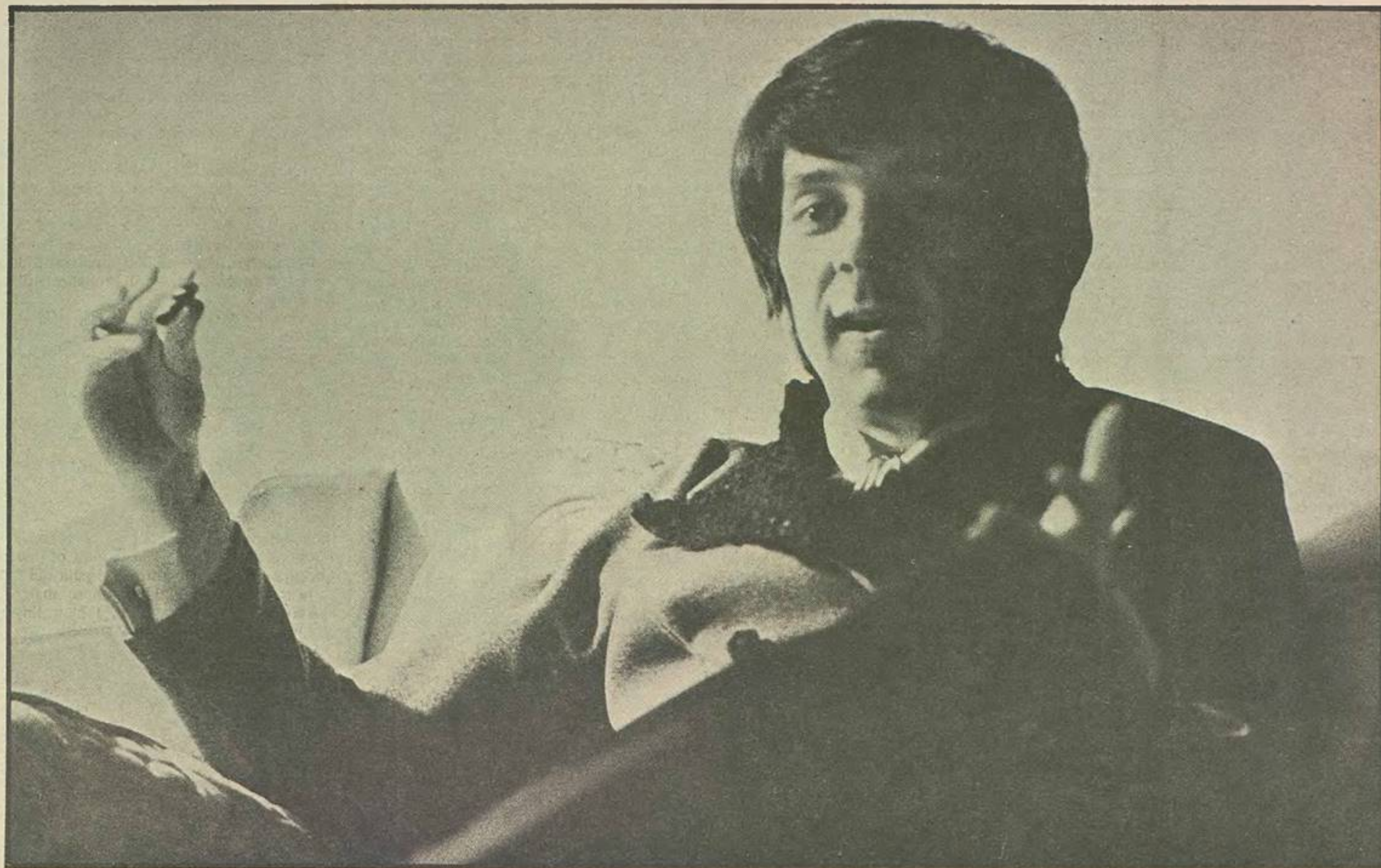
Excuse me, I was nominated once. I was nominated for putting thunder in "Walkin' In The Rain." That's what they nominated me for. Can you imagine that? People say I set standards in the record industry. Yet NARAS doesn't know I exist. They literally don't. The best rhythm and blues record of the year several years ago according to NARAS was Bent Fabric and "Alley Cat." I mean, can you imagine: Nancy Wilson was best R&B artist of the year! I mean, that's junk.

They're trying to change, and when we say change it, they say, "Well, why don't you come down to our meetings and help us change?" I said, "Well, if I'm gonna go to your meetings, I'd rather form my own committee and get the dues myself. Why the fuck do I have to help you get \$50 a person? I'm formin' my own organization called PHIL, right? And everybody give me \$100. What do I need you for?" That's what BMI did to ASCAP—fucked them right out of all that money. Got all the young writers that way.

I mean, there *should* be a producers' society. I was gonna form one. Get every producer to join my organization—and they all would—\$1,000 entrance fees, Felix you're vice-president, and Bob Crewe you're secretary-treasurer, and now we're powerful, we go on strike and we don't make no records, right?

"Felix goes on strike unless he gets 8% of the Cream records." Now that's a strong idea, right? The publishers have it, the musicians have it. Fuckin' musicians walked out on the Joey Bishop

—Continued on Next Page



BARON WOLMAN

Show. You can't put them to work. They played records in the background. So they come back, but they were on strike. Now wouldn't that be somethin'? The songwriters have it. If you're a songwriter you join a protective association. If you're a publisher, writer, you join BMI.

Producers have nothin'. They go into a record company and get fucked left and right. Make a hit . . . who made the record "Little Star"? Who knows, man? Company's out of business now . . . great record, boom, goodbye, garbage, down the drain . . . But you have an association of record producers called RPI of America, Record Producers Incorporated of America, well you got somethin', you got a giant there. I was thinkin' of doin' it just for the hell of it.

If I get back in the regulars, I'm gonna do it. Engineers have it, everybody has it. We're gonna become a union; we'll join up with Hoffa and those Teamsters, get with them, and all that nonsense. Producers don't have nothin', man. I mean it's really a shame. Where's Eric Jacobson? He's fuckin' down the tubes somewhere. He had no protection. We should have had meetings and all the record companies should be sayin', "Oh God, the Producers of America are gettin' together again, shit, there's gonna be trouble, man, trouble." I wanted to do that long ago, but, you know, everybody thinks I'm joking around.

Everybody should be in some kind of a union, because the unions are the most powerful things. They almost put me out of business twice. I mean they put a black mark on me for overdubbing. That's it. I couldn't make a master, I couldn't even get a dub 'cause everybody was union. There was a letter sent out to all the unions, "Don't do business with this company." That's it. I called up — nothin'. Couldn't get arrested, couldn't hire a musician 'til I paid them \$50,000 and some nonsense fees that they wanted for the dead musicians fund or the trust fund for dead musicians' wives or some shit. There is \$28 million in that fund, and ain't nobody ever got none of it. Nobody knows . . . I ask all my musicians, where is all that money? They ain't never seen it.

Just like David Susskind says to me, "What's it like on Tin Pan Alley?" I said, "Where the fuck is Tin Pan Alley?" I mean you tell me where it is, and I'll go. I mean they jive ass you and the people don't know. David Oppenheimer, big producer for CBS, man, he comes here and he's sittin' in my room and he says, "Are the young people really takin' over the record industry?" And he's sittin' in my house askin' me that question! He's got cameras on me, he's got the microphone on me, and he's askin' me if the young people are

takin' over the country. Now why ain't the camera on him? I mean, they don't understand. I can't change the record industry just like I can't change Jerry Rubin or I can't change Ted Kennedy; it's impossible.

I feel like an oldtimer wishin' for the groovy young days, but I listen to the Beatles' album and I know they're wishin' for it too, because you can hear it. "Lady Madonna" was such a groovy oldtime thing.

And Dylan is yearnin' for those days, because this was the first time he was ever able to come out and not be influenced by the people around him. They probably didn't understand a thing Dylan wrote on *John Wesley Harding*, but they probably said "Yeah, man, yeah." He probably thought a long time before he did it. Instead of writing, "I've been sittin' in my mind, lookin' out the windows of the world"—that's what they were used to hearing—he just fucked 'em all up by writing just what he wanted to write. It must have been a big, big step for him, 'cause it's hard when your people around you are all tuned to one way of life, and then you just come and change it for them. He took a big risk, as an artist, by doing that. A big, big risk. He really deserves a lot more credit. He can't get anymore, I guess, but that was a big, big step for him to do that. 'Cause the people really wanted somethin' else from him.

Now in the production world, I may be similar to what Dylan is in the popular world, but I know people expect me to come up with another "River Deep" momentous production. But that's not where it's at. It's in pleasing yourself and making the hit records. That's all that counts. That's the only reason people come to see you. That's the only reason people want to talk to you and get your opinion, 'cause you're the best; 'cause you're makin' money and you're makin' a lot of hit records. If you don't work and you got enough bread, well then you're cool, too.

There's no success like failure, and failure's no success at all.

I don't care if people put me down for what I say, but society sets a standard of living for you, and they create rules and record books . . . they force you to live by them. It's almost like being psychotic. It's like, if you can take a couple of pills and just cool it, that kind of life becomes a lot more exciting than going out and working and grooving. So they put you in a hospital and every day you stay in. That's why people go in the mental hospitals and very rarely get out, because they dig it. It becomes easier than to go out and face society with the cabs and the horns, and the people. They make it almost impossible for you to want to get out of there.

The underground sort of does the same thing. They get your standards all twisted—like the Los Angeles Times ignores your standards. It's almost like the people running the underground press must be a lot of frustrated people; a lot of them who really want to be important, like agents want to be actors, musicians' agents want to be drummers, etc.

Are you apprehensive at all about what's goin' to happen and how your stuff is going to be received?

If I say yes, then I'm frightened. If I say no, that means that I'm very cocksure of myself. I'm cocksure of myself to the extent that I know I can make hit records. I don't worry about that. I'm apprehensive about certain people who don't have any standards but drug standards, really. If they're loaded at one time, my record will sound great; if they're not loaded, it may sound bad. I'm apprehensive about the kind of things that people expect. I mean, they don't really want hit records.

Let's face it. It's nice to see somebody on top get the shit beat out of them. That's why I stayed away for a long time, so I'll come back almost like a newcomer, because I mean, that's why everybody hates Cassius Clay; he's a very cocky son of a bitch. You want to punch him in the nose, but that's really great when you can scare the shit out of your opponents by your cockiness.

I'm apprehensive only to the extent that I don't know how to lose yet; I don't know how to say "fuck it" about my art. I get too involved. See, I could just cool it, I mean, somebody's got to come in second . . . but it's guys like Bill Gavin that make me nervous. Those are the guys that get me uptight. And so I have to say, "Fuck that guy; who cares. I'll kill 'em, I'll stomp him." And it's true. It's just that I haven't gotten over it yet, you know.

I'm still involved with why "River Deep" wasn't a hit, and what the fuck was . . . and am I that hated? Am I too paranoid? You know, you can antagonize people if they think you're not human, if you say, "Aw fuck, I ain't afraid." A lot of people will get very angry at that; disc jockeys in particular.

Herbie calls me in sometimes and says "Listen to this": I mean he played me that thing "A Taste of Honey." My engineer Larry Levine won best record of the year production for that record at NARAS, but never won with me on anything—was never even nominated! The only thing we were nominated for was the thunder in "Walkin' in the Rain."

So I guess the best thing to be is not apprehensive and to not give a fuck. I should be smart enough, knowing Dylan and knowing the Beatles, to know that they don't give a fuck anyway, and I don't give a fuck what they do—realis-

tically. Because I don't sit and criticize their albums. They can't do anything wrong, and if I don't like it, so what? But who do they really have to impress? They have to impress all the people. People got to buy. So that's really where it's at.

The days of the dominating disc jockey are over. There's no more powerful disc jockey who rules anything. What does scare me a little bit is that there's not many more Tom Donahues around. That's bad. I mean, there aren't any guys with good ears that know how to play a record, and a disc jockey's not allowed to bust a record anymore. He's got to say—it's really commercial and play this one and scream—"I can dig it." The music comes on and he says, "Now here's a pimple commercial." That bothers me a little bit.

Where does the power lie?

The power lies in program directors. *Are there any groups you would consider working with today?*

Yeah, a lot of groups—all black. I don't like the white groups. I think there is a great void in black music today—great void.

What is the void?

Not being heard enough. Motown should not dominate it. Stax shouldn't dominate it either. There should be more black groups. There should be three black groups on every label around town. Hell, they've got enough of 'em and enough singers—they just don't have anybody to produce their records for them. Ben E. King should be making hits; he's a great artist.

I mean really, Motown has got it all tied up. Stax doesn't even come near Motown. They can't get a special on television or anything. So who's dominating it?

Why do you think the Beatles' first release in this country didn't make it?

Timing. Bad timing. What else could you attribute it to but timing? It has to be timing. It has to be. I mean, I can't think of any other reason except that we weren't ready for it. They probably weren't exposed and we weren't ready for it. I mean there were probably many more reasons why they should have made it than why they shouldn't have. Now, we can look back and say, "Yeah, we were fucked up," but we could not look back then at all. I would imagine, time and maturity. Great amount of luck involved too. Elvis Presley is another guy.

What did you think of his television show?

They ruined it; you should have seen it before they edited it. I didn't see the final version. What was originally done was sensational. How it ended up, I can't tell you. I know they cut out three scenes that were unbelievable. I mean

they cut out everything that was Elvis, really Elvis. They destroyed a lot of it, so I can't tell you how the final version was. But I think he's a sensation on stage.

Do you think he's gonna come back?

Yeah, he's got a hit now. I don't know what it is, but it's a hit. Oh, he should man. He is never gonna die. Somebody ought to cut an album of him singin' the blues. You know there's a strong belief—and judging from what I saw and heard at NBC, I believed it—that when he goes into a room with Colonel Parker, he's one way, and when he comes out, he's another way. You know, it's possible Colonel Parker hypnotizes him. That's the truth, too, and I can tell you six or seven people who believe it, too, who are not jive ass people. I mean, he actually changes. He'll tell you "Yes, yes, yes," and then he'll go in that room and when he comes out it's "No, no, no." Now, nobody can con you like that. I wonder about that.

What has he got that has survived the worst recording career direction in history?

He's a great singer. Gosh, he's so great. You have no idea how great he is, really, you don't. You have absolutely no comprehension—it's absolutely impossible. I can't tell you why he's so great, but he is. He's sensational. He can do anything with his voice. Whether he will or not is something else. He and Dylan—he and Dylan I would like to record. Elvis can make some masterful records and can do anything. He can sing any way you want him to, any way you tell him. Even Dion. Look at Dion. Even Dion came back. Anybody great can come back today. That's what's so good about it.

What stops the Everly Brothers?

They'll get lucky like Dion did. Dion put out a lot of records that didn't mean anything. They'll get lucky.

What do you think accounts for the Everly Brothers and Fats Domino . . . and they're both on the same label. And Fats makes a really respectable record.

You mean the album?

Yeah, Fats Is Back. Why can't the Everly Brothers do it like that? What's the difference between them as artists?

I don't know. You see, to me, Fats Is Back wasn't any better than any of Fats'

old albums. If you're gonna bring Fats back, you gotta bring him back better or you can't bring him back. That's why they never should have put those great ten or nine old records with little blurps of each one, at the beginning, cause it really makes you want to hear the old record rather than the new gib-gab that that guy cut—whatever guy makes Tim's records, Tiny Tim. Now, I mean I'm willing to bet that ROLLING STONE gave that an A plus rating and that they gave him genuine credit for a superb production on that record. I'm willing to bet on it.

You win.

Everything else was nice, but other than the two Beatle tunes, I mean it was like old Fats Domino again, but it did show one thing—that the Beatles are hit songwriters by anybody. If they had written "Lady Madonna" for Fats he would have had a number one record. It was nice to hear him on the radio again. I'll say that. It was good to hear Fats on the radio again. I just wish he could have been heard more for a longer period of time, but yeah, it was a respectable album. It was respectable. That's such a common word. My school teacher was respectable. It doesn't mean much.

Do you judge art in terms of success?

Art is relative. Because everything and anything can be art. It's just a matter of taste. Warner Brothers has an idea of art. . . . Their art was bringing back Fats Domino. They didn't do it, so they fucked up. John Lennon's got a different approach to art—so he puts out "Do It In The Streets" and that's groovy, that's his terms. So, art is relative. Each person has their own interpretation of art.

What I'm asking is if you are evaluating the record in terms of success.

I'm evaluating it in terms of what their goal was. Warner Brothers' goal was to bring Fats back, and they didn't. So in that area, they failed. Did they make a great record? No, they didn't. I could make giant records with Fats.

What's the effect of drugs been upon you? Have they had an effect on your music?

I haven't made any music since that whole drug thing started.

Do you think it will?

Well, the listening audience will be af-

fectured by it. I mean, I've gotten a lot of letters and a lot of people said they've listened to "River Deep" stoned, and they had the ear phones on, and they just freaked out, you know, with the sound. Well, you know nobody was stoned when they made the record, I can tell you that.

David Susskind once said that rock and roll records are out of tune. Was he stoned? Well, I've never used anybody but Barney Kessel and those kind of guys, the best musicians, they don't know how to play out of tune!

So you can get a tag—psychedelic or drugs. I don't know, maybe drugs will affect my music. Drugs tend to frighten me a little in an audience because it doesn't make for good hearing and concentration. Now I'd hate like hell to have an incoherent jury listening to me, when I'm tryin' to plead a case . . . just spaced out. I'd get frightened. Just like I hate to bet on a fighter or horse that's drugged. That's scary. I don't give a fuck what they do in their own time, but if a disc jockey is going to review my record, and he's stoned, well, you know, he can go either way. It depends on how good the stuff he took was, and he's gonna either love my record or hate my record. But I mean, you shouldn't be judged that way. In fact—art can't and shouldn't be judged at all! Because it's all a matter of taste.

What do you think the difference is going to be between the audience today and the audience's reaction to music today, as compared to five years ago?

I don't know. Everybody's a helluva lot hipper today, I'll tell you that. There's 13-year-old whores walkin' the streets now. It wouldn't have happened as much five years ago. Not 13-year-old drug addicts. It's a lot different today. I tell you the whole world is a drop-out. I mean, everybody's a fuck-off. Everybody's mini-skirted, everybody's hip, everybody reads all the books. How in the hell you gonna overcome all that? Sophistication, hippness, everything. They're really very hip today.

The music business is so different than any other business. You know, Frank Sinatra has a hit. Sister Dominique or whatever her name is, has a hit. I can show you six groups out there today who are opposite. I mean the Archies have

a hit at the same time the Beatles do, so it really doesn't mean anything.

Now who's buyin' the Archies' records? That's what I can't understand, and who bought all the Monkees' records—same cats who bought all the Stones records? If they're not, then that makes the buyin' public so big . . . 'Cause the four million that bought the Monkees and the six million that bought the Beatles are different, then there's 10 million kids buying records. That's a helluva lot of a better throw at the dice. I'd rather have a chance out of 10 million times instead of six million times, so it probably will be easier.

How are you cutting with the Check Mates?

I don't know yet. All different ways. Very commercial records. Good records. Easy records. Soulful records. Some have depth, some don't have. . . .

Does it worry you at all, that there's been a change?

Well, anything that deteriorates music bothers me a little bit. I mean, if when Beethoven lost his hearing, if I was alive, it would have bothered me. I have to be affected by it. It bothers me that some music is very boring. I hear a lot of disc jockeys saying "Let's throw this shit out." I hear them saying there are so many fucking groups—so boring. I hear this so much, that I believe it. If it's true then yeah, it bothers me. It bothers me enough to get back in.

You're not worried that you won't be able to make the change?

If anybody's going to have to worry, they're going to have to worry. Not me, 'cause I'm comin' back! You know, I don't know if there has been a change, because if six million kids still buy the Monkees, then there hasn't been a change. They're the same six million that bought honky records five years ago.

The only real difference there is in the record industry is in black music. That's the big difference. But I don't consider Motown black; I consider them half and half. Black people making white music. The Monotones, the Drifters, the Shirrelles, Fats . . . I mean, all those artists, not making it and around anymore. That's a big debt. But maybe it's only because nobody's doing it. We'll find out soon enough anyway.

Michael Bloomfield:

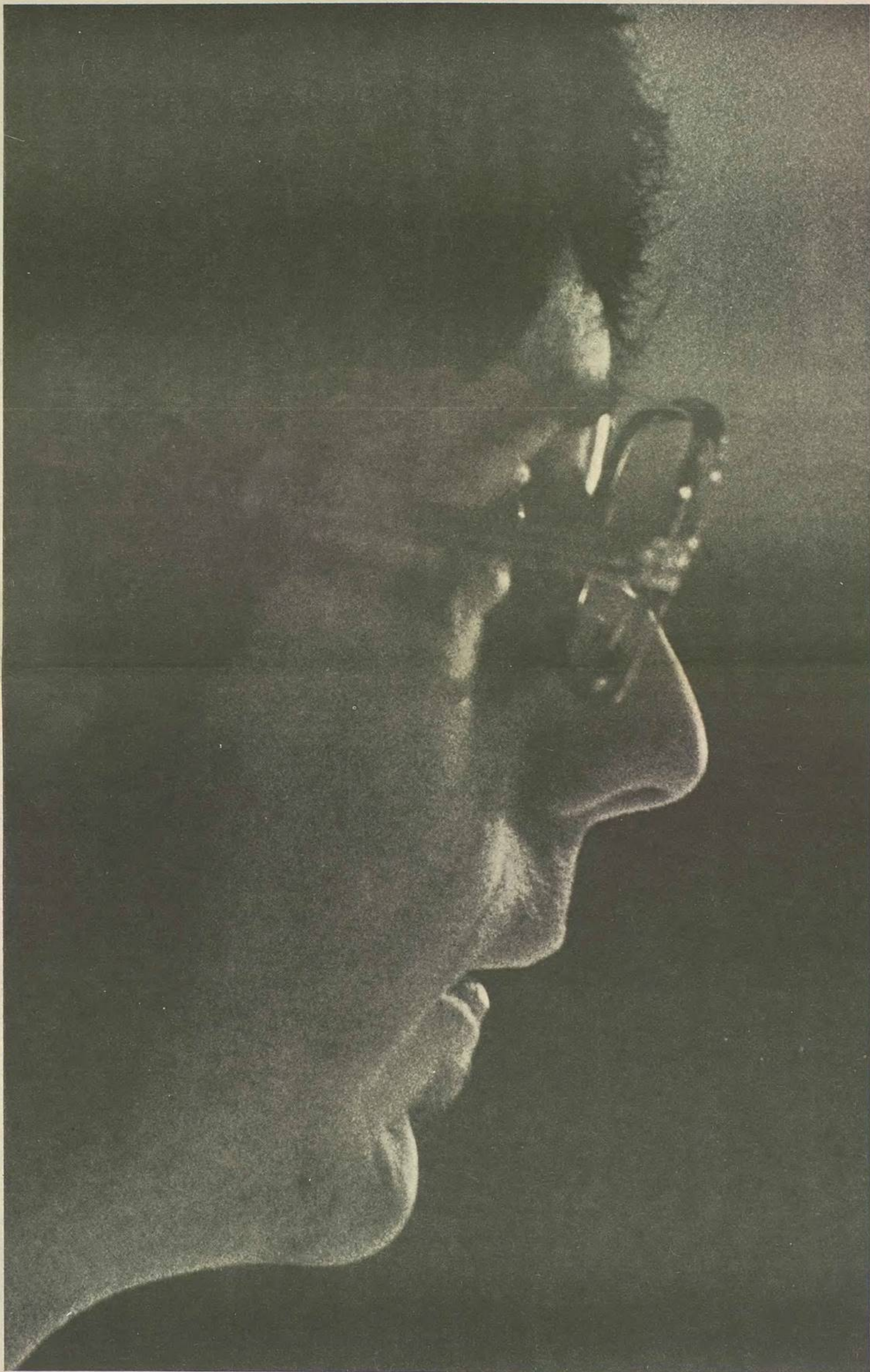
lead guitar, vocals, piano, acoustic guitar, words, music.
No other album can make that statement.

On Columbia Records



Available in 8-track stereo tape cartridge and 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape

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BY TOM WOLFE

All these raindrops are high or something. They don't roll down the window, they come straight back, toward the tail, wobbling, like all those Mr. Cool snow heads walking on mattresses. The plane is taxiing out toward the runway to take off, and this stupid infarcted water wobbles, sideways, across the window. Phil Spector, 23 years old, the rock and roll magnate, producer of Philles Records, America's first teenage tycoon watches . . . this watery pathology. . . . It is sick, fatal. He tightens his seat-belt over his bowels. . . . A hum rises inside the plane, a shot of air comes shooting through the vent over somebody's seat, some ass turns on a cone of light, there is a sign stuck out by the runway, a mad, cryptic, insane instruction to the pilot—Runway 4, Are Cylinder Lap Mainside DOWN?—and beyond, disoriented crop rows of sulphur blue lights, like the lights on top of a New Jersey toothpaste factory, only spreading on and on in sulphur blue rows over Los Angeles County. It is . . . disoriented. Schizoid raindrops. The plane breaks in two on takeoff and everybody in the front half comes rushing toward Phil Spector in a gush of bodies in a thick orange—napalm! No, it happens aloft; there is a long rip in the side of the plane, it just rips, he can see the top ripping, folding back in sick curds, like a sick Dali egg, and Phil Spector goes sailing through the rip, dark, freezing. And the engine, it is reedy—

Miss!

A stewardess is walking back to the back to buckle herself in for the takeoff. The plane is moving, the jets are revving. Under a Lifebuoy blue skirt, her fireproof legs are clicking out her Pinki-Kini-Panty Fantasy—

"Miss!" says Phil Spector.

"Yes?"

"I, like I have to get off the plane."

She stops there beside his seat with her legs bent slightly, at a 25-degree angle to her ischium. She laughs with her mouth, yes yes, but there is no no in her eyes, you little bearded creep, you are not very funny. Her face . . . congeals . . . she looks at his suede jerkin. She says,

"Sir?"

"I, you know, I have to get off," says Phil Spector, "I don't want to fly on this plane. Let me—" but she will never figure out about the raindrops. She is standing there hoping this is a joke. "—uh, I'm not putting you on, I'm not putting you down, I'm not anything, all I want is—you know?—just open the door and let me off. I'll walk back. The rest—everybody—I mean, go ahead, fly."

"Sir, we're already in a pattern. There are seven aircraft, seven jet aircraft, behind us waiting for the runway—"

By this time Phil Spector's Hollywood friends, in this nutball music business—there is one of them beside him and a couple of them behind him, they are craning around.

"Phil! What's wrong, baby!"

Phil turns around and says in his soft and slightly broken voice: "Man, this plane's not going to make it."

They all look around, they all look like frozen custard in the seat lights.

"You know?" Phil says. "It's not making it."

They all look around, the goddamned noise is roaring off the wings, and Phil sits there in that kind of doldrum fury he lives in, his beard, his hair, his suede. O.K., we're in a pattern, seven jets. But this guy Phil Spector has just produced eight straight hit records—you know? Eight hits! This kid is practically a baby, 23 years old, fr chrisssake, and he has made two million dollars, clear. The first teenage business magnate—living teen tycoon. Like he is programmed into the Whole Life Bit—you know? He does A & R for Daddy God, he's lucky—you know?—and if he's getting off—

So the big chap behind with the moon head and the little Seventh Avenue toy black hat says,

"Yeah, we wanna get off. There's something wiggly or something about this plane."

"Yeah!"

"Yeah!"

The Stewardess is looking around, and here is her life being drowned by this little guy—he has a Fu Manchu beard sticking out in front of his hair, his wispy locks are combed back, coming down in back over his shoulders in a kind of pageboy, like Bishop McCullough's, the heir to Daddy Grace. He has on a suede leather shirt, jerkin-style. Somebody's cone of light lies in Miami saffron pools on his Italian pants. He looks like—what kind of—

All this commotion. Yeah, says Phil Spector's pals. It's wiggly. Off this flying cretin. Phil Spector broods over the raindrops. The stewardess runs for the cabin.

So they stop the plane, they break up the whole pattern, they knock out everybody's schedule, they turn the plane around, take everybody off. They check Phil Spector's luggage for—bombs. Look at this beatnik's hair in back there, and they stare at Son of Bop in a leather jerkin, ten men in aluminon suits bombarding him with corporate hate rays. But his pals keep up this strange upbeat talk:

"Phil, baby, you saved my life!"

"Phil, if you say it's wiggly, it's wiggly."

"You done it again, Phil, babes, you done it again!"

"... You say it's wiggly, Phil? I say it's wiggly..."

"... I hurts, too, D'Artagnan, baby, right here, same as you..."

"... wiggly..."

"... baby..."

"So," says Phil Spector, "they grounded me. They took away my credit cards, they suspended the pilot, I don't know."

Spector is sitting in a little cream room in his office suite at 440 East 62nd Street with his back to a window that is practically on top of the East Side Drive. Twenty-three years old—he has a complex of corporations known as Phil Spector Productions. One of them is Mother Bertha productions, named after his mother. Bertha. She works for his office in Los Angeles, but only because she wants to. He also named a song after his Brother Julius once. But the main organization is Philles Records. Spector has produced 21 "single" Philles records since October, 1962—and sold more than 13 million copies. All rock and roll. His most recent big hit, "Walking in the Rain," by the Ronettes, went as high as No. 20 on the *Cashbox* chart and has sold more than 250,000 copies. His latest record, "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," by the Righteous Brothers, rose from the 70's to No. 37 with a "bullet" beside it—meaning "going up fast." He has produced seven albums. The first teenage tycoon! He is leaning back in the chair. He has on his suede jerkin, his Italian pants, a pair of pointy British boots with Cuban heels. His hair hangs down to his shoulders in back. The beard is shaved off, however.

Danny Davis is talking on the phone in the inner office. A fellow sits across from Spector with his legs crossed and a huge chocolate brown Borsalino hat over his bent knee, like he was just trying it on. He says,

"Phil, why do you do—"

"I'm moving the whole thing to California," says Phil Spector. "I can't stand flying anymore."

"—why do you do these things?"

Spector—without his beard, Spector has a small chin, a small head, his face looks at first like all those little kids with bad hair and reedy voices from the Bronx, where he was born. But—an ordinary Phil Spector? Phil Spector has the only pure American voice. He was brought up not in the Bronx, but California. It meanders, quietly, shaking, through his doldrum fury, out to somewhere beyond cynical, beyond cool, beyond teenage world-weary. It is thin, broken and soft. He is only 23 years old, for godsake, the first millionaire businessman to rise up out of the teenage netherworld, king of the rock and roll record producers—

Spector jumps out of the chair.

"Wait a minute," he says. "Just a minute. They're making deals in here."

Spector walks into the inner office, gingerly, like a cowboy, because of the way the English boots lift him up off the floor. He is slight, five feet seven, 130 pounds. His hair shakes faintly behind. It is a big room, like a living room, all beige except for nine gold-plated rock and roll records on the wall, some of Phil Spector's "goldies," one million sales each. "He's a Rebel," by the Crystals, "Zip-a-dee-doo-dah," by Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans, "Be My Baby," by the Ronettes, "Da Do Ron Ron," "Then He Kissed Me," "Uptown," "He's Sure the Boy I Love," all by the Crystals, "Wait Til My Baby Gets Home," by Darlene Love. And beige walls, beige telephones all over the place, a beige upright piano, beige paintings, beige tables, with Danny Davis crowding over a beige desk, talking on the telephone.

"Sure, Sal," says Danny. "I'll ask Phil. Maybe we can work something out on that."

Spector starts motioning thumbs down.

"Just a minute, Sal." Danny puts his hand over the mouthpiece and says:

"We need this guy, Phil. He's the biggest distributor out there. He wants the one thousand guarantee."

Phil's hands go up like he is lifting a slaughtered lamb up on top of an ice box.

"I don't care. I'm not interested in the money, I've got millions of dollars of money, I don't care who needs this animal. I'm interested in selling records, O.K.? Why should I give him a guarantee? He orders the records, I guarantee I'll buy a thousand back from him if he can't sell them; he sells them, then after the record dies, he buys up 500 cut rate from somebody, sends them back and cries for his money. Why should we have to be eating his singles later?"

Danny takes his hand away and says into the mouthpiece:

"Look, Sal, there's one thing I forgot. Phil says this record he can't give the guarantee. But you don't have anything to worry about . . . I know what I said, but Phil says . . . look, Sal, don't worry, "Walking in the Rain," this is a tremendous record, tremendous, a very big record . . . What? . . . I'm not reading off a paper, Sal . . . Wait a minute, Sal—"

"Who needs these animals?" Phil Spector tells Danny.

"Look, Sal," Danny says, "this man never made a bad record in his life. You tell me once. Nothing but hits."

"Tell him to go to hell," says Spector.

"Sal—"

"Who needs these animals!" says Spector, so loud this time that Danny cups his hand around the receiver and puts his mouth down close.

"Nothing, Sal," says Danny, "that was somebody came in."

"Joan," says Phil, and a girl, Joan Berg, comes in out of another room. "Will you turn the lights off?" he says.

She turns the lights off, and now in the middle of the day the offices of Philles Records and Mother Bertha Productions are all dark except for the light from Danny Davis' lamp. Danny crowds into the pool of light, hunched over the phone, talking to Sal.

Phil puts his fingers between his eyes and wraps his eyebrows around them.

"Phil, it's dark in here," says the fellow with the large hat. "Why do you do these things?"

"I'm paying a doctor \$600 a week to find out," says Phil, without looking up.

He sits there in the dark, his fingers buried between his eyes. Just over his head one can make out a painting. The painting is kind of came-with-the-frame surrealist. It shows a single musical note, a half note, suspended over what looks like the desert outside Las Vegas. Danny has to sit there huddled in his own pool of light talking to this animal on the telephone.

"This is a primitive country," says Phil Spector. "I was at Shephard's, the discotheque, and these guys start saying these things. It's unbelievable. These people are animals."

"What kind of things, Phil?"

"I don't know. They look at, you know, my hair—my wife and I are dancing, and, I mean, it's unbelievable, I feel somebody yanking on my hair in the back. I turn around, and here's this guy, a grown man, and he is saying these unbelievable things to me. So I tell him, like this, 'I'm going to tell you this one time, that's all—don't ever try that again.' And the guy—it's unbelievable—he shoves me with the heel of his hand and I go sprawling back into a table—"

—Spector pauses—

"—I mean, I've studied karate for years. I could literally kill a guy like that. You know? Size means nothing. A couple of these—" he cocks his elbow in the gloom and brings up the flat of his forearm—"but what am I going to do, start a fight every time I go out? Why should I even have to listen to anything from these animals? I find this country very condemning. I don't have this kind of trouble in Europe. The people of America are just not born with culture."

Not born with culture! If only David Susskind and William B. Williams could hear that. Susskind invited Phil Spector to the *Open End* television program one evening "to talk about the record business." Suddenly Susskind and "William B.," station WNEW's old-nostalgia disc jockey, were condemning Spector as some kind of sharpie poisoning American culture, rotting the minds of youth and so forth.

That was how it all hit Spector. It was as if he were some kind of old short-armed fatty in the Brill Building, the music center on Broadway, with a spread-collar shirt and a bald olive skull with strands of black hair pulled up over it from above one ear. There was something very ironic about that. Spector is the one record producer who wouldn't go near Broadway. His setup is practically out in the East River, up by the Rockefeller Institute. The Rockefeller Institute, for Godsake.

Susskind and Williams kept throwing Spector's songs at him—"He's a Rebel," "Da Do Ron Ron," "Be My Baby," "Fine Fine Boy," "Breakin' Up"—as if he were astutely conning millions of the cretins out there with his stuff. Spector didn't know exactly what to tell them. He likes the music he produces. He writes it himself. He is something new, the first teenage millionaire, the first boy to become a millionaire within America's teen-age netherworld. It was never a simple question of him taking a look at the rock and roll universe from the outside and exploiting it. He stayed within it himself. He liked the music.

Spector, while still in his teens, seemed to comprehend the prole vitality of rock and roll that has made it the kind of darling holy beast of intellectuals in the United States, England and France. Intellectuals, generally, no longer take jazz seriously. Monk, Mingus, Ferguson—it has all been left to Williams College kids. But rock and roll! To draw upon that raw prole vitality—teen-agers in America have developed an extraordinary culture of their own since the war, symbolized by blue jeans, stretch pants, bouffant hairdos, harlequin eyes—but above all, rock and roll. Poor old arteriosclerotic lawyers with pocky layers of fat over their ribs are out there right now twisting with obscene clumsiness to rock and roll. Their wives wear stretch pants to the seafood shoppe. A style of life!

Like all ornate styles of life, the teen-age netherworld has developed out of a slavish attention to form—bolstered up by money. These flaming little nutball kids have had money since the war. They are a "consumer group" all their own. They have a status system all their own. There have been teen-agers who have made a million dollars before, but invariably they are entertainers, they are steered by older people, such as the good Colonel Tom Parker steers Elvis Presley. But Phil Spector is the bonafide Genius of Teen. Every baroque period has a flowering genius who rises up as the most glorious expression of its style of life—in latterday Rome, the Emperor Commodus; in Renaissance Italy, Benvenuto Cellini; in late Augustan England, the Earl of Chesterfield; in the sal volatile Victorian age, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; in late-fancy neo-Greek Federal America, Thomas Jefferson; and in Teen America Phil Spector is the bona-fide Genius of Teen.

In point of fact, he had turned 21 when he made his first clear million. But it was as a teen-ager, working within the teen-age milieu, starting at the age of 17, that Phil Spector developed into a great American business man, the greatest of the independent rock and roll record producers. Spector's mother, Bertha, took him from the Bronx to California when he was nine. California! Teen Heaven! By the time he was 16 he was playing jazz guitar with some group. Then he got interested in rock and roll, which he does not call rock and roll but "pop blues." That is because—well, that is a complicated subject. Anyway, Phil Spector likes this music. He genuinely likes it. He is not a short-armed fatty hustling nutball fads.

"I get a little angry when people say it's bad music," Spector tells the man with the brown hat. "This

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music has a spontaneity that doesn't exist in any other kind of music, and it's what is here now. It's unfair to classify it as rock and roll and condemn it. It has limited chord changes, and people are always saying the words are banal and why doesn't anybody write lyrics like Cole Porter anymore, but we don't have any presidents like Lincoln, either. You know? Actually, it's more like the blues. It's pop blues. I feel it's very American. It's very today. It's what people respond to today. It's not just the kids. I hear cab drivers, everybody, listening to it."

And Susskind sits there on his show reading one of Spector's songs out loud, no music, just reading the words, from the Top Sixty or whatever it is, "Fine Fine Boy," to show how banal rock and roll is. The song just keeps repeating "He's a fine fine boy." So Spector starts drumming on the big coffee table there with the flat of his hands in time to Susskind's voice and says, "What you're missing is the beat." Blam blam.

Everybody is getting a little sore with Susskind reading these simple lyrics and Spector blamming away on the coffee table. Finally, Spector says the hell with it and, being more . . . hip . . . than Susskind or William B. Williams, starts cutting them up. He starts asking Williams how many times he plays Verdi on his show—Monteverdi?—D. Scarlatti?—A. Scarlatti?—that's good music, why don't you play that, you keep saying you play only good music, I don't hear you playing that. Williams doesn't know what to say. Spector tells Susskind he didn't come on the show to listen to somebody tell him he was corrupting the Youth of America—he could be home making money. Susskind—well, ah, all right, Phil. Everybody is testy.

Making money. Yes! At the age of 17 Spector wrote a rock and roll song called "To Know Him Is To Love Him." He took the title off his father's tombstone. That was what his mother had had engraved on his father's tombstone out in Beth David cemetery in Elmont, L. I. He doesn't say much about his father, just that he was "average lower middle class." Spector wrote the song, sang it and played the guitar in the recording with a group called the Teddy Bears. He made \$20,000 on that record, but somebody ran off with \$17,000 of it, and, well no use going into that. Then he was going to UCLA, but he couldn't afford it and became a court reporter, one of the people who sit at the shorthand machine, taking down testimony. He decided to come to New York and get a job as an interpreter at the UN. His mother had taught him French.

But he got to New York, and the night before the interview, he fell in with some musicians and never got there. The hell with stenography. He wrote another hit that year, "Spanish Harlem." She was a rose from Spanish Ha-a-a-a-a-a-lem. And then—only 19—he became head of A&R, artists and repertoire, for Atlantic Records.

By 1961 he was a free-lance producer, producing records for the companies, working with Connie Francis, Elvis Presley, Ray Peterson, the Paris Sisters. All this time, Spector would write a song and run all phases of making records: get the artists, direct the recording sessions, everything. Spector could work with these hairy goblin kids who make these records because he was a kid himself, in one sense. God knows what the music business biggies thought of Phil Spector—he already wore his hair like Salvador Dali did at that age or like an old mezzotint of Mozart at the Academy or something. And he was somehow one of them, the natives, the kids who sang and responded to this . . . music. Phil Spector could get in one of those studios with the heron microphones, a representative of the adult world that makes money from records, and it became all one thing—the kids comprehended him. Spector had an ideal, Archie Bleyer. Bleyer was a band leader who founded a record company, Cadence Records. Spector formed a partnership with two other people in 1961, then bought them out and went on his own as Philles Records in October of 1962.

His first big hit was "He's a Rebel," by the Crystals. Spector had a system. The big record companies put out records like buckshot, 10, maybe 15 rock and roll records a month, and if one of them catches on, they can make money. Spector's system is to put them out one at a time and pour everything into each one. Spector does the whole thing. He writes the words and the music, scouts and signs up the talent. He takes them out to a recording studio in Los Angeles and runs the recording session himself. He puts them through hours and days of recording to get the two or three minutes he wants. Two or three minutes out of the whole struggle. He handles the control dials like an electronic maestro, tuning various instruments or sounds up, down, out every which way, using things like two pianos, a harpsichord and three guitars on one record; then re-recording the whole thing with esoteric dubbing and over-dubbing effects—reinforcing instruments or voices—coming out with what is known throughout the industry as "the Spector sound."

The only thing he doesn't keep control of is the actual manufacture, the pressing, of the records and the distribution. The only people around to give him any trouble all this time are the distributors—cigar-chewing fatties . . . and—well, to be honest, there is a lot that gives Phil Spector trouble, and not so much any kind of or any group of people as much as his . . . status. A Teenage Tycoon! It is too wacked out. He is betwixt and between. He identifies with the teenage netherworld, he defends it, but he is already too mature for it. As a millionaire, a business genius, living in a penthouse 22 stories up over the East River, with his wife, Annette, who is 20, a student at Hunter College, and with a four-room suite downstairs on the ground floor as his office, and a

limousine, and chauffeur, and a bodyguard, and a staff, Danny and Joan Berg and everybody, and a doorman who directs people to Mr. Spector's office—well, that makes Phil Spector one of them, the universe of arteriosclerotic, hypocritical, cigar-chewing, hopeless, larded adults, infarcted vultures, one meets in the music business. And so here in the dark is a 23-year-old man with a Shelley visage, a suede shirt, a kind of page boy bob and winkle-picker boots, the symbol of the one, sitting in the dark in this great beige office, the symbol of the other, in the middle of the day, in the dark, tamping his frontal lobes with his fingers in the gloom.

One of the beige phones rings and Danny answers. Then he presses the "hold" button and tells Phil Spector, "It's the Rolling Stones, they just got in."

Spector comes alive with that. He gets up on his ginger toes and goes to the telephone. He is lively and he spins on the balls of his feet a little as he stands by the phone.

"Hello, Andrew," he says. He is talking with Andrew Oldham, the manager of the Rolling Stones. And then he puts on a Cockney accent. "Are you in?" he says.



The Rolling Stones: all right. The Rolling Stones, English group, and Andrew Oldham, are like him. They grew up in the teenage netherworld and made it, and they all want to have it all, too, the kids' style of life and the adult's . . . money . . . and not cop out on one side or the other, larded and arteriosclerotic. God! Phil Spector's British trip! That was where suddenly he had it all.

Phil Spector is here! The British have the ability to look at all sorts of rebel baddies and alienated thin young fellows and say coo and absorb them like a great soggy lukewarm, mother's poultice. The Beatles, Beatlemania, rock and roll, suddenly it is all absorbed into the center of things as if it could have been there all along if it only asked. Phil Spector arrives at London Airport and, Santa Barranza, there are photographers all over the place, for him, Phil Spector, and the next morning he is all over the center fold of the London Daily Mirror, the biggest newspaper in the Western World, five million circulation: "The 23-year-old American rock and roll magnate." He is in the magazines as the "U. S. Recording Tycoon." Invitations go out to come to the receptions to meet "America's outstanding hit maker, Phil Spector." And then he lands back at Idlewild and waiting are, yes, the same bunch of cheese-breath cabbies, and he takes a cab on back to 440 E. 62nd St. and goes into his beige world, the phones are ringing and it is all the same, the same—

"Cigar-smoking sharpies," says Phil Spector. He is in a livelier mood after the talk with Andrew Oldham. "They're a bunch of cigar-smoking sharpies in record distribution. They've all been in the business for years and they resent you if you're young. That's one reason so many kids go broke in this business. They're always starting new record companies, or they used to, the business is very soft right now, they start a company and pour all their money into a record, and it can be successful and they're still broke, because these characters don't even pay you until you've had three or four hit records in a row. They order the records and sell them and don't pay you. They don't pay you because they know they don't have to. You start yelling for the money and they tell you, 'Whattya mean, I have all these records coming back from the retailers and what about my right to return records, and blah-blah.' What are you going to do? Sue 20 guys in 20 different courts in the United States?"

"They look at everything as a product. They don't care about the work and sweat you put into a record. They respect me now because I keep turning out hits, and after that they become sort of honest . . . in their own decayed way."

Where does a man find friends, comrades, anything, in a world like that? They resent his youth. They resent his success. But it is no better with the kids. He is so much more mature and more . . . eminent . . . they all want to form "the father thing" with him. Or else they want to fawn over him, cousin him, cajole, fall down before him, whistle, shout, stomp, bang him on the head, anything to get his attention and get "the break," just one chance. Or one more chance. Spector can't go near the Brill Building, the center of the music business, because the place is crawling with kids with winkle-picker shoes

cracking in the folds, who made one hit record five years ago and still can't realize that they are now, forever, in oblivion. They crawl all over the place the way the small-time balding fatty promoters and managers used to in the days when A. J. Liebling wrote about the place as the Jollity Building. Phil Spector steps onto an elevator in the Brill Building, the elevator is packed, and suddenly he feels this arm hooking through his in the most hideously cozy way and a mouth is closing in on his ear and saying, "Phil, baby, wait'll you hear this one: 'Ooh-coom-bah-ay,'" and Phil Spector is imprisoned there with the elevator inching up, "vah ump nooby poon fang ooh-ayub bah-ay—you dig that, Phil? You dig that, don't you, Phil? Phil, babes!" He walks down the hall and kids sneak up behind him and slip songs, music, lyrics into his coat pocket. He finds the stuff in there, all this ratty paper, when he goes home. Or he is leaving the Brill Building and he feels a great whack on the back of his head and wheels around and there are four kids in the singing stance, their heads angled in together, saying, "Just one bar, Phil—Say wohna love boo-uh ay-yay bubby—" while the guy on the end sings bass with his chin mashed into a pulpy squash down over his collar bone, *beh-unggh, beh-unggh.*

Status! What is his status? He produces "rock and roll," and, therefore, he is not a serious person, and he won't join the Young Presidents or whatever the hell kind of organization jaycee geniuses would join for their own good.

"Phil," says the man with the hat, "why don't you hire a press agent, a P. R. man—"

Phil is tamping his frontal lobes in the gloom. Danny Davis is hunched up in the little pool of light on his desk. Danny is doing his level best for Phil.

"Jack? Danny Davis . . . Yeah . . . No, I'm with Phil Spector now . . . Right! It's the best move I ever made. You know Phil . . . I'm in the best shape of my career . . . Jack, I just want to tell you we've got—"

"A press agent?" Phil says to the man in the hat. "In the first place, I couldn't stand to hear what he'd say about me."

"—Got two tremendous records going, Jack, 'Walking in the Rain,' the Ronettes, and—"

"In the second place," Phil says, "there's no way my image can be bought."

"—And 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'' by the Righteous Brothers," says Danny. ". . . Right, Jack . . . I appreciate that, Jack . . ."

"The only thing I could do—you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to do a recording session in the office of Life or Esquire or Time, and then they could see it. That's the only chance I've got. Because I'm dealing in rock and roll, I'm, like I'm not a bona-fide human being—"

". . . Absolutely! . . . If there's anything we can do for you on this end, Jack, let us know. O.K.? Great, Jack . . ."

". . . and I even have trouble with people who should never say anything. I go over to Gristede's to get a quart of milk or something and the woman at the cash register has to start in. So I tell her, 'There's a war in Viet Nam, they've fired Khrushchev, the Republican party is falling to pieces, the Ku Klux Klan is running around loose, and you're worrying about my hair . . .'"

America's first teen-age tycoon, a business genius, a musical genius—and it is as if he were still on the corner on Dyckman Street in the Bronx when the big kids come by in hideous fraternity, the way these people act. What is he now? Who is he in this weird country? Danny talks in the phone in the little pool of light, Joan is typing up whatever it is, Phil is tamping his frontal lobes.

Another airplane! It levels off, and the man in the seat by the window, next to Phil Spector, lights a cigarette, pure as virgin snow. Phil Spector sits there with his kind of page boy bob pressed down in back and a checked shirt and tight black pants. The man with the cigarette keeps working himself up to something. Finally, he says, "If you don't mind me asking—have I seen you on television or something? What's your name, I mean, if you don't mind me asking?" Phil Spector presses back into the seat but his head won't disappear.

Then he says, "I'm Goddard Lieberman."

"Gottfried Lieberman?"

Marvelous! Reassuring! Nobody ever heard of Goddard Lieberman, either. Who the hell is Goddard Lieberman! He is the president of Columbia Records, all those nice straight cookie jar "tunes" William B. Williams would go for, very big—and who the hell knows who he is?

"I'm the president of Columbia Records."

The man sucks on his cigarette a moment. A skinny ash, all limp, hangs out.

"Well—you must be kind of young."

Phil Spector lies back. Then he says,

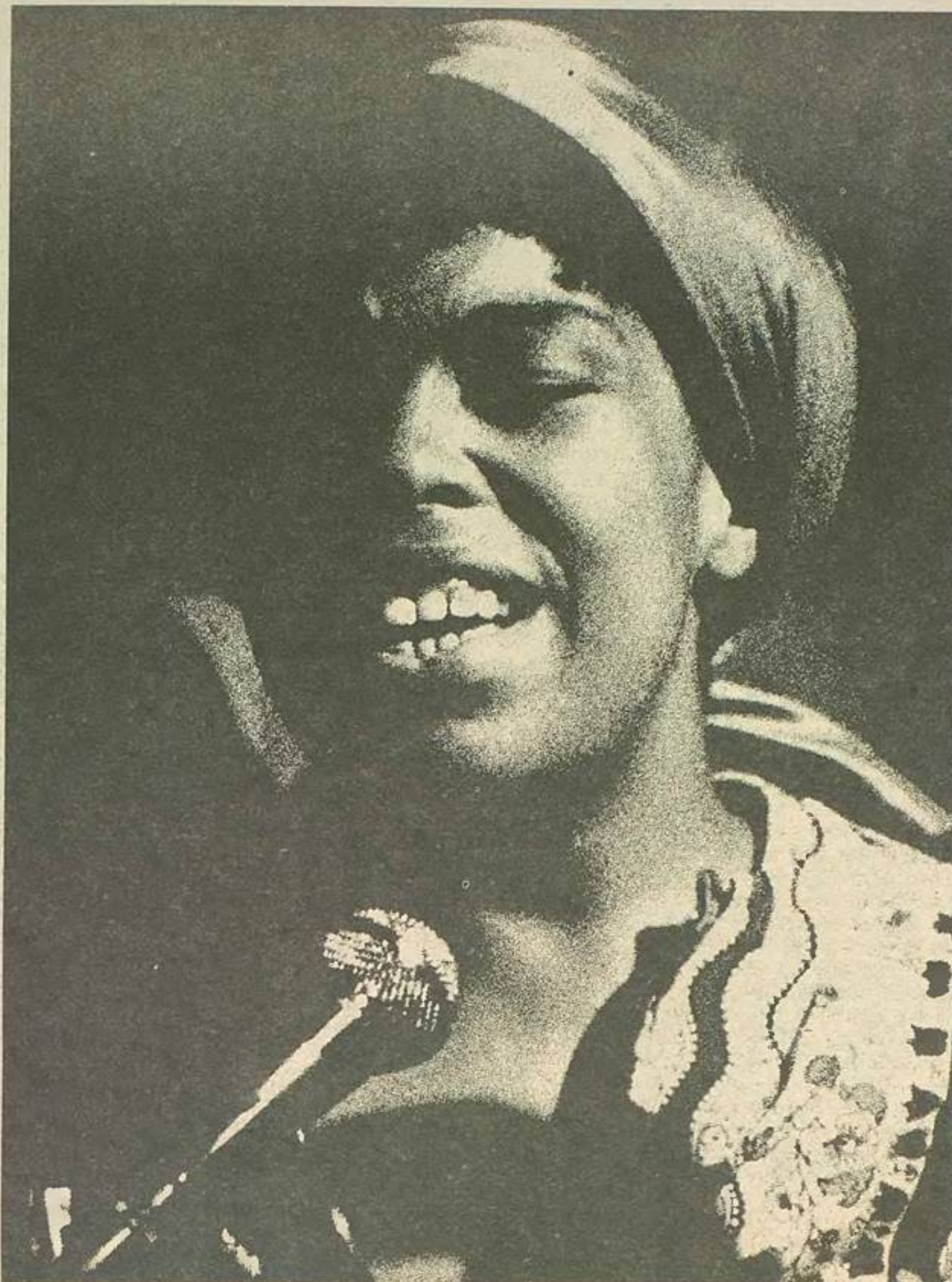
"I was only kidding. I'm Chubby Checker. That's who I really am."

"Chubby Checker?"

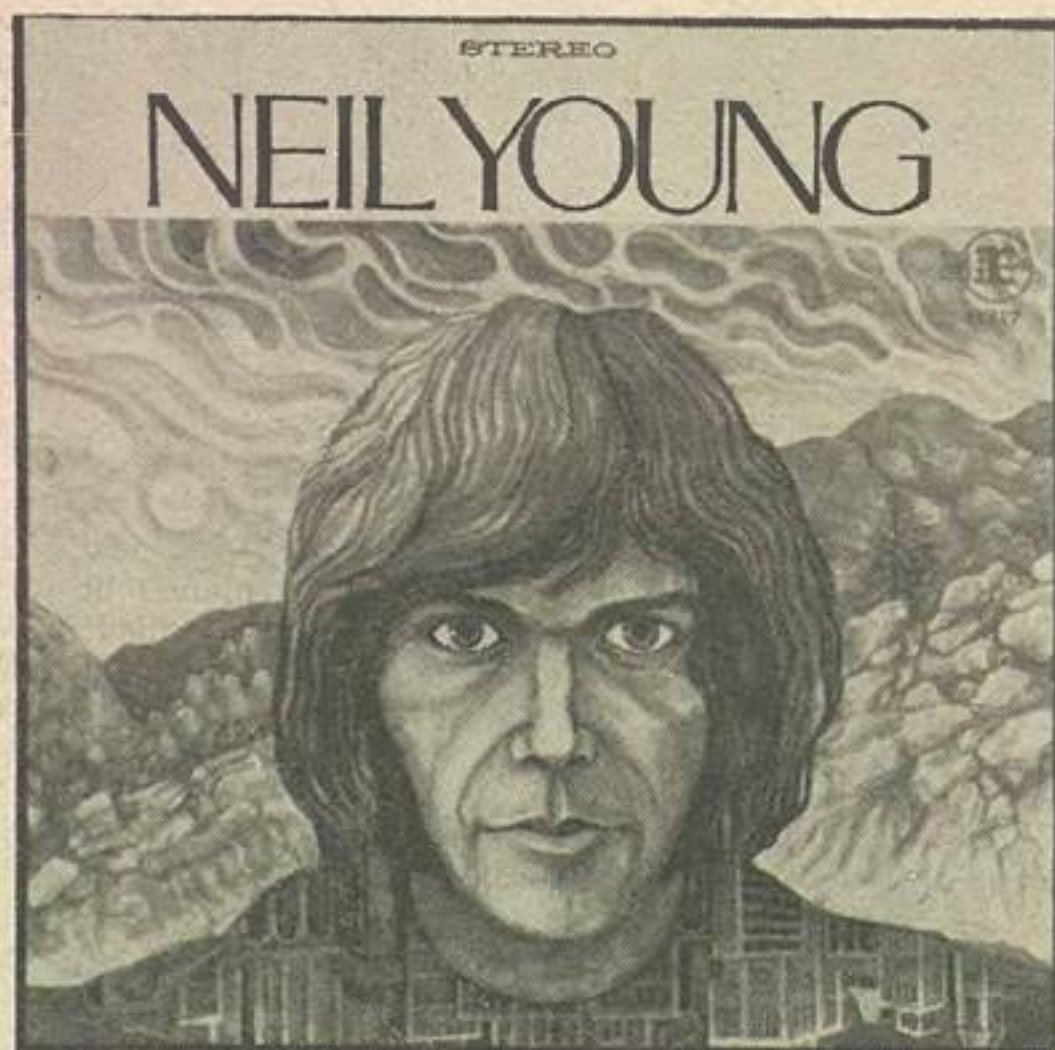
Who the hell is Chubby Checker? Yes! Who the hell has anybody ever heard of? It's like the last time, when he said he was Paul Desmond. Who the hell is Paul Desmond? Or Peter Sellers' cousin. Or Monsieur Fouquet, of the de Gaulle underground. Or . . . who the hell is anybody. Phil Spector tamps his frontal lobes and closes his eyes and holds his breath. As long as he holds his breath, it will not rain, there will be no raindrops, no schizoid water wobbling, sideways, straight back, it will be an even, even, even, even, even, even, even, even world.

Roberta Flack

For the past two years Washingtonians have been standing in line to see and hear Roberta Flack at "Mr. Henry's." Her first album on Atlantic Records is creating solid vibrations everywhere. Now America is standing in line.

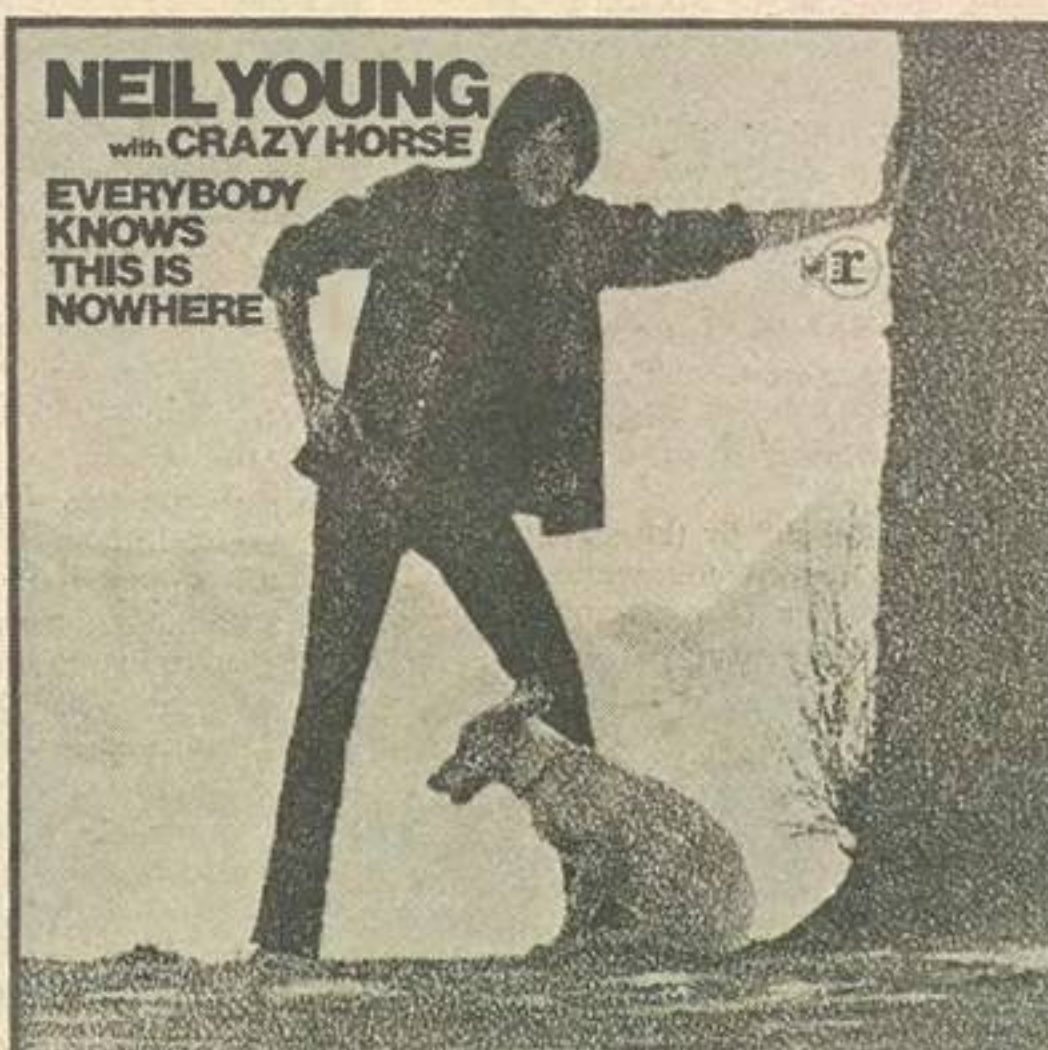


, and Young



8RM 6317 / RS 6317

There are certain trios so spectacular that to add to them would be tinkering with fate. For example: Armstrong, Collins, and Aldrin, who didn't need Young. For you oldies, there were Patty, Maxene and Laverne, who needed no Young. Or thought they didn't. But our friends Crosby, Stills, and Nash were wise. They added the young man of whom *Cash Box* said, "It is rather an underestimation to simply call Neil a songwriter. More accurately, he is a composer



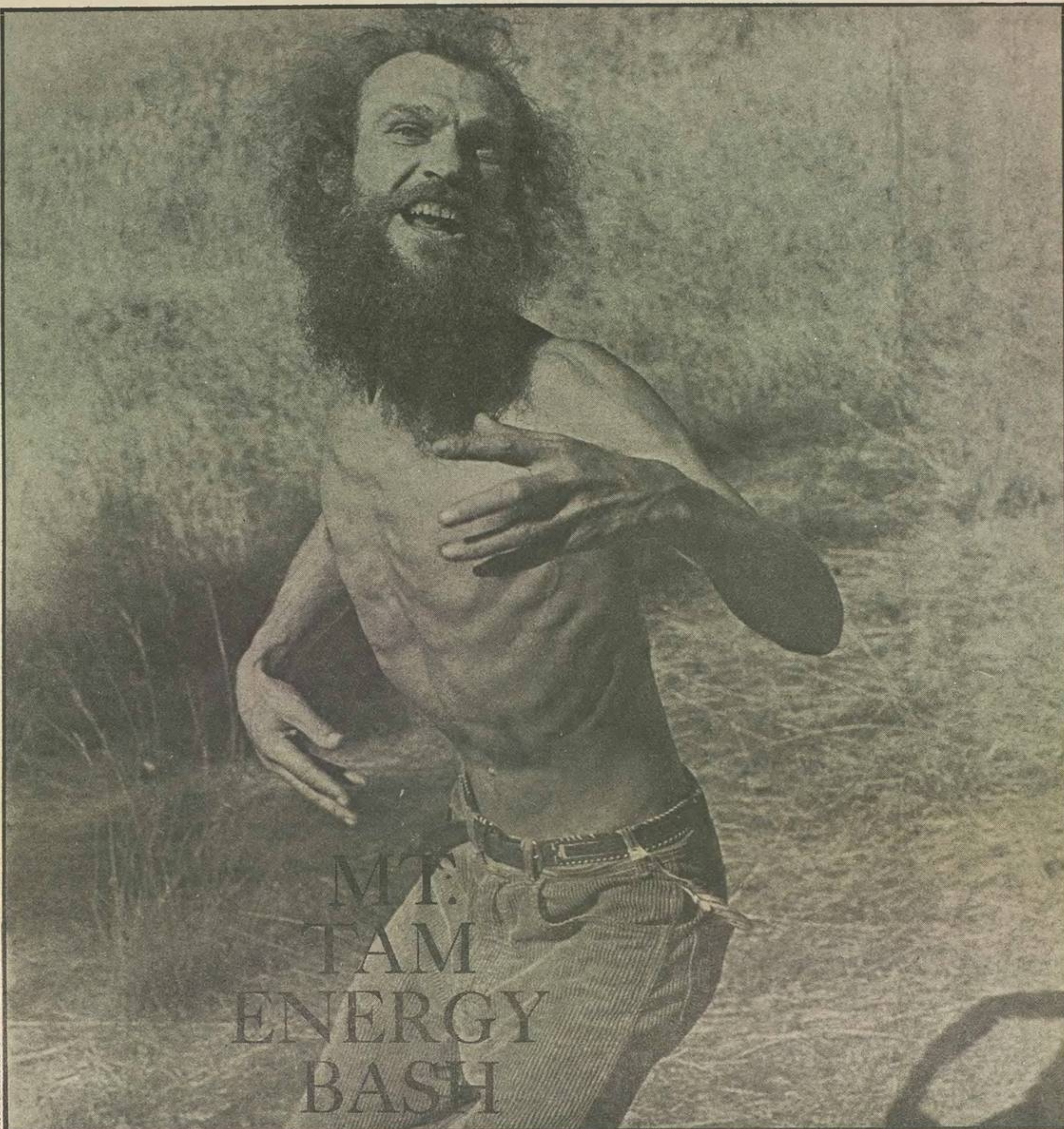
8RM 6349 / RS 6349

and a *lyricist*, and both his words and music are poetry. This, too, is something of an underestimation, for Neil is also a brilliant guitarist, an imaginative arranger, and (no matter what he tells you) a superlative singer."

As you can see from the two albums pictured above, we know why.

NEIL YOUNG RECORDS FOR WHERE HE BELONGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT ALTMAN



Steve Gaskin

BY MIKE GOODWIN

MARIN COUNTY — Mt. Tamalpais, 45-minutes' hitch-hike from San Francisco, puts out a very heavy vibration; the Indians considered it a holy mountain. These days it's a State Park, and for the third time this summer the Forest Rangers stood by and stared as more than a thousand stoned freaks suddenly appeared out of nowhere to have a party in the sun. I spoke with one of the park's Rangers, and flashed that he was just as stoned as everyone else; an energy high. "So many gentle people, such a beautiful day," he said, smiling. "I wish I could join in."

God, it was hot. Beautiful heavy sunlight to match the vibes, thirty or forty naked freaks chanting *Om* on the hillside, Stephen Gaskin wandering here and there to sample some weed or play with the monkey. No structure. Never

was any structure. Stephen said, "Let's make it up to the mountain," and The Class made it. Nothing to do but make it. Nothing to say but it's OK. Smoking dope and dropping acid in the sun. A hundred people singing to a guitar, "I Shall Be Released," softly. An energy bash on Mt. Tamalpais.

Stephen is a teacher, and if he gave out a reading list it would probably include *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, the *I Ching*, Theodore Sturgeon's *More Than Human*, *Science and Sanity* (the basic General Semantics text), the *Tao te Ching*, the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, *Zen Flesh*, *Zen Bones* and *The Psychedelic Experience*. Stephen teaches how to get high. And stay there.

The original meaning of "religion" was "gathering together." Every Monday night about 1,500 beautiful freaks crowd together into the Family Dog On The Great Highway, jammed amidst babies and dogs, to join their energies, get stoned, and listen to Stephen. The subjects range from vibrational vector analysis to what to do if you're peaking on acid and your lady turns into a green monster.

The energy level is incredible; walking into the room is roughly equivalent to blowing a joint of really fine weed. Stephen serves as a focus for the energy, but he doesn't bring it with him. "I got into the energy thing kind of sideways," he says. "I had to learn how to handle all the vibrations and all the people, before I could tell them anything. Now



I can't think of anything else worth doing."

Stephen had an M.A. in Creative Writing before he realized that he didn't want to be a writer. Earning a living by teaching English at San Francisco State (he was S. I. Hayakawa's assistant for two years), and trying to figure out what to do with his life, he noticed that many of his most interesting students were

disappearing, dropping out. He decided to find out why.

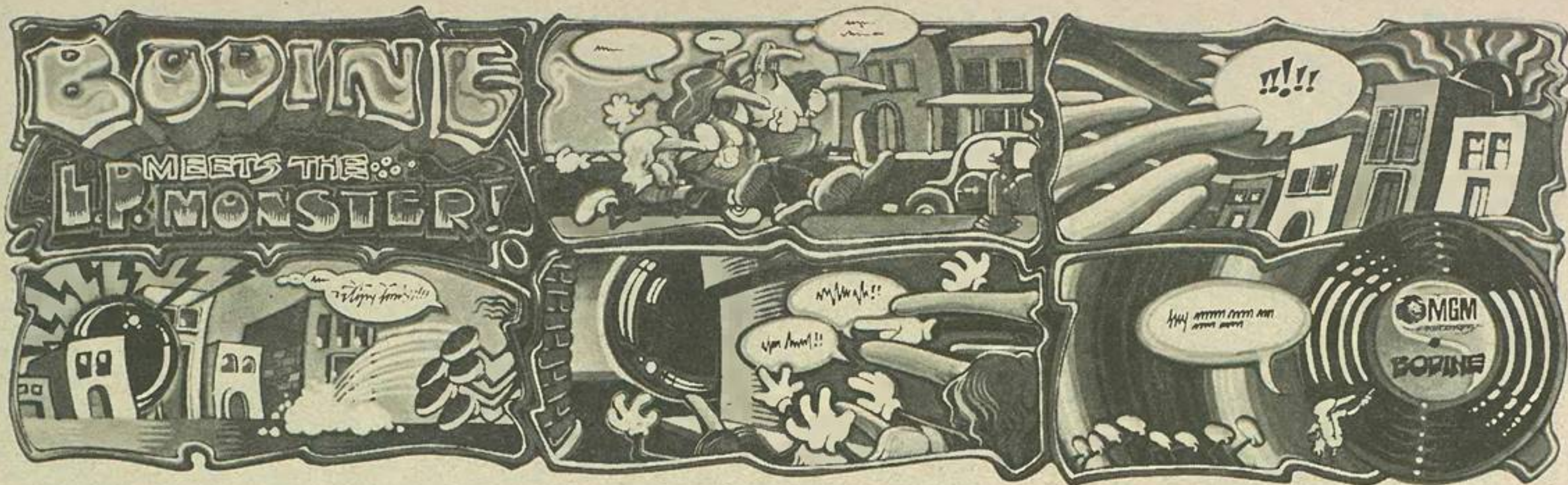
"Dope, acid and strange companions," is the way he describes the next period of his life, and when he came out the other side he had long hair, an old set of teaching skills, and a new way to use them. "You don't really come down from acid," he says, "you just re-integrate at that level."

Three and a half years ago he started The Class. At first it was held at the Experimental College at San Francisco State, then Glide Memorial Church, then the Straight Theater on Haight Street, and for the last four months it's been at the Family Dog.

As word-of-mouth and good vibrations spread slowly through the community, Stephen has become sort of a gentle celebrity. He is generally acknowledged to be one of the motivating forces behind The Common, a group of artists, musicians and total-systems analysts who are attempting to make the Family Dog into a focal point for new forms of activity and new ways to get high.

Indeed, it's hard to be around Stephen and his people without getting high. The new forms are being worked out as the old ones turn into show business. Rock festivals, even the free ones, have become sterile and boring; you sit on the grass and watch a stage, waiting for someone to make it happen.

On Mt. Tamalpais there was no one to make it happen; we did it our selves.



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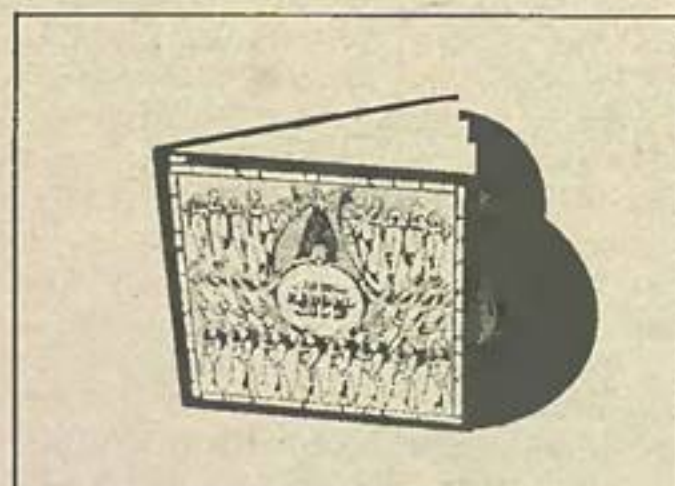
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Warner/Reprise Records
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Send a copy of *Record Show* to:
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(Checks should be made payable to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires Aug. 1, 1970.

BOOKS



The Making of a Counter Culture, Theodore Roszak (Doubleday Anchor Books A697, paper, \$1.95)

BY LANGDON WINNER

"The alienated young are giving shape to something that looks like the saving vision of our endangered civilization... there is no avoiding the need to understand and to educate them in what they are doing." These somewhat condescending words from Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture* point out the basic concern of his stimulating and timely book. Roszak sincerely believes that the burgeoning youth movement in Europe and America holds the last promise of salvation for mankind. But he has also noticed a tragic fact—that at present the minds of those involved in the movement are filled with garbage. "The young," he comments, "miserably educated as they are, bring with them almost nothing but healthy instincts." His struggle to reconcile these two aspects of the "counter culture" leads him to some fresh insights about the direction we are taking and how it might be improved.

Roszak locates the basic problem in the repressive character of the technocratic society. Both socialist and capitalist states have fallen into a pattern of de-humanization through the use of totalitarian technology. A massive technology. A massive technical apparatus now subjects the life of each person to the rule of passionless efficiency. "So subtle and so well rationalized have the arts of technocratic domination become in our advanced industrial societies that even those in the state and/or corporate structure who dominate our lives find it impossible to conceive of themselves as the agents of a totalitarian control."

The single flaw in the progress of progress of technocratic domination is what Roszak calls "the invasion of the centaurs"—the rebellion of middle class youth. "The bourgeoisie, instead of discovering the class enemy in its factories, finds it across the breakfast table in the person of its own pampered children." What the young have discovered, Roszak asserts, is that the price of adulthood is too high. In late adolescence they are suddenly required to give up pleasure and freedom in order to purchase the regimentation of their own lives. Recognizing this as a bad bargain, an increasing number respond by saying "to hell with adulthood," and begin seeking a new path.

It is crucial to Roszak's argument that the current rebellion of youth is a cultural rather than a political or social phenomenon. The very foundations of Western consciousness are being attacked, not just the established political institutions. Alienated youth have begun to build an entire "counter culture"—"a culture so radically disaffiliated from the mainstream assumptions of our society that it scarcely looks to many as a culture at all, but takes on the alarming appearance of a barbaric intrusion." Roszak's hope is that the counter culture will grow in strength and richness until it eventually subverts and replaces the dominant technocratic civilization.

But the author sees a number of pitfalls in our path. The movement is prone to co-optation, fads, mass media vulgarization, and all sorts of outworn ideologies. In particular, the political ideas of the New Left are an unfortunate detour from the true purpose of the counter culture. Revolution in a merely political sense is no longer a desirable goal. "If the melancholy history of revolution over the past half-century teaches us anything, it is the futility of a politics which concentrates itself single-mindedly on the overthrow of governments, or ruling classes, or economic systems." When the smoke from the revolution clears away the same old gang, the technocrats, still hold the power. The real need, Roszak insists, is a revolution in our consciousness. Politics must become what Timothy Leary has termed "the politics of the nervous system." A vast psychic liberation will be required to release us from the internal imprisonment imposed by a scientific-technological mentality.

The most interesting chapter of the work is "The Myth of Objective Consciousness." Here Roszak explains that the core of our problem is a disastrous split in our lives which the scientific mentality has created. The "objective consciousness" required for an efficient world of science and technology separates the self from the world of experience. It divides reality into the "In-There" and then pushes everything into the external sphere. The soul of each man is left in a constricted and impoverished condition. Our only possibility of experiencing reality is as a cool and detached observer. "At the extreme, this alienated relationship is that of the Nazi physician experimenting upon his human victims, learning interesting new things about pain, suffering, privation." "Each In-Here confronts the others Out-There with indifference, callousness, exploitive intention. Everyone has become a specimen under the other's microscope; no one can be sure that anyone else is not perhaps a robot."

It is this fundamental schism which Roszak feels the counter culture is fighting to overcome. With only partial success the young are trying to "allow what is Out-There to enter them and to shake them to their very foundations." They are trying to cast off the chains of objective consciousness, to heal the split in their personalities, and to establish direct contact with a world of vital experience. It is not an easy task, but it is still possible. What is necessary right now is the return of an old cultural hero long since banished by technocracy—the shaman. Following the lead of men of true poetic vision, men with "eyes of flesh, eyes of fire," the ignorant youth will find a new path to the realm of extraordinary experience. Roszak is vague about the kind of man who can fill this magical role. It appears that he has in mind a more responsible Timothy Leary or a less academic Norman O. Brown.

Near the end of his discussion Roszak raises an important question: Is it possible to find a happy medium between objective consciousness and that poetic vision offered by the shaman? His answer: definitely not. "One does not free such forces on a part-time basis any more than on falls in love or repents of sin on a part-time basis. To suggest that there may be some halfway house between the magical and the objective consciousness in which our culture can reside is simply to confess that one does not know what it is to see with the eyes of fire." This observation is a crucial one for both Roszak and ourselves. It is clear that many of the worst difficulties in the counter culture stem from the fact that we are caught between two worlds. We cannot decide whether we want to be political rebels carefully plotting the revolution or new mystics ascending to the heights of religious insight. Wavering between the two poles we are lost in a no man's land characterized by the confusion and violence of the divided self. It is interesting to note that Roszak himself is a college teacher with a reputation for rigorous academic standards. How he reconciles this with the magical vision, I do not know.

The Making of a Counter Culture is a marvelous book which will be widely read. Although I disagree with some of its conclusions, I recommend it as a work which looks the major problems right in the teeth without flinching. It could well be an important tool of thought for this generation—that is, if this generation is still interested in thinking at all.



Trans-action magazine, September 1969, Special Issue: The Anti-American Generation. \$1.50

BY JOHN GRISSIM

A few months from now pundits will look back from their 1970 vantage point and reveal a badly kept secret: America flunked the Sixties. William Randolph Hearst, fresh from a breakfast interview with Richard Nixon, will blame it on the kids in his Sunday editorial, and the folks in Evansville, Indiana, will feel better knowing things have been explained. It's not that the children didn't try. They had a B-plus going in music, but after three assassinations and a run-in with Pentagon slavery, a lot of them one morning got up and walked out of the classroom. They've caught hell ever since.

They weren't all hippies, of course. And they didn't cause all the trouble. But there were suddenly so many of them out in the open that the neighbors felt threatened. Something had to be done. What was done and why is the principal concern of Michael E. Brown's fascinating article in the September issue of *Trans-action* magazine—a monthly round-up of highly readable articles on current research in the social sciences. Part of a special issue devoted to the nature and impact of American youth, the article contains a brilliant synopsis of the reasons behind the persecution of hippies and reveals the extent to which a diversity of normally non-related institutions in America have come together to control a minority group.

By way of describing that, Brown first examines the reasons why the hippie is seen as a serious threat to society. The answer lies buried somewhere in America's vision of its youth: young people are expected to be radical and idealistic, but as they emerge from adolescence, these tendencies should be replaced by a distrust of extremism and a "healthy" outlook characterized by patience and productive work, socially acceptable dress and manners, and a temperate pursuit of prudent long-range goals. When the change does not take place, however, and youthful radicalism carries over into adulthood, the individual becomes dangerous.

The hippie has emerged as a particular threat to conventional society because in his radicalism he has been able to develop a genuine alternative culture the keystone of which is the simple belief that value resides in the present moment.

According to Brown, the values of hip culture "constitute a heresy in a society that consecrates the values of competition, social manipulation and functionalism, a society that defines ethical quality by long-range and general consequences, and that honors only those attitudes and institutions that affirm the primacy of the future and the large scale over the local and immediately present. It is a heresy in a society that eschews the primary value of intimacy for the sake of impersonal service to large and enduring organizations, a society that its essentialist rather than existentialist."

Conceivably even the heretical nature of an alternative culture would allow the hippie to live protected by the usual constitutional guarantees, but this has clearly not been the case. What makes his condemnation unique is that society has summoned the engines of repression not for political or moral reasons, but in the name of mental health. It's another first for modern America.

Insofar as psychiatrists define as healthy those individuals whose attributes satisfy the demands of a functional, technocratic society, hippies are "sickies" by definition: "Drug use, sexual pleasure, a repudiation of clear long-range goals, the insistence on intimacy and self-affirmation, distrust of official authority and radical dissent are all part of the abnormality that colors the hippies 'alienated,' or 'disturbed' or 'neurotic.'"

Most importantly, in choosing to regard a minority group as a danger to public health, tribal elders have neatly sidestepped the issue of due process:

"Mental illness is a scientific and medical problem, and isolation and treatment are recommended. Youth, alienation and drug use are the discrediting characteristics of those who are unqualified for due process, discussion or conflict. The genius of this ideology has been to separate the phenomenon under review from consideration of law and value."

In seeming to handle a nasty public health problem with unbiased concern and prudent medical judgement, a threatened majority has been able to bring together control agencies which have historically been mutually antagonistic. The police and the courts (authoritarian-punitive) have worked smoothly with private agencies and social workers (humanitarian-welfare). Buttressed in their efforts by the press, the politicians and an offended public, these agencies no longer allow hippies the benefit of the checks and balances which theoretically insure due process on an individual case basis.

The irony of this situation is that the hippie's real "danger" to society is his intimacy—an approach to living which, because of its openness, makes him all the more available for repression. "His threat lies in the lure of his way of life rather than in his political potential. His vulnerability as well as his proven capacity to develop a real alternative life permits his selection as scapegoat. A threatened officialdom is all too likely to take the final step that brings on the judge. At the same time, by defining its attack as moderate, it reaffirms its moral superiority in the very field of hate it cultivates."

Taken in a larger perspective, the heresy of the hippie is that his youth holds the promise of an enduring (and dangerous) radicalism. His willingness to disobey authority puts virtually every concept of an ordered society into question. And finally, his continued presence and growing numbers fosters the gnawing fear in the ranks of his oppressors that he may be right.

This latter consideration may prove to be academic, for Brown sees America's control apparatus become a highly effective, permanent institution. In its willingness to put all forms of deviance in the category of heresy, that apparatus holds the very real promise of destroying the core energy of a viable society. Brown concludes "the tragedy of America may be that it completed the technology of control before it developed compassion and tolerance. It never learned to tolerate history, and now it is finally capable of ending history by ending the change that political sociologists and undergroups understand." Whether or not that tragedy comes to pass resides in the province of the 1970's.

Reading Time: Two hours.

The Scandalous Story Behind

CLEM FRINGEBUCK'S SUDDEN POPULARITY



Clem Fringebuck, an eighth-grade student at the rustic Wilbur Wright Junior High School, used to be (among other things) the laughingstock of sixth-period girls' gym. Other kids would whisper to one another when Clem passed by, "Sheesh, is he lame!"

Not now. Not any more. Clem Fringebuck, you see, has discovered Country Super

Session hair grooming lotion, and the girls in sixth-period gym are glad he has!

Clem realizes in retrospect that his whole problem was that, because his sandy rustic hair was always grungy, he used to look like crap. And then

THE BLUE VELVET BAND

came into his life with their spanky *Sweet Moments* album.

The Blue Velvets, of course, having named themselves after a song by Mr. Bill Monroe, are: Electric fiddler **Richard Greene** (on short leave from A&M's Sea Train, of whom he is a star); **Banjoist-steel guitarist Bill Keith** (late of the Blue Grass Boys and the Kweskins); **Guitarist-singers Eric Weissberg** (late of the Greenbriar Boys and the Tarriers and unarguably the most renowned Jewish cowboy extant); **And Jim Rooney** (formerly one-half of the famous bluegrass duo of Rooney and Keith).

They are, as the informed shitkicker will tell you, pretty much the Country music world's fab four.

But back to Clem. He bought The Blue Velvet Band album on accounta he kept reading that country music was all the rage again. Clem didn't want to lose out. What he did was he removed the deluxe game from the inside of the album jacket. He learned how to play it real

good, which made him the envy of all the kids at school who were still hung up on the Flying Burrito Bros. They didn't even have a game. Then he melted down the album and combed it into his hair. It started to look real neat, albeit just a tech sticky and gooey and what-not.

If *Sweet Moments* worked for Clem Fringebuck, why shouldn't it. Work for you too?

You're not even as lame.



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Pulsating African rhythms. Hot Latin soul. Fused tightly together by the catalyst of rock. Wild. Restless. Primitive. Santana. For your body as well as your mind. On Columbia Records

RECORDS

BY MIKE DALY

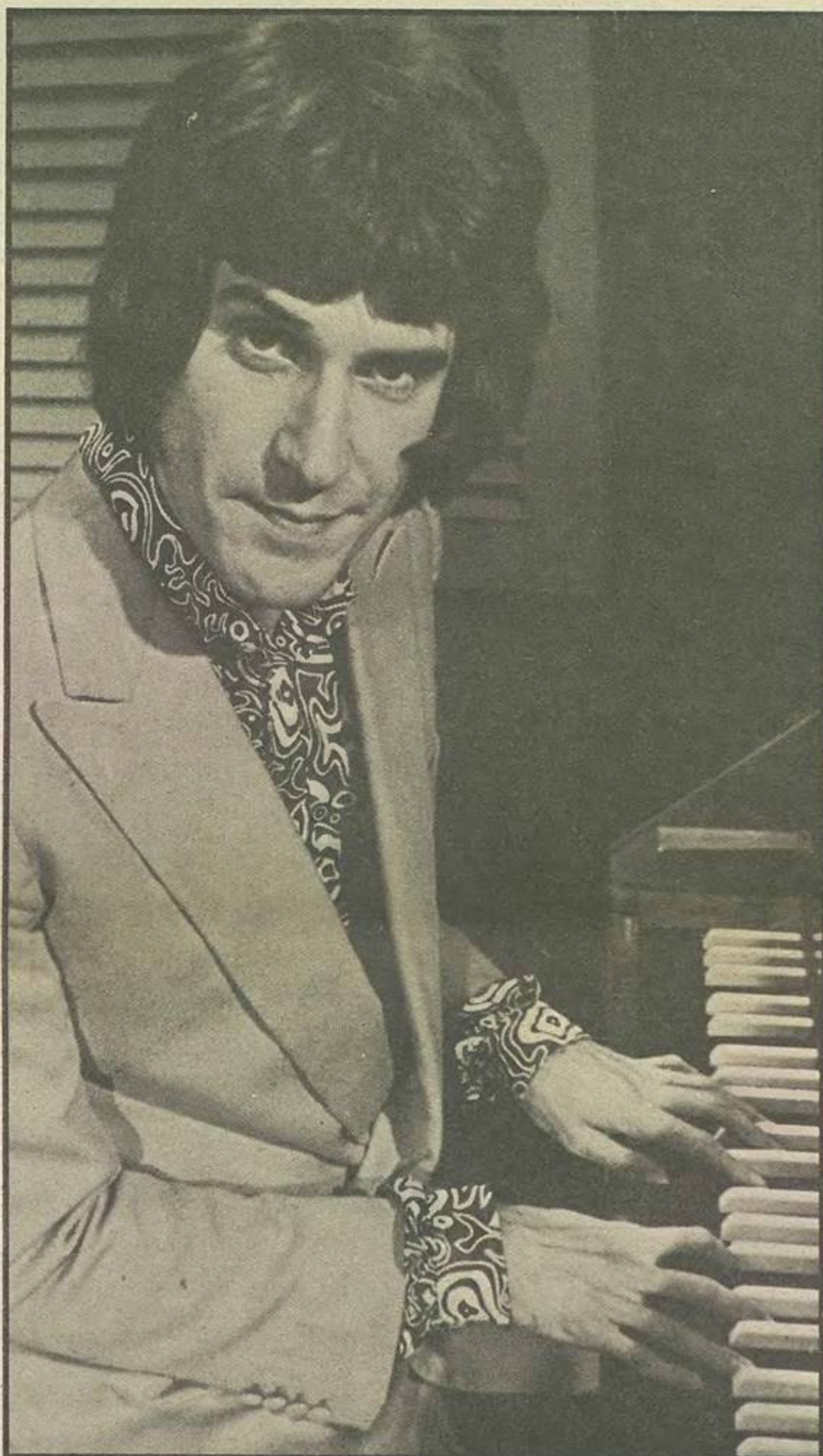
Arthur, the Kinks (Reprise 6366)

Remember the English Invasion in 1964—Capitol had the Beatles, Epic had the Dave Clark 5, Kapp had the Searchers, London the Rolling Stones, Ascot had Manfred Mann, and Reprise' acquisition was the Kinks. Four guys: Ray Davies — leader, songwriter, vocalist, rhythm guitarist and keyboards; Dave Davies, lead guitarist, second vocalist, and Ray's younger brother; Mick Avory — drummer; and Peter Quaife on bass, now replaced by John Dalton.

The Kinks' image is so strange, a group making it on the fact that they've never made it. The ultimate recording group—that's all they do, they just make records, you never see them but once a year they put out an album—a gift from themselves to their audience. The Kinks' last two albums, *Something Else* and *Village Green Preservation Society* sold a combined total, in America, of 25,000 copies — that ain't very many. I don't know whether people actually don't like their stuff or if they've just never heard it — whatever the reason, somebody's missing something, because the Kinks, since 1964, have been making some of the finest rock music this side of the Stones and the Beatles.

Things like "You Really Got Me"—really tough, grinding hardrock; and "All Day and All of the Night" — strange, stumbling, go-stop-go tempo; and "So Tired of Waiting For You"—repetition working, monotony makes it: "So tired, tired of waiting, tired of waiting, tired of waiting for you-oo-oo . . ." Those were three hits in a row they had back in '64 and '65, but from then on it was pretty sporadic: hit and miss, one would make it: "Set Me Free"—while the next record might not even get played: "See My Friends" — the first sitar record in pop music, as Dave had once before been first with the fuzz-tone on "All Day and All of the Night," before Keith Richard and "Satisfaction." These cats are not lightweights, they are heavy musical dudes—some of their things just happen to be lighthearted, like "A Well Respected Man," the first of Ray's little social stories. Or "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" — God, remember Carnaby Street?; and then "Sunny Afternoon"—the all-time good-time music song, the Seurat landscape set to a Pabst Blue Ribbon commercial, *Jules and Jim*, 1910.

The Kinks have always done it, one little gem after another, six years of treats: "David Watts," "Waterloo Sunset," the *Face to Face* album, with Ray's coverwork; it's all there, folks, in the world of Ray Davies, the magical king-



Ray Davies

ing out on the grass and just dreaming away, mmm . . .

"Brainwashed"—the eight-to-five syndrome, Dylan's "Only a Pawn in Their Game": stay in your place, man, stay in your place. Ray tells it in his pissed-off manner, and Dave's guitar is just like "All Day and All of the Night."

"Australia"—The Englishman's promised land, the Kinks acting as travel agents, saying hello to the Beach Boys along the way. The group takes the song sauntering up into the break and then wraps the instrumental around your head like the Stones did in "Sympathy for the Devil," heavy and very different for the Kinks, almost seven minutes, complete with sax and a wobble board.

"Shangri-la"—Paradise on earth. Starts off slowly, Ray speaking to an old man who's worked his ass off all his life, showing him all the little things he's earned, and then laying into the whole scheme of the man's life, coming back at the end to reassure the poor old guy: it's alright pops, it's OK—you *did* do your best.

"Mr. Churchill Says"—Ray reads Winston Churchill's speech and makes it work! The British people prepare to get together and repel the Nazi hordes, and the Blitz of Britain is on! "The War That Had To Be Fought"—the air raid sounds, it's real now, it's in the streets: "Did you hear that plane flying overhead, there's a house on fire and there's someone lying dead."

"She Bought a Hat Like Princess Marina" — Dreams are nice: the scrub-woman cinderella-izes into Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden; they go to the Derby at Ascot and after stopping off at the local pub and meeting up with the Stones in "Something Happened To Me Yesterday" they're finally escorted home again, with all the boys in the band just cooking their asses off—listen for Dave's happy yelling.

"Young and Innocent Days"—Such a soft, beautiful hazy hymn to childhood and everything that went with it. Dig this: "I look back at the way I used to look at life/Soft, white dreams with sugar coated outside . . ." Someone like Bob Lind would have said, "Eating from the cake of life . . ."

"Nothing To Say"—Continued from the above; You Can't Go Home Again, Part Two. Such a great statement to rap to your parents . . . after all that time together you've just got nothing to say to each other . . . and finally—

"Arthur"—the poor dumb well-meaning guy, all he wants is just a bit of peace and quiet and a few little comforts; I mean, everybody's entitled to that,



dom of the Kinks — the Disneyland of rock in it's most beautiful form.

Arthur, the Kinks' new movie: such an incredible album, the band in their finest form, turning it in from start to finish, the first time their songs are longer than three minutes, the first time they get into playing for a while and really let it out — their longest album.

Arthur—The Decline and Fall of the British Empire: Ray's England with a brass section.

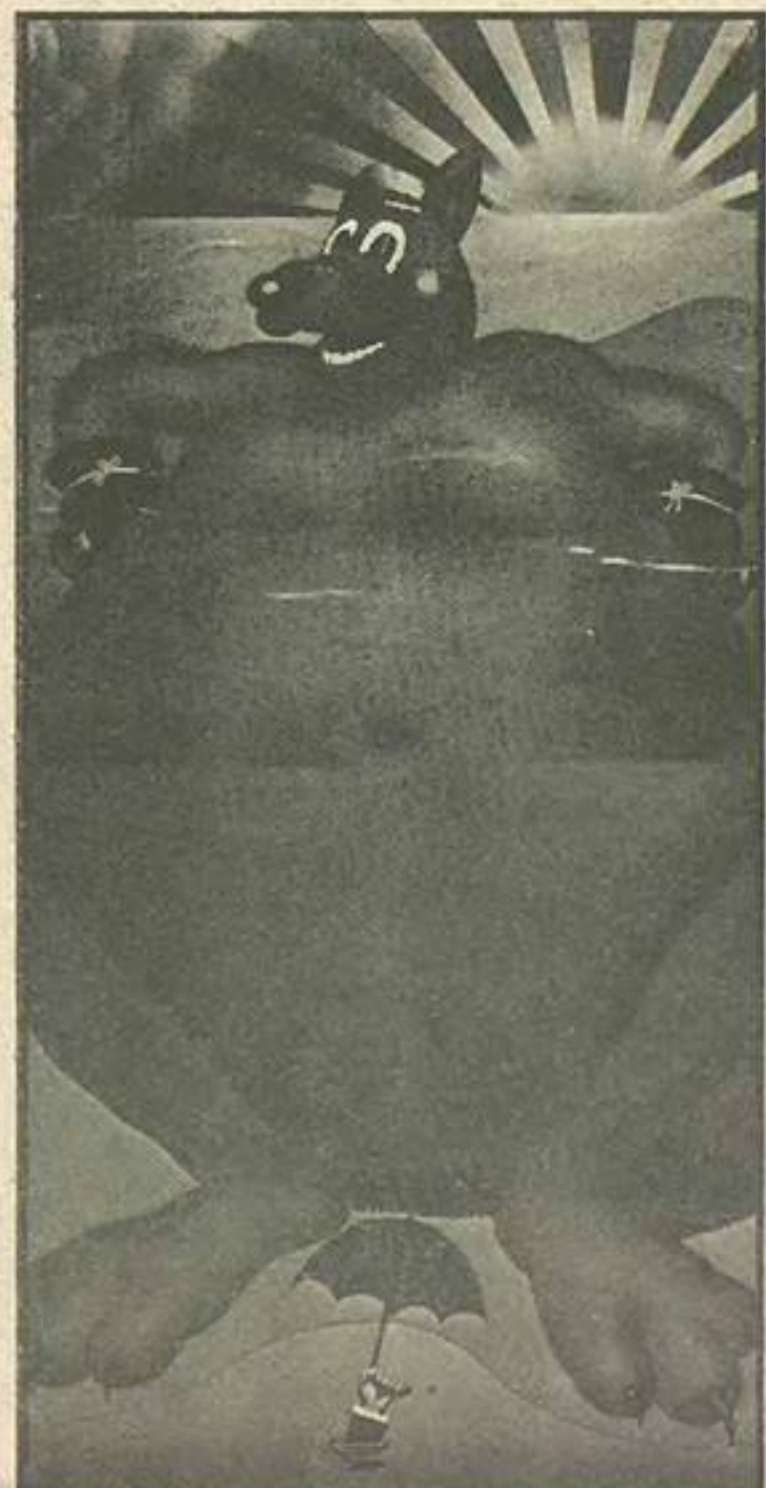
"Victoria" — the old queen, covered in pomp and circumstance, kicks it off in real shitkicker style — what an opener — a declaration of love for one's

mother country. "Victoria" is a statement of fact in the nineteenth century, the Kinks' hymn to tradition — and with such fucking exuberance, man! Dave is yelling his head off, and Mick Avory's drumming is so fine, he's always there, to the Kinks as Charlie Watts is to the Stones. Being English with a vengeance.

"Yes Sir, No Sir" — Ray's voice marches to the cadence of Mick's drums, with Dave tossing in these little licks, refuting the orders. The first of *Arthur's* two soldier songs—the Army, the need for this incredible order, the reason for constant authority—the generals are insane.

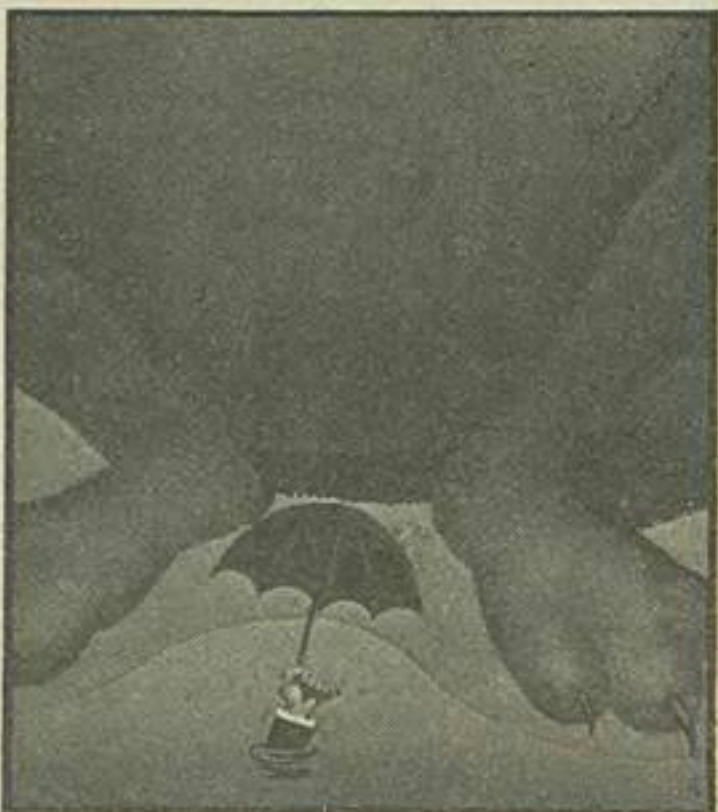
"Some Mother's Son"—you just cry; it's the whole story, from childhood to the battlefield to a grave, for no fucking reason at all; the waste, the absurd waste of a life—Ray's voice puts it across so movingly. The home fires are still burning, mom knows but she can't quite understand . . . "some mother's memory remains."

"Drivin'" — forget the hassles, for three minutes and fifteen seconds tragedy doesn't exist anymore — who's to say what's real. The Kinks take us on a picnic with them, skipping over the hills to John Dalton's bass patterns, listening to the birds, watching the dogs run, fall-



aren't they? The parade is just about over, but he really can't figure out what went wrong, why it didn't turn out as he had planned, as he'd hoped it would. Maybe those crazy ideas the young people have are worth something . . . Ray offers his hand, reaching out for him at the end: "Arthur we read you and understand you/Arthur we like you and want to help you/Oh! We love you and want to help you."

That's *Arthur*—an Englishman's life and thoughts and hopes and dreams, stories that Ray Davies wrote and produced, little scenes that the Kinks act out in playing and singing, an album that is a masterpiece on every level: Ray Davies' finest hour, the Kinks' supreme achievement.



Arthur, the Kinks (Reprise 6366)

"You look like a real human being but . . ." "He got feet/ Down/ below his knees/ Hold you in his arms, yeah you can feel his disease . . ."

It's all over for England. They've had their history and it's been written in books; they've fought their wars and buried their heroes. The English have owned the world and jettisoned their empire, and all that's left is—rock and roll. "England has got all the bad points of Nazi Germany, all the pompous pride of France, all the old fashioned patriotism of the old Order Of The Empire. It's got everything that's got nothing to do with music . . . the poxy little shit-stained island." So said Pete Townshend.

And the Kinks' answer, like the Band's answer to the American questions, is that a band makes its music out of whatever history has to offer. *Arthur* has the same guts as the Band's new album, that same reach back into the past, the same sense of age—like the Band, the Kinks can play the role of man near the end of his life when they themselves are merely in their twenties. *Arthur* is more fun, more cutting, and in the end simply hilarious because whatever England was, it isn't any more, and the Kinks are set free of all responsibilities. Christine Keeler died for their sins.

The Kinks are fun. Ray belts out "Victoria," and manages to sound pompous and fat—just like the girl herself—while doing so. The band drops off all restraints and finally performs like a real rock and roll band instead of like a bunch of old ladies. Dave Davies takes solos with delightful horns as a back-up, not to display virtuosity (which he has) but because the songs are too much fun to stop. On "Mr. Churchill Says" the band moves effortlessly into a three or four part number, changing the tempo, the mood, and the melody while never losing a superb dancing beat. Many of the songs display that sort of genius: "Shangri-la," "Australia," and more. The complexity of the compositions doesn't intrude because these delights are composed, not constructed, as were "Happiness Is a Warm Gun," "A Day in the Life," or the collages on *Abbey Road*. The music's like a verbal and instrumental jam session with divine inspiration as a rhythm section.

The music will move anyone who listens, because there is such an enormous mount of pathos in what Ray Davies has done. He's presented the last hundred years of English history through the eyes of one little man who never meant a thing to the rest of the world—as if Sinclair Lewis had followed *Babbalanza* from birth to death and then made it into a musical comedy.

Less ambitious than *Tommy*, and far more musical—no fillers, no waste tracks, not a matter of ideas but of perceptions worked out by bass, drums, voices, horns and guitars—*Arthur* is by all odds the best British album of 1969. It shows that Pete Townshend still has worlds to conquer, and that the Beatles have a lot of catching up to do. GREIL MARCUS



Ten Years After: 'Mellow'

Perhaps a week or two ago, a very wise kid shuffling about in an old pawn shop was approached by an aging but slick pawnshop keeper. The old man watched with amusement as the young longhair looked through all the shiny and not so shiny instruments hanging in the yellowed window and stuffed into the backroom.

"What can I do for you, young man," the keeper said, rolling back on his heels, his hands in his pockets, the standard toothpick hanging out of the corner of his tight dry lips.

"Looking for something to play," the kid answered with nary a glance up to the sly old man. The kid's fingers were busy threading their way into the darkest recesses of all the back corners of the room, in quest of some forgotten treasure.

"Ah," the shopkeeper smiled, rolling his eyes toward the ceiling. "A tuba; perhaps, so you can join the high school band." He paused chuckling for a second, and then leaned forward, his sallow eyes quickly ablaze, his voice close and whispering loudly. "Or a guitar, an electric guitar, a Gibson Les Paul so you can make loud noises and maybe next week be a big star? Eh?"

The kid pushed the hair out of his eyes and grimaced at the pawnshop keeper. "No," he said.

"No? That's not it?" The old man drew back askance. "You don't want to learn to play the guitar?"

"Naw," the kid answered without any apparent interest, adding what seemed mere token explanation. "A lot of guys can play the guitar, and play it real well." He was silent for a moment as his hand settled gently on an old red Les Paul Junior. The kid turned, looked up at the aging keeper, and said in a very strange and remorseful voice, "What's the use anyway? And ten years after what could I do that a million guys can't do now?" The kid smiled, obviously struck by something he had said. "Ten Years After. Ha. Isn't that funny. I'd almost forgotten." And he laughed once more.

"Ha. Do you know what I said? Do you know that last week I was really tired of listening to the guitar, no matter who was trying to get it on?" The hair settled back over his eyes, and the old man drew his hands from his pockets and cocked a thick finger under his chin. "Clapton, B.B., Page, all of them. The same old stuff. They weren't moving, ya know? Refinements, not extensions. I really thought the days of the guitar were numbered." The kid picked up the smooth red axe and plucked the metal strings lightly. "Then I heard the new album."

"New album?" the old man quizzed, puzzled by the whole thing. "What new album?"

"Sssh," the kid said with a smile, "Ten Years After."

"What?" The man looked around suspiciously. "When? Who?"

"Ten Years After," the kid said again.

"Ten Years After?" the old man asked, frowning his eyebrows. "And whom pray tell is that?"

"Ten Years After is . . ."

There was a singularly long pause, with not so much as the blinking of an eye. The boy lowered the guitar to its resting place, and then added his last words.

"And Alvin Lee . . . I think perhaps he is God."

The boy smiled at the old man for the final time and turned toward the front entrance. Just before closing the door, he paused and looked back in, still smiling, and said, "What's left for me to do but pass the Word? Why do I have to play? Why does anyone? It's already been done."

He closed the door and slipped out, humming an Alvin Lee run. A passing freak and businessman both nodded.

"Mellow," they said in unison.

"Yeh," the kid answered. "Mellow."

And as they moved by one another, the kid hoped that they understood, and were not just talking as so many are prone to do.

J. R. YOUNG



Words and Music by Bob Dylan, the Hollies (Epic BN 26447)

The Hollies, an institution in British rock since the very early Beatle days, have always been among the most conservative of English groups. They were, for instance, the last to abandon the neo-Elvis hair-style and the last to begin to write their own material. This conservatism began to bring their nominal leader, rhythm-guitarist and singer-of-high-harmonies Graham Nash, down somewhere around the time of "Carrie Anne." "Enough of this formulaic commercial stuff," said Graham, except not in so many words. "We must become progressive." "All right," said the other Hollies, somewhat reluctantly and not in so many words, and together the five of them proceeded to make two mildly experimental albums, *Evolution* and *Dear Eloise/King Midas in Reverse*. After which they began to bicker again.

"We are essentially entertainers, and as such should be concentrating on reproducing the Hollies sound that our public is known to dig," said the other Hollies in general and Tony Hicks in particular, except not in so many words. "No, we are artists, and as such should not be doing the same old thing year in and year out," said Graham, who was also dragged by the fact that he was writing about six out of ten of their originals and getting only a third of the credit, except in so many words. "Let's do a *Hollies Sing Dylan* album," said the other Hollies. "Let's not," said Graham, "We're not capable of doing his material justice."

The results: the Nash-less Hollies and this album, which, depending on your perspective, is either (1) everything Graham warned it would be, that is, frequently insensitive to Dylan's material and a bit too predictably Hollies-commercial, or (2) a flying gas.

Well yes, the new Hollies, featuring Terry Sylvester in Nash's spot, are generally oblivious to the sort of ironic nuances that characterize many of the Dylan songs they have chosen (without much imagination, it should be noted—the commerciality of nearly everything included has been previously demonstrated by someone or other) to perform.

But here is the place to mention that this album must be taken on its own terms—there isn't a down arrangement on this album, and absolutely everything included gets the same unabashedly exuberant, gloriously unpretentious and commercial treatment, associations notwithstanding.

To my favorite cuts. Corny strings open "Blowin' in the Wind," which the Hollies take in the slow, schlockily jazzy half-time that Bobby Darin used to go over so big with. After each "blow-whoa-whoa-whoa-in' in the wind" chorus, some very Hollywood-musicalish horns waltz in with what I am convinced must be the corniest figure I've ever heard on a rock and roll record. And at the end there's a smooth fade followed by a wonderfully absurd coda. All of which amounts to magnificent camp and what I consider to be a truly breathtaking reading of Dylan, as is the case with "Just Like A Woman" and "The Mighty Quinn," a good ol' razzamatizzer with yet more campy horns, Hicks' decidedly snappy banjo, and marchy drums.

Oh, for those who are keeping score, Nash's absence isn't even noticeable, in such fine form vocally are Clarke, Hicks, and Sylvester. He's supposed to be on three cuts, but I'll be damned if I can figure out which ones.

In short I love this album and, as always, I love the Hollies. Listen to *Words And Music by Bob Dylan* for their part more than Dylan's and you're sure to be utterly knocked out. It's simple and happy rock and roll at its very best.

JOHN MENDELSON



LADY SINGERS

WENDY WEINTRAUB



Kozmic Blues, Janis Joplin (Columbia KCS 9913)

It's all so ironic, the lamentable history of "America's greatest female white blues singer" — ironic because finally here's Album #3, and *Kozmic Blues* is fine and solid and almost justifies the long hype after all. Gabriel Mekler has left the Steppenwolf excesses elsewhere and done a creditable job of toned-down production. Lone survivor Sam Andrew gets off some good guitar licks, especially on "One Good Man" and "Work Me, Lord"; and the pick-up horns function smoothly, though without much inspiration (nice on "Maybe" though).

Janis herself emerges triumphant in the shorter—and, for her, more controlled—numbers. Her luxurious version of "Maybe" is a triumph of its own, quite unlike the goldie oldie; and Janis' lower-register "Little Girl Blue" may pleasantly surprise the folks who know it only from Sarah Vaughn and others. "Kozmic Blues" itself is a small-but-large masterpiece, with luminous autobiographical lyrics and a fully realized performance. The horns herald the way, the uncredited piano surges through the arteries of the song like life-blood, and Lady Janis sermonizes beautifully—the first song of hers that's seemed to rise from the soul as well as the guts.

The rest of the album merits praise, too — except for the terrible vocal arrangement on "Try" and the sock-hop-Fifties saxophone on "As Good as You've Been To This World."

But, for all that, I'll play *Kozmic Blues* a few times, then file it away. I just don't care any more—my loss, not yours, all you faithful, but I no longer can hear what it was that turned me on at Monterey. The good's gone. Or as Janis sings in the title tune: "Time keeps movin' on; friends they turn away . . . And it don't make no difference, babe . . ."

ED LEIMBACHER

Kozmic Blues, Janis Joplin (Columbia KCS 9913)

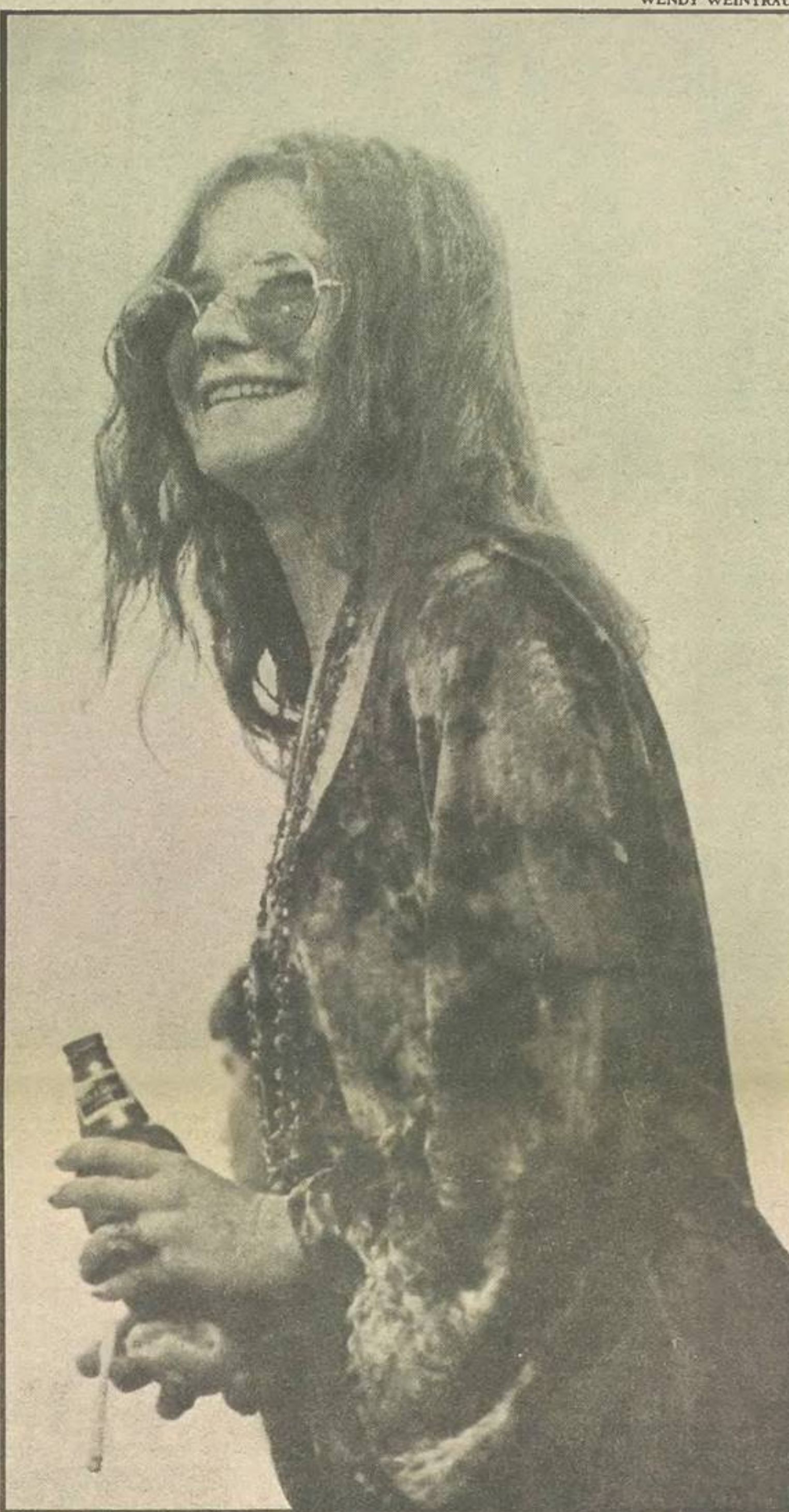
Janis herself has never sounded better on record, but it took me four full listenings to the LP before I could hear her. That's how bad her band is. When (and if) you get hold of this record, my suggestion is that you listen really hard to how awful the backup is — everything from the arrangements to the level of musicianship. Those sons of bitches can't do anything really right. The only answer is to get super-familiar with what they're doing so you can ignore it. And then dig Janis.

They can't be *that* bad, you say?

On "Try," they stutter along like Stax rejects, thudding out a 16-to-the-bar quick-step so metronomic it defies you to pat your foot, let alone get up and dance. Janice sounds great, but—

"One Good Man" contains perhaps the only instrumental blessing on the whole record, wherein Sam Andrew plays a tolerable bottleneck introduction and obligato to Janis' vocal. At least the rest of the band is relaxed on this track, even if they add nothing. (Disconcerting reminders of Canned Heat intrude late in the arrangement, however.)

"As Good As You've Been To This World" finds the band back in their accustomed groove: incredibly stiff ensemble passages which sound for all the world like a college marching band at half-time doing their big *Swing* routine. Snooky Flowers plays the worst baritone saxophone solo I have ever heard, discounting only a handful of amateur performers at jam sessions in people's garages. The tenor sax solo, while empty, is somewhat less embarrassing. The trumpet solo consists mainly of excruciating pauses where he was hung for ideas that never, alas, came. Then comes a big chug-CHUG-CHUG buildup to Janis' vocal, reminiscent of those fine, socking arrangements behind Otis Redding—except that Janis' band falls completely



on its face. The big buildup is a huge, fumbling let-down, and only a massive effort of will on Janis' part manages to make the track in any way listenable. (The way it's recorded, her voice is buried in among the horns, so that, at times, it sounds like a grotesque duel between her and Flowers' ugly, snorting horn.)

On "To Love Somebody," Janis is positively impassioned, imparting a terrifying urgency to the repeated line "You don't know . . ." The band is *almost* mellow behind her, and the stomping arrangement is the only one on the record with any true character. It is marred, though, by uncertain intonation in the horns. Somebody's out of tune—and why producer Gabriel Mekler, Janis' organist, allowed this to happen is hard to imagine. *Anybody* can see to it that a band tunes up.

"Little Girl Blue" is a fine old Rodgers & Hart tune, and Janis is in fine form, unleashing her Texas furies (coupled with intimations of both Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington) upon the song's fragile melody. But the intro—Sam Andrew's guitar playing a fugal line—is almost identical to Big Brother's arrangement to "Summertime." Why should this be? Will every ballad Janis does get the same sweet/funky back-up? The string arrangement (!) is limber enough, and properly elegant — until

at the very end, the final cello note (meant to cap off the whole thing) slides down at least a half-step flat. It destroys the whole beautiful mood Janis has created, really, because you are left with the feeling that the whole thing is essentially slipshod. Amazing that Columbia would release this!

"Work Me Lord" is excellent Joplin, despite an ensemble that steals the well-worn "Hey Jude" figure, and despite the ragged horns, which blow sour ones right and left. Janis gives this track (indeed, the whole record) whatever vitality it's got. Listen when she's not singing, here and elsewhere, where the band's on their own. Without Janis to lean on they sound lumpier than a beer hall accordion band.

One of the principal faults is the wooden, mechanical drumming. But it's not just the drummers, and not just the rhythm section. On the basis of this record, there's not a funky cat in the band—and that's the pure hell of it: nothing is more disgusting than listening to unfunky cats work at funk. It's fortunate for Janis that she's funky enough—all by herself—to overcome.

She sounds great. Just great. It's simply a matter of reaching the point where you are able to shut out the band—entirely—and listen to this woman sing. An odd strategy, admittedly, but guaranteed worth it.

JOHN BURKS

The Chantels (End LP-301)

The balloting is in on the Best Female Vocalist in Rock and Roll History. The results: second place—Aretha, third place—Tina Turner, fourth place—Janis Joplin. First place, the winner—ARLENE SMITH!

What? You say you've never heard of Arlene Smith? How could an unknown place first ahead of Aretha and the others?

Let me assure you that this review is entirely serious. It is not a put on, not an artsy reviewer's way of saying that esoteric "oldies" are always the best. For although the "poll" was taken among a small handful of rock fans, we were able to agree after listening to *The Chantels* that their lead vocalist, Arlene Smith, could out-sing any of her competitors before or since.

The Chantels were a quintet of young, pretty black chicks popular in the late Fifties. They were the earliest pioneers of the gospel-rock big sound later developed by Phil Spector. You have probably heard their two biggest hits, "Maybe" (redone by Janis on her new album) and "I Love You So," classics in anybody's book. They were the marvelous prototype for a host of female rock groups—the Crystals, the Ronettes, the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas—and they were better than all of them put together. When they stopped singing in the early Sixties, it was a sad moment in American music.

The thing that always surprises me about a Chantels song is that the Cleveland Symphony and the Duke Ellington Orchestra are not backing them up. It only sounds like they are. For the Chantels never used heavy instrumentation in their work. On most records it's just piano, bass, snare drum and organ, and playing damn quietly at that. The remarkable power and fullness of the sound comes solely from the voices of the Chantels, in particular the astounding voice of Arlene Smith.

What's so great about her voice? Well, to be frank, it starts where all other voices in rock stop. Arlene sounds like twenty Arethas (and I dig Aretha), eighty Dionne Warwicks, and three hundred of anybody else you can name. When she reaches for a high note she just keeps going. There is never a hint of strain. Nothing drops out. Her tone expands in breadth to match the requirements of high pitch. Most singers have to rely on well-produced crescendos by the horns and strings to cover up the fact that the voice can't cut it up there. Listen to Diana Ross, for example. This simply doesn't happen with Arlene. Like a three thousand dollar stereo system playing Beethoven's Ninth, the high, lows and mid range extend into infinity. Arlene Smith's is not only the best voice I've ever heard, it is also the best instrument of any kind I've ever encountered. It sounds like mythical bells preserved by the gods which the world's best pipe organs try to emulate but never quite reach.

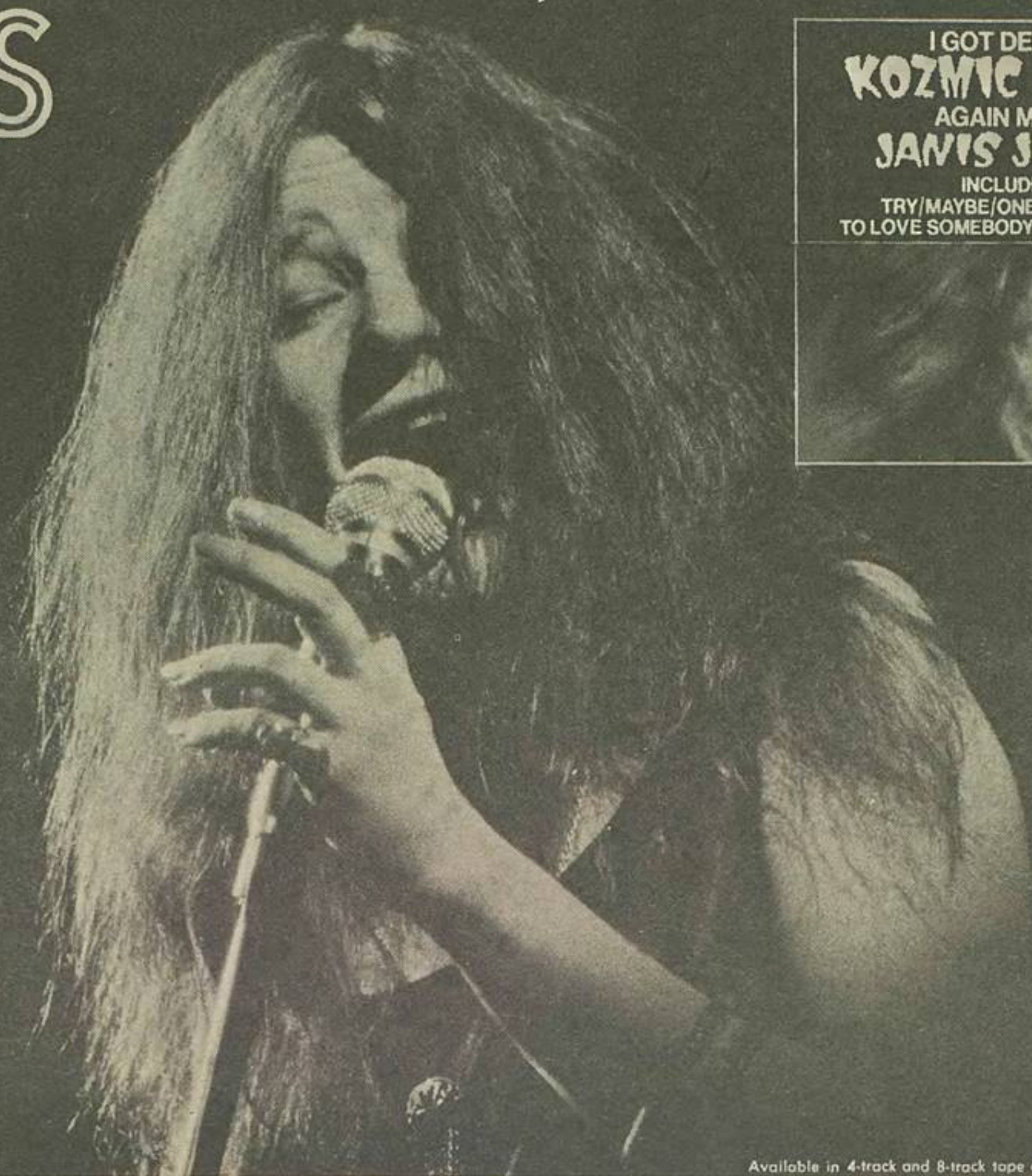
What's most amazing about it is that Arlene's incredible range and tone quality are not purchased at the cost of phrasing. With the possible exception of Billie Holiday, I've never heard a woman make every word count the way she does. There's an edge on her voice that's at once very sexy and very, very deep. Listen to the trill in the phrase "I want you to *know*" in the song "I Love You So." You'd have to ransack the archives of all contemporary music to find another line that would even come close to its impact.

On the album *The Chantels* we find some of Arlene's best work preserved. In addition to the songs already named, it contains "The Plea," "Every Night," "Whoever You Are" and several others. My favorite of them all is "If You Try," a song I'd never heard until some-

—Continued on Page 42

JANIS

With a new band
and a new blues.



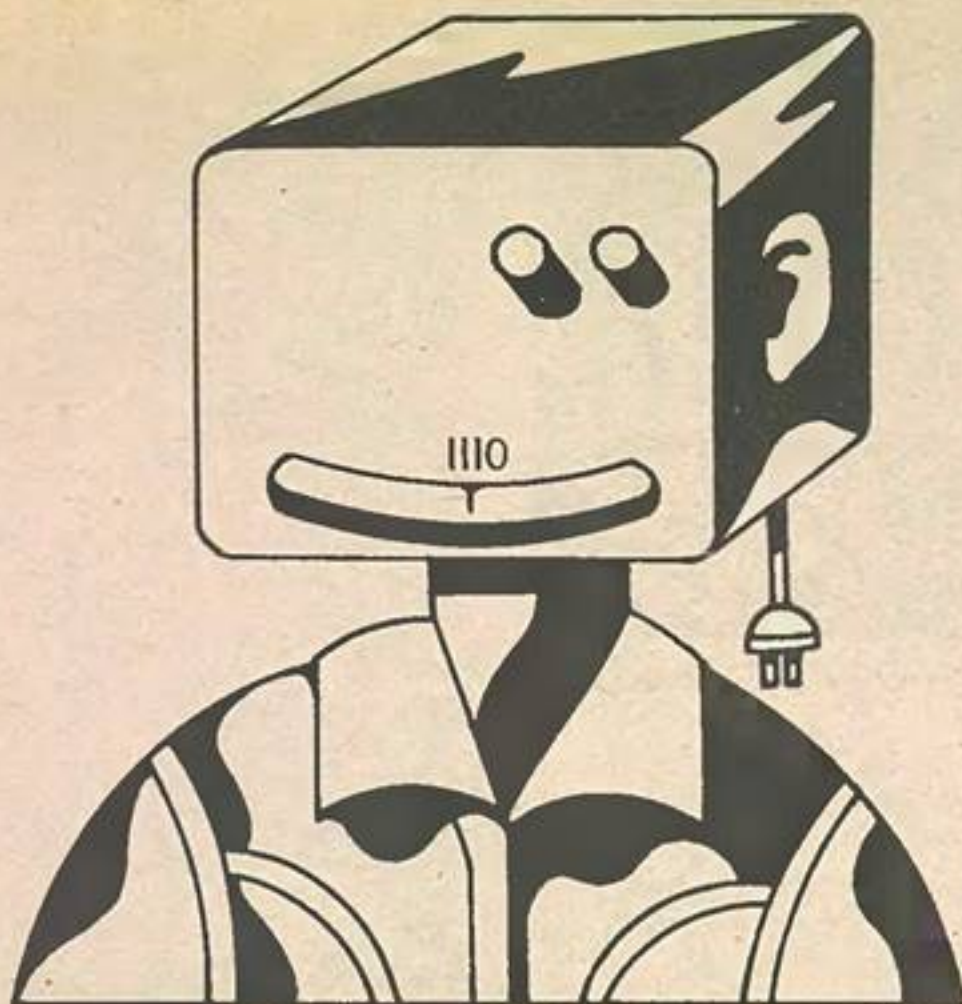
I GOT DEM OL'
KOZMIC BLUES
AGAIN MAMA!
JANIS JOPLIN
INCLUDING:
TRY/MAYBE/ONE GOOD MAN
TO LOVE SOMEBODY/WORK ME, LORD



On Columbia
Records

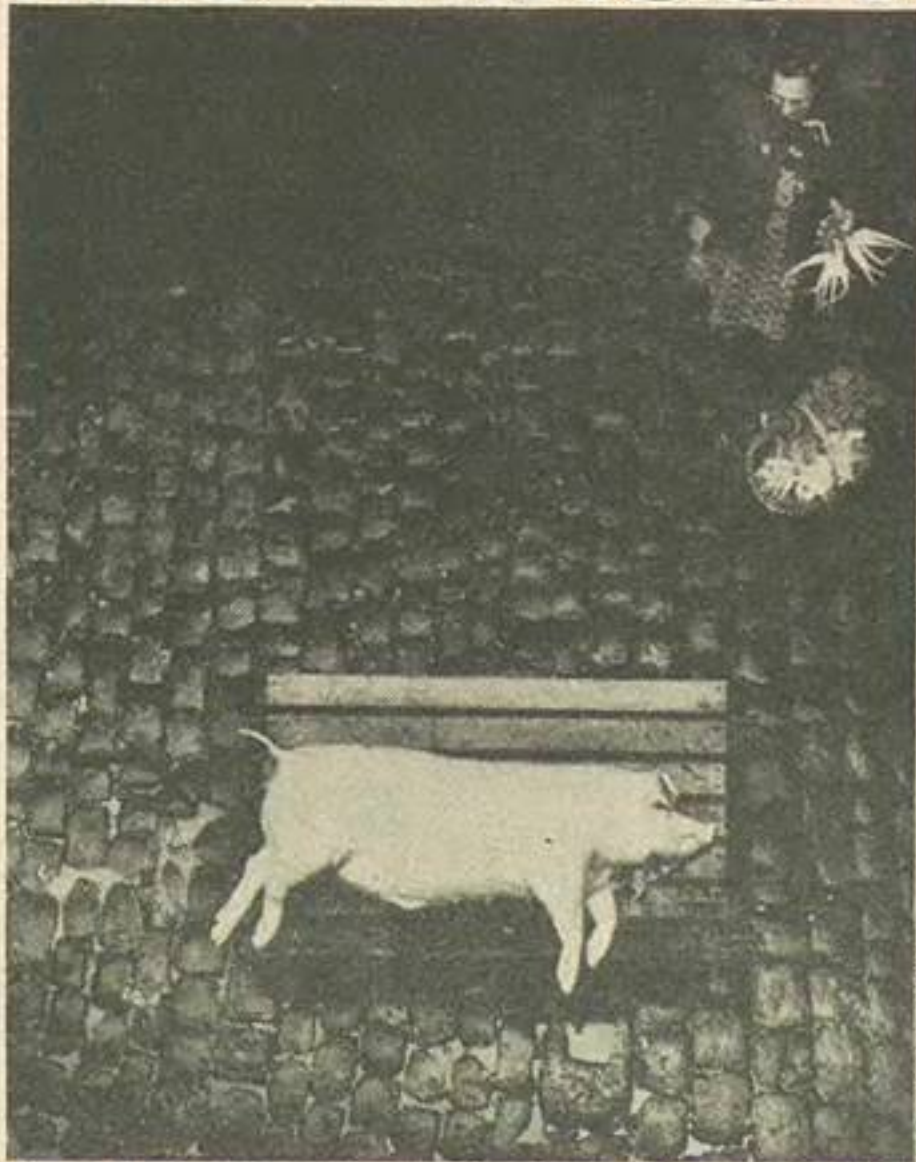
Available in 4-track and 8-track tape cartridge and 4-track reel-to-reel tape

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**KRLA
GETS L.A.'S
HEAD INTO
HEAVY
ALBUM
MUSIC**

THESE THINGS TOO



Robert Hauser

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

a new album on REPRISE 6364

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one pushed the album into my hands a couple of weeks ago. It combines the conviction and warmth of "Maybe" with the sheer force "I Love You So." The sound is so big that I'm afraid I'll have to ask the city council for a zoning change in order to keep in my house. Most unbelievable of all, however, is the fact that Arlene was only fifteen years old when she made these cuts. Amazing.

Until we can hear some new recordings from Arlene, we'll just have to



thrive on the cuts from volumes #3 and #10 of Golden Goodies albums (Roulette 24217 and 25218). Hopefully, *The Chantels* will also be released again by whoever owns the rights to it. What few copies of it still exist can be obtained from the chap who sold me mine. Address inquiries to: Charlie Hines, Nor-Cal Super Stop, 1175 Howard St., San Francisco, 94103.

From the best information I've been able to gather, Arlene Smith now lives in the Bronx and has stopped singing professionally. It's entirely possible that the only people who hear that wonderful voice nowadays are her children as she rocks them to sleep at night.

LANGDON WINNER



Mother Earth Presents Tracy Nelson Country (Mercury SR-61230)

Save yourself the shock and play the "Country Side" of Mother Earth's new *Joyful Noise* just before you play Tracy Nelson Country. They were cut about the same time last spring, and while I think of both albums as a package, this one is very definitely Tracy Nelson's album.

I am tempted to say that the whole album could have been cut in 1955, but I would be relying on a child's memories. There's even some Carl Perkins picking—or is it Luther Perkins? About the only compromise with the trappings of contemporary rock is a strange sort of pacing. I don't mean to be enigmatic. The slower tunes are just fast enough to upset my sense of the conventional.

I can't caricature Tracy Nelson for you. Let's just say that this isn't Joan Baez dropping into town to lay down a little Dylan with those funny rednecks. Let's say that this album is not some honky girl picking a sister's purse. Let's

just say that Tracy is less where than housewife—farmwife, actually—and be done with it.

Sometimes it's hard for me to believe that there are any real women (and I don't mean Real Women) in rock, or pop or whatever it is we call it now. Are they all punks in drag or are they cartoons? They all meet the demands of the masturbators in Fillmore East and those house eunuchs that are hired out with the proud titles of House Freaks in Hollywood. Some of the most incredible pornography ever published is available in any record shop.

I say pornography because I think a woman like Joplin is encouraged to commit as many unnatural acts with a microphone as The Public will allow. Abstractions, outright thefts, erotic cartoons: she is cheered not because she is a genius (which she is) but because she is naked. What a drag! Wasn't Judy Garland enough for the 20th Century?

That's why I dig Tracy Nelson. The only politics she plays are the politics of herself. The album is flawed, like all the Stones' albums are flawed, like Japanese pottery is flawed—the false note you hear is that of a human being, but as in all fine products, the flaws just remind you of how human greatness is.

An that's just what this album is: great. Not monumental—everybody's got tombstones enough to carry already. This is an album of the flesh, the skin, not the Mind. The last tune, Hank Williams' "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," provides all the conviction I need to write this. The rest is Christmas gravy.

PATRICK THOMAS



Dusty in Memphis, Dusty Springfield (Atlantic SD 8214)

A few months ago I walked into the ROLLING STONE office and palely inquired if the journal might possibly be interested in a review of the then-new Dusty Springfield album. Blank stares and a few snickers. Today, Jackie De Shannon's "Put a Little Love in Your Heart" is one of the day's events on AM radio and I still dig *Dusty in Memphis*.

Dusty started out with a nice little rocker called "I Only Want to Dance With You," her first hit, riding in on the heels of Beatle boots in 1964, and then scored with, some of us anyway, a monster, "Wishin' and Hopin'." As opposed to Leslie Gore's great single, "You Don't Own Me," Dusty's song was the ultimate anti-Women's Liberation ballad: "Wear your hair, just for him..." We used to turn it up loud on double-dates. Dusty had this way with words, a soft, sensual box (voice) that allowed her to combine syllables until they turned into pure cream. "Anlvrything'inbouth'greeeaaate true love is..." And then a couple of years later she hit the top with "The Look of Love" and seemed destined to join that crowd of big-bosomed, low-necked lady singers that play what Lenny Bruce called "the class rooms" and always encore with "Born Free."

It didn't happen, and *Dusty in Memphis* is the reason why. This album was constructed with the help of some of the best musicians in Memphis and with the use of superb material written by, among others, Jerry Goffin & Carol King, Randy Newman, and Barry Mann & Cynthia Weil. Now Dusty is not a

soul singer, and she makes no effort to "sound black"—rather she is singing songs that ordinarily would have been offered by their writers to black vocalists. Most of the songs, then, have a great deal of depth while presenting extremely direct and simple statements about love. Unlike Aretha, who takes possession of whatever she does, Dusty sings around her material, creating music that's evocative rather than overwhelming. Listening to this album will not change your life, but it'll add to it.

There are three hits on this LP, and they are representative of the rest of it. "Son of a Preacher Man" is as down-home as Dusty gets; it has an intro that's funky, a vocal that's almost dirty. The bass gives the song presence and Dusty doesn't have to strain to carry it off. No one has topped her version of this yet and no one's likely to. "Don't Forget About Me" is to my ears the best cut here—it opens with a counterpoint between bass and vibrating guitar that's tremendously exciting, and then Dusty enters, her voice almost like another instrument. The song picks up Gene Chrisman's woodblock and the Sweet Inspirations and it's a fast race home. Piano cues Reggie Young's sizzling guitar (and it's a crime that Atlantic mixed Young down from the version used on the single) toward the end, and it's his show from then on. Better musicianship is not to be found, and I include Dusty as one of those musicians.

Finally, there's "The Windmills of Your Mind," a slick song that served as the soundtrack for the slickest movie of recent years, *The Thomas Crown Affair*.

The rest of the album falls somewhere in between this cut and the other hits, but not to be missed are superb versions of "No Easy Way Down," "So Much Love," and "Just a Little Lovin'."

Most white female singers in today's music are still searching for music they can call their own. Dusty is not searching—she just shows up, and she, and we, are better for it.

GREIL MARCUS



Nothing But a Heartache, the Flirtations (Deram DES 18028)

The Flirtations are the latest in a line of black girls' singing groups that includes, among others, the Crystals, the Shirelles, and the Supremes. At their best they begin to approach the grandeur and excitement of the Chantels; usually, they sound like the Marvellettes working over waste tracks for a Motown album. Their problem isn't talent, but

material. All but one of the cuts on their first album are co-authored by Wayne Bickerton (the girls' Liverpool producer—they're Southern chicks that that decided to start over again in England, a la the Walker Brothers & Jimi Hendrix) and Tony Waddington. The best tracks follow a simple formula: about three lines to a song, repeated over and over in the face of a blinding wall of horns, drums, and piano. The lead singer has to carry it, expressing real emotion with up-tempo impact, never allowing the listener to escape The Plea. Which is to say that while producer Bickerton could have carried off "Da Da Ron Ron," he would have fallen down flat if he'd tried something like "Walking in the Rain."

"Nothing But a Heartache" sold half a million as a single last Spring, and it doesn't even have a good beat. That should give one some idea of the scope of the girls' vocal talents. It's "Need Your Loving" that showcases everything the Flirtations and Bickerton have got to offer. Simply, Bickerton does with horns and a hard rock band (a drummer with the sound of Ginger Baker and the timing of Buttrey, a guitarist that evokes images of Steve livid with rage, and a bassist with the freedom of Bruce) what Spector did with strings and choruses. The variety of the horn sound, catching both highs and lows, the superb timing of the band itself, and the call-response of the lead singer and her chorus is astounding. Bickerton breaks up the surging momentum of the cut with a drastic chord change, and yet sustains the excitement by using the bass to parallel the lines of the lead singer. They are that tight. By the end of the song the girls in the background are singing horn riffs. There's a sense of chaos, the feeling that the entire production is ready to explode from the pressure it itself has brought into being.

I'd rank this track with anything Spector ever did with the Crystals. Like "Da Da Ron Ron," the Flirtations' "Need Your Love" is hard rock—a very special, treasured kind, the kind only young girls can create.

The rest of the record has its moments, and is listenable, though it doesn't stand up as an album. I still recommend it without reservation to any fan of the Crystals, the Chantels, the Ronettes, or the Vandellas who's been wondering where that good sound went. The sound is here on this record—not a lot, but enough. Those who long for it will understand.

GREIL MARCUS



The Two Sides of Linda Gail Lewis (Smash SRS 67119)

On her very first album, Jerry Lee Lewis' younger sister establishes herself as one of the finest female country & western vocalists performing today. She sounds as good as all but two or three country chicks who've ever recorded. Not bad at age twenty-two. Linda has one of the strongest deliveries going, stronger than Janis and stronger than most black girls save for older gospel singers. Although she's Jerry Lee's younger sister, she's by no means his "little" sister; she's a very big, sexy girl, nearly six feet tall. Power she has aplenty, but as we've all heard, power is not necessarily art. Linda has a lot more than pure power; she possesses a profoundly resonant voice and a beautiful sobbing delivery that I've only heard equalled by the late Patsy Cline. Linda now sounds like a less nasal, more powerful, less controlled and more soulful June Carter.

From listening to this LP and attending several of her recent performances, I believe Linda may be one of the very few white girls in American popular music to emerge as a great singer, deserving equal recognition with many great black artists of American musical history. Her brother has done it, and her initial efforts indicate she may do it.

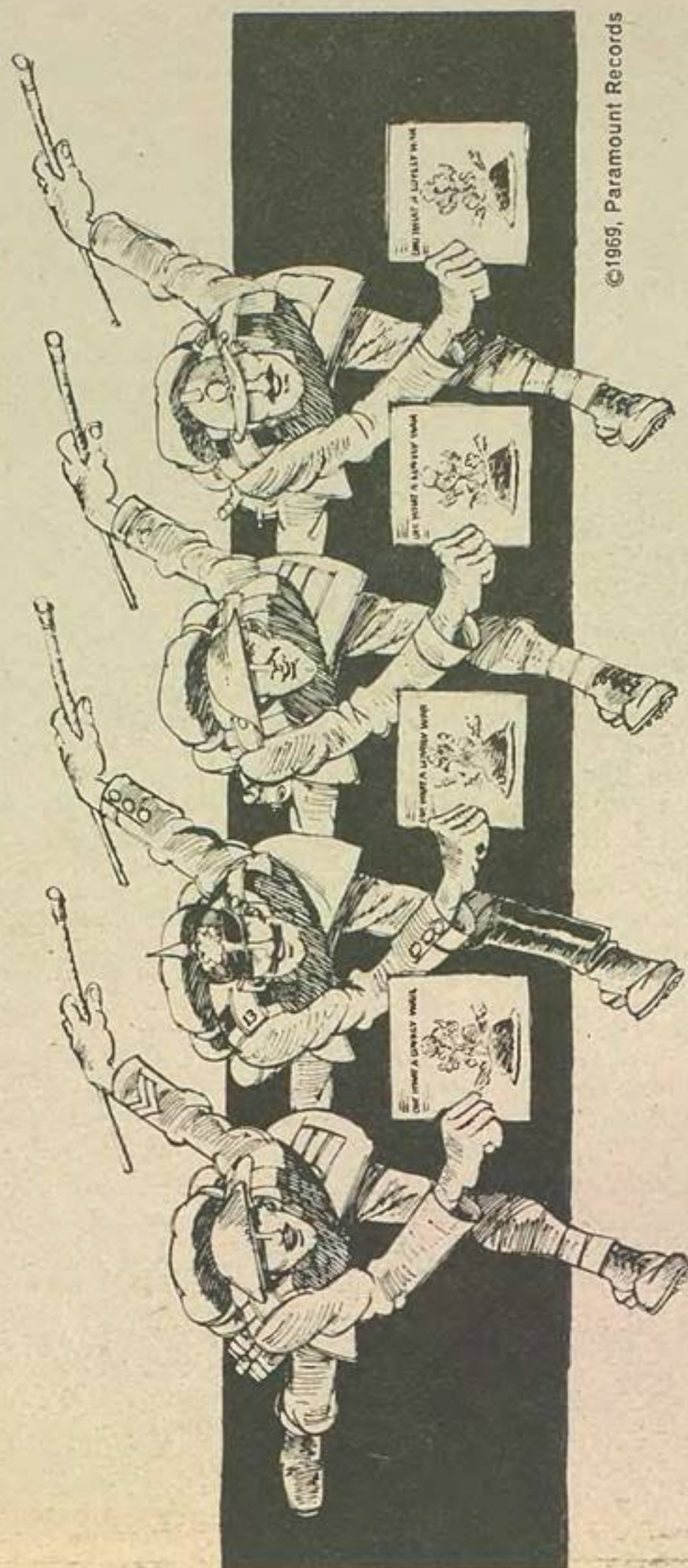
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**** "Oh! What a Lovely War!"—The Original Cast re-lives this colorful saga on Paramount Records

CRITICS ARE UNANIMOUS! WORLD WAR I WAS LOVELY!

"...This was the big one... I wouldn't have missed it for the world...!"

FIELD MARSHALL MENSES, RET.



THESE THINGS TOO



PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

a new album on REPRISE 6364

Yes, there really is a tommy flanders



We found him and held on to him long enough to gather

"The Moonstone"



FTS-3075

Verve
FORECAST

Verve/Forecast Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.



Continued from Page 42

too. True, many country women have approached Ma Rainey, Memphis Minnie, and Billie Holiday, but most of them have found themselves too restricted by the idiom to have gained the wider recognition of the great black singers. Linda, however, also sings boss rock and roll and R&B (though not on this album). In performance with her manically gifted brother, she proves that she's as good as any rocker around.

Unlike her new LP with Jerry Lee (*Together*, Smash SRS-67126), *Two Sides* is all country. With the exception of the first two songs on side one, which stink, the cuts range from good to stone soul dynamite. Even working with mediocre material, Linda wails convincingly, and on all tracks the fiddles and steel guitar provide excellent accompaniment, occasionally taking off for some superb solos.

Among the best cuts: "He's Loved Me Too Much," the strongest song on the album, written by Linda and Cecil Harrelson (Jerry Lee's business partner and road manager). It is delivered with the most beautiful sobbing technique I've ever heard and is backed by excellent steel and fiddle work. "Don't Let Me Cross Over" is a country oldie on which Linda duets with her brother. Tighter, more soulful harmony you'll rarely hear. Finally there's "T-H-E E-N-D," an exuberantly mean, "tough luck, jack" divorce song that is a welcome alternative to Tammy Wynette's weepy, maudlin pop and country hit of 1968, "D-I-V-O-R-C-E." There's a female passivity complex prevalent among many country girls, exemplified by the "you-cheat-on-me-and/or-always-come-home-drunk-but-I-still-love-you" ditties often heard on country and pop stations. It's good, for a change, to hear a country song and singer with female assertiveness.

If you dig country music or good female vocalists, don't miss this album. Don't be put off by the ridiculous record packet or Linda's present single, the worst song on the record (the best is the B-side, naturally), an overly commercial thing called "South Side Soul Society Chapter #1." The rest of the album is powerful, unpretentiously moving, and a hell of a lot of fun to listen to.

ANDY BOEHM



Melanie (Buddah BDS 5041)

Beauty is big concern in songbird Melanie Safka's second outing on Viewlex Inc. subsid Buddah Records. A bouquet of "ugly duckling" songs ("Any Guy," "Take Me Home") explores the theme from one angle, and there is even a "Beautiful People," full of with-it big city mysticism ("You ride the same subway/As I do ev'ry morning/That's got to tell you something") and tear-jerking empathy ("I'd gather everyone together for a day/And when we're gathered/I'd pass out buttons that say/Beautiful People").

Screecher bridges generation gap not only in the obvious "For My Father" ("I'm gonna spend myself for the sake of a rhyme/But I'll save a little bit For My Father"), but in general approach. The Broadway niterie showbiz standards tradition, usually eschewed by young performers today, provides inspiration both for her self-penned tunes, notably "I've Been to New York" (Uptown and Down), "Again," and "Johnny Boy" (it's good to hear someone rhyme *wine* and *summertime* again), and also for her Blossom-Deary-cum-alleycat delivery.

Only track that's no click is "Baby Guitar," a far-out surrealist trip about a singer who "makes love to all her songs" and gives birth to a . . . you guessed it. Some will find it too explicit, many in questionable taste. Ventures into Psychedelia include "Deep Down Low" ("Oh! Please, I need help/Cause my deep down is low"). Standout of the set though is "Tuning My Guitar," in which warbler defends her innocent, pixyish image

against the "plastic" associations of the Buddah outfit ("I know they're not my family/And they're not my friends by far"). Decibel count peaks as she sock-screams out the words

But all the ones around me
Who don't know who you are
You hide and look uncertain
But hope I'll be a star
And all the ones around me
No matter who you are
Tonight you're gonna hold my curtain
I'm Tuning My Guitar

Song's possibilities are boosted by John Cameron's slick job of arranging.

Gamin's package should do well both on strength of little-lost-girl, jump-rope-and-nursery-rhymes appeal, and Buddah's "Insider Club" promotion, detailed on record sleeve. Also, all three liner fotos, by contrast with first outing, show chirper's nose from much more flattering angle.

GIG LEE



Sweet Linda Divine (Columbia CS 9771)

Sweet Linda Divine, known as Linda Tillery when she was with the Loading Zone, is a great soul belter who has had her first album messed by an overenthusiastic vinyl production job. It's a shame, because it has a joyous-happy feel to it and a lot of just plain guffawing and breeziness. The finish of the album is very professional; no ordinary shmoe could do this. It takes someone record executives trust, will give time and space to, and Who Just Might Know. Like Al Kooper.

I suppose it is good to have a fine hip person doing the A&R work in the studio instead of the old baldies, but Mister Kooper has a penchant for putting the Kooper Stamp on the product, rather than carve a good impression of the artist.

Sweet Linda's magnificent soul and grits are most apparent on "Same Time Same Place," an Isaac Hayes-David Porter ("Hold On, I'm Coming," etc.) tune. She sings it with the sad conviction to make it sound her own private "Ball and Chain." She is generally left alone on this cut with her own competent R&B backup band (Danny Saunders, organ; Steve Tracy, lead guitar; Henry Oden, bass; Denny Carmassi, drums), excepting for some obnoxious violin here and there.

Where this orchestration gets cut of hand is on Donovan's "Young Girl Blues," which is absolutely murdered. Heavy-handed strings are laid thick, and it comes out sounding an important piece of Sob.

Left to her own devices, Sweet Linda and the group show lots of Yas Yas enthusiasm and the good shouting soul we all fell in love with Janis for. Where they get into trouble is on the yipee-joke numbers, "I Love My Dog," and "I've Got A Tiger By The Tail," which are just self-indulgent, non-musical, overlong horse-arounds.

"Cigarettes and Coffee" is a trip back into almost too-deep seriousness. This song has been the route of Otis Redding, Gene Vincent, and, more recently, Buddy Miles. (Check back to Miles' *Electric Church* album for an almost identical eight-minute version). Linda's voice, however, almost sounds throatier than Miles' boyish wail.

Enough of Sweet Linda and the boys come through to make it a mostly worthy album. What we don't need to hear is Al Kooper's love (with Al Calello's) for horns, strings, distorted clavichords, his own name, his picture (see the ads), and that. (Quick cut to the disruption with Blood, Sweat & Tears). He might be good at recognizing talent or feeling out rock and roll, but he's better (and more harmless) playing back-up piano.

CHRIS HODENFIELD

JOHN BURKS



Stronger Than Dirt, Big Mama Thornton (Mercury SR 61225)

Anybody who has ever seen Big Mama Thornton perform will vouch for the fact that she is a consummate entertainer. So good, in fact, that it's sometimes easy to leave a concert feeling so happy about having seen her (200-plus pounds of boogaloo) that the music is almost secondary. In the past, her albums have been for Arhoolie, and often difficult to find except in specialty shops.

Stronger Than Dirt is her first album for a national label, and it's quite fortunate that this one is more easily available. It's a weird album that I'd like to recommend to you, but with some reservations. Producer Al Schmitt and arrangers Rene Hall and Everett Minor really got carried away with their jobs, and have almost bled Big Mama's music of the drive and spontaneity that are her trademarks. But she's into every song, heart and soul, and usually manages to prevail.

With her specialties, Big Mama has no peers. "Hound Dog," the song she recorded a year before Elvis, is not a bitter accusation, but a simple statement of fact. You ain't what you said you were, and I can dig that, but don't come 'round here no more. "And a bow wow to you, too!"

"Ball and Chain," the only song on the album Big Mama wrote herself, is much less piercing, yet just as emotive, as Janis Joplin's version. Big Mama voices the same desperation, each line punctuated by short, painful statements from the guitarist. The song bristles with the tension that only a perfect blues number can convey.

"Funky Broadway," which is actually a combination of that song and "Broadway Judge," sounds nothing like the rhythm and blue hit. It's almost, but not quite, a talking blues, complete with bars, booze, cops, jails and judges. "That Lucky Old Sun" and "Ain't Nothing You Can Do" are the kind of song Big Mama could sing to an audience on the Ed Sullivan Show as easily as to one at the Apollo, and everybody would be happy.

But the weak songs on the album stand out as much as the strong ones. The ar-

rangement on "Summertime" is insane beyond description; parts of it sound like they were copped from a TV theme. Try as she may, Big Mama can't save the song. "I Shall Be Released" is a mistake from beginning to end. The attempt to transform it into a big beat gospel-blues riff renders Dylan's masterpiece barely coherent.

It's really too bad the musicians backing her on this album aren't credited, because they are pure funk. The guitarist is so economical he doesn't waste a lick, and his solos are short and snappy, right to the point. Foxy little piano lines scamper in and out of every song. The organ is omnipresent, and the most expressive instrument on the album. And if you're one of those people who can't get enough of the bass, Big Mama has heard your plea.

If you've ever dug Big Mama live, you'll be amazed, and a bit disappointed, at how different she sounds on record. Either way, though, *Stronger Than Dirt* is a fine album to have around your house.

JOHN MORTHLAND

Xmas Release Set for Masked Marauders

NEW YORK—There have been countless queries from all sectors of the nation concerning the *Masked Marauders* LP (Deity DKS 9001/2) reviewed in our last ish. Because the album, which is said to feature, among others, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Al Kooper, Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Steve Cropper and John Lennon, is of special interest, our reviewer took the unusual step of constructing his comments from a pre-release acetate. The album has not, repeat not, yet been released, and, due to some last-minute re-mixing, may appear in a slightly different version from the one described. But Deity assures us that the differences will be slight.

Record stores and distributors have been swamped with orders from Buffalo to Boston. (Aaron's Records in Los Angeles and the Gramophone Shop in San Francisco have been telling customers that they expect a shipment in one week's time, which is, in plain fact, bullshit.) One enquiry from a man giving the name "Jim Smith" was found to have the same address as an agency under the direction of the Federal Narcotics Bureau. *Caveat emptor.*

An acetate was inadvertently leaked to San Francisco station KMPX for a few plays of "Can't Get No Nookie"—with its haunting echoes of "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Satisfaction"—and "Cowpie," which sounds a lot like the Nashville skyline looks. Not to mention duke, duke, "Duke of Earl" by the whole gang. Airplay came to an abrupt end when Deity apprehended—and promptly sacked—the leaking party.

In firm adherence to the underground nature of the product, the artists themselves are keeping strictly mum. Dylan is, as ever, unreachable; Jagger "has been in Australia all this while"; and Lennon & McCartney are said to be deeply immersed in the music industry. Until more can be revealed, *ROLLING STONE* can only echo Al Kooper's response to questions about the LP: "No comment."

But a few details:

A spokesman has revealed that pressings are skedded to begin at factories in New Haven, Toronto and Denver at mid-month, with the aim of getting the single "Can't Get No Nookie" b/w "Cowpie" to the record stores in early November, in order to hypo sales for the upcoming double-disc album, slotted for Xmas-season issue.

For the nonce, however, *ROLLING STONE* wishes to apologize for having set the ripples in motion prior to the actual physical splash itself—at least to those dealers and consumers who have been inconvenienced.

August 6, 1969

A moon in the blue morning
Like a high fly to the
outfield
In Gemini Stadium
Meadow garden atmosphere
sky pill
Cactus flower on fire in the
green
I fall on the belly of life I bleat
Can't tell why Little Milton
feels so bad

—Tom Clark

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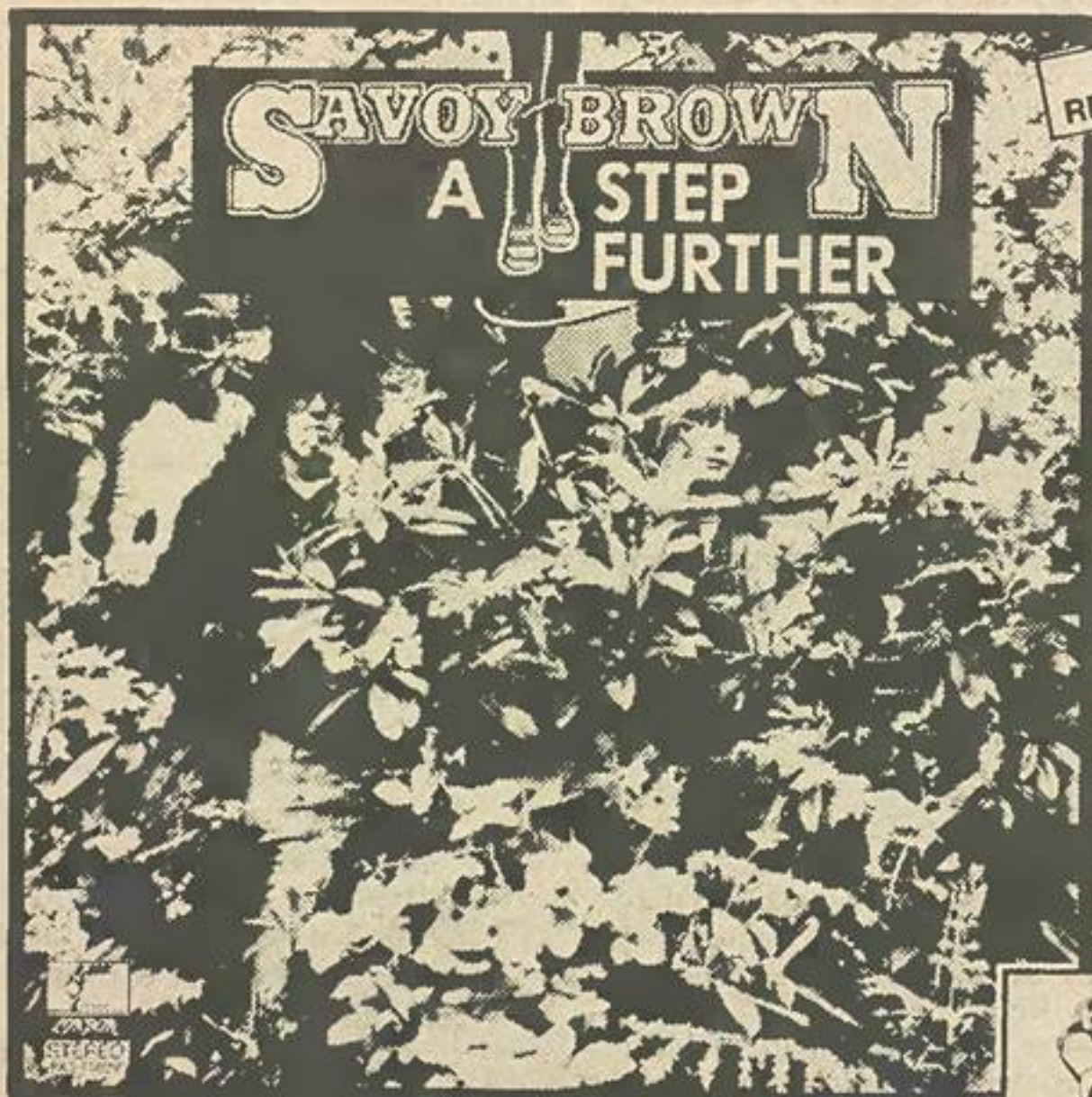
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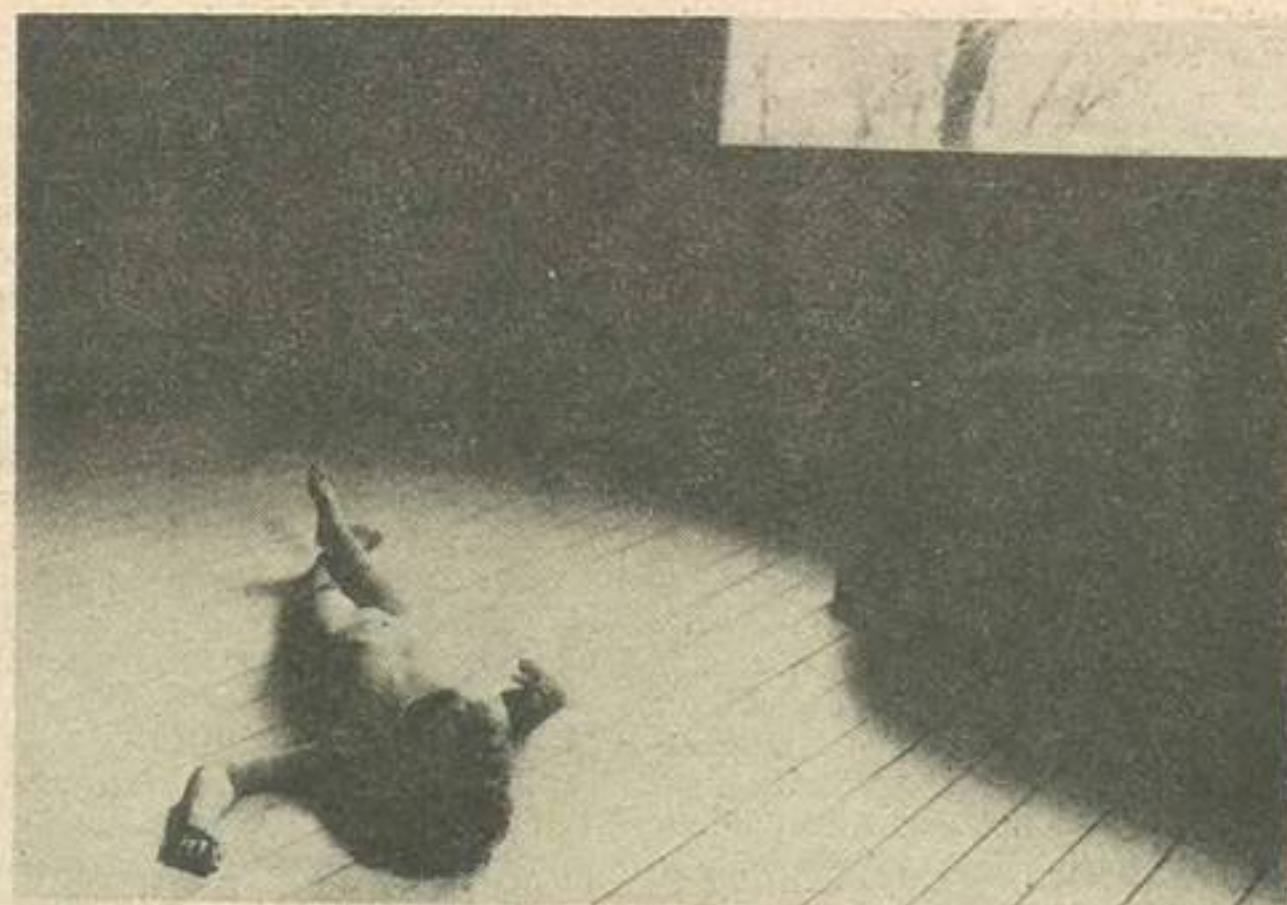
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SAN FRANCISCO AREA

NEED BASSIST who knows that it means a lot of work & thinking. The Heaviness Institute—863-0408, SF.

BASS PLAYER needed. Must have bizarre ideas, good grasp of theory & patience. Cold Turkey, c/o Mushroom Studios—4750 Cabrillo, SF.

DYNAMIC DRUMMER, connected keyboard man needed by rock & soul band with a feeling. Peter—531-3123, Berkeley, Bill—751-8525, SF.

BASSIST (Ex-Wheatstraw Blew Grass) needs gig. 10 yrs. exp. Only hang-up is no equip. now. Have tapes & sides. Bill—173 Duboce, SF.

WANTED: Guitarist/bassist & organist to help create new rock group. Please be able to sing. Larry—824-1139, SF.

SERIOUS LYRICIST/vocalist needed by pianist/songwriter who digs folk, Stills, N. Young, C&W, & pretty music. Box 3101, Daly City.

GUITARIST, some exp., looking to form or join blues/hard rock group. Serious. Ron—6523 Blake St., El Cerrito.

LEAD GUITARIST looking for group or people to form same, esp. bass, drums & vocals. Bill—366-2009, after 10 PM, San Carlos.

WANTED: jazz influenced bassist, drummer & chick-vocalist. Must live in Berkeley area or willing to move. Wayne Alexander—658-8629, 3225 Ellis, Berkeley.

VIOLINIST, elec. & acoustic, seeks gig. Exp'd classical/rock/R&B/soul. Can read & have equip. & wheels. John Tenney—726-2409, Half Moon Bay.

DRUMMER, 21 & union, would like to get into jazz, rock or blues group. Jeff—454-8615, Fairfax.

EQUIPMENT MANAGERS needed. Must be exp. in electronics & familiar with Hammond organs. Phil Brown—Box 431, Larkspur.

BASS PLAYER needed. Must love jazz & R&B. Jazz exp. pref. Bruce—454-7219, San Rafael.

ARTISTS: The Company & Sons needs comic book artists. Generous royalties. Send inquiries or MS to Bagley — 2039 Hayes, SF.

WRITERS: The Company & Sons reviving 30's pulps. Need material from heirs to Nat. West & H. P. Lovecraft. Generous royalties. Send inquiries or MS to Curtis—4426 20th St., SF 94114.

LOOKING FOR biographical data, pictures, film & pers. exp. concerning Hank Williams or sources of information for TV documentary. Larry Armstrong—KQED-TV, 391-1000 ext. 280, 425 4th St, SF.

TO SELL: Gibson B-25 (12). \$150. Goya F-11. \$75. To good home. Jack—845-9631, Berkeley.

LOS ANGELES AREA

LYRICIST wants composer(s) to write music for a collection of 100 completed lyrics. Share credits. Frank Banyal—358 W. Palmer No. 4, Glendale.

EXP. LEAD guitar/bass/drums/singer looking for gig. Have equip., material, tapes—392-9780, 2129 3rd St., Sta. Monica.

AMAZING BASS guitarist & alto sax player desires group to join, or lead guitarist to form. Richard Wilkins—257-5274, Los Angeles, after 5 p.m.

ELECTRIC BASS player (24) desires jazz, rock, folk work. Very proficient, serious. Studio exp. David—4622951, Hollywood.

OTHER CALIFORNIA

DRUMMER (21), 13 yrs. exp. looking for good musicians interested in a serious musical entity. Avail. anytime, anywhere. Larry—263-0289, San Jose.

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the sky.

—Gary von Tersch

SANTA CRUZ rock group needs place to practice. Any building with 4 walls, roof, & elect. \$20/month, maybe more. Paul—438-3249.

NEW YORK CITY AREA

FUNKY GUITARIST wanted who digs Cocker/Rhino type rock. Inexp'd. OK. Al—CL9-7154 after 7, Brooklyn.

REWARD: \$200 for info. leading to recovery of Martin D-18 acoustic guitar, ser. No. 183317, stolen at Chelsea Hotel, NYC, 5/8/69. Guitar is standard D-18 with shaved struts and Grover tuning pegs. Offer good indef. John Cooke—362-1679, SF, or 988-4773, NYC.

ELECTRIC PIANO, organists, & bassists wanted. Singing would help. 19-23; Byrds, Blind Faith, Blues Project, Springfield bag. Joe Carey, 937-1040; Lou—VI-6-0894, after 6, Queens.

FOLK-ROCK, rock songwriter, singer, rhythm guitarist, (20). Looking to form or join serious group. 5 yrs. exp. Neil—527-5686, after 4, New York.

SINGER/SONGWRITER & rhythm guitar need lead & bass guitars & drummer. Orig. material. Johnny—348-3628, after 6, NYC.

DYNAMIC FEMALE vocalist/songwriter wants to join group to start now. Serious, dependable. Lorraine—787-0807, after 11 & lv. mess., NYC.

ALL GIRL rock group seeks dynamic lead singer. Over 21, able to travel, must play instrument, electric piano or organ pref. Exp. & serious girls only. Alex or Cheryl—582-1122, NYC.

YOUNG PROD. Co. willing to listen to together groups for recording. Joe—765-3090, NYC.

LYRICIST &/or composer wanted who can write perceptively about the wonders (& horrors) of life. Good voice, harmony-minded, &/or good contemp. folk guitar style. Ron (Leo, 1941)—789-8781 or 433-4803, work, NYC.

FREAK TAILOR wishes work with group with a future. Can design unusual stage clothes. Will move if offer is good enough. Exp. with pro. group. Theresa Kinney—434-7814 after 8, or 64 Hackett Blvd., Albany, NY.

SONGWRITER/SINGER looking for group to do it up with. Also female tambourine players. Ron—286-1491, Harlem, NY.

EAST COAST

EXP'D DRUMMER, 18, union, reads music, travel, looking for established

band with orig. mater. Jim—731-8391, 27 Glenview Dr., W. Orange, N.J.

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LIGHT SHOW—complete, solo-controlled. I dig hard rock. Sherman—453-7293, Lowell, Mass.

LEAD GUITARIST—singer, 8 yrs. exp., looking for gig with blues group. Also play keyboard, write many lyrics. Free to travel for good bread, but want to start in this area. Pat—262-6307, lv. mess., Boston.

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BASSIST, 18, wishes to join serious rock-blues group. Will travel. Tom—683-0533, Cincinnati.

BUDDING DULCIMER player needs basic tuning knowledge & info. on types of strings, etc. Dale Smith—Deep Bay, Alaska.

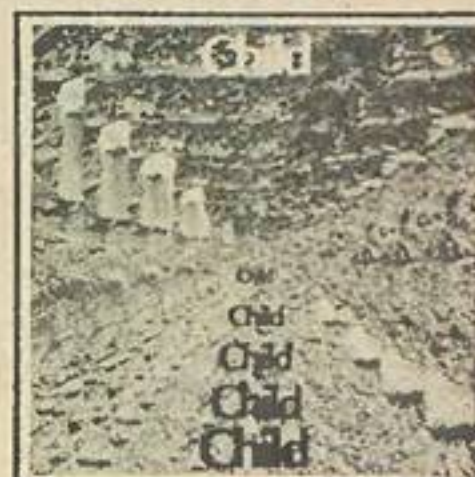


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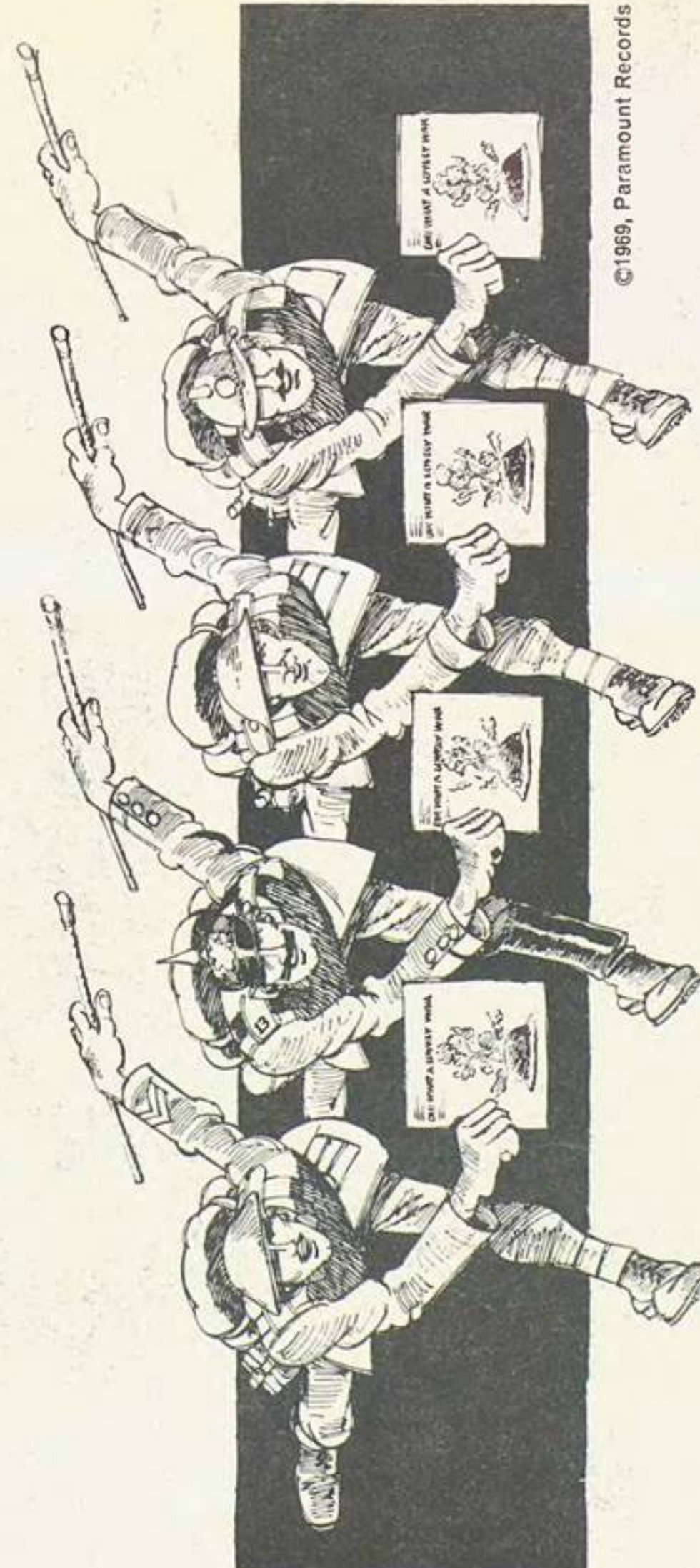


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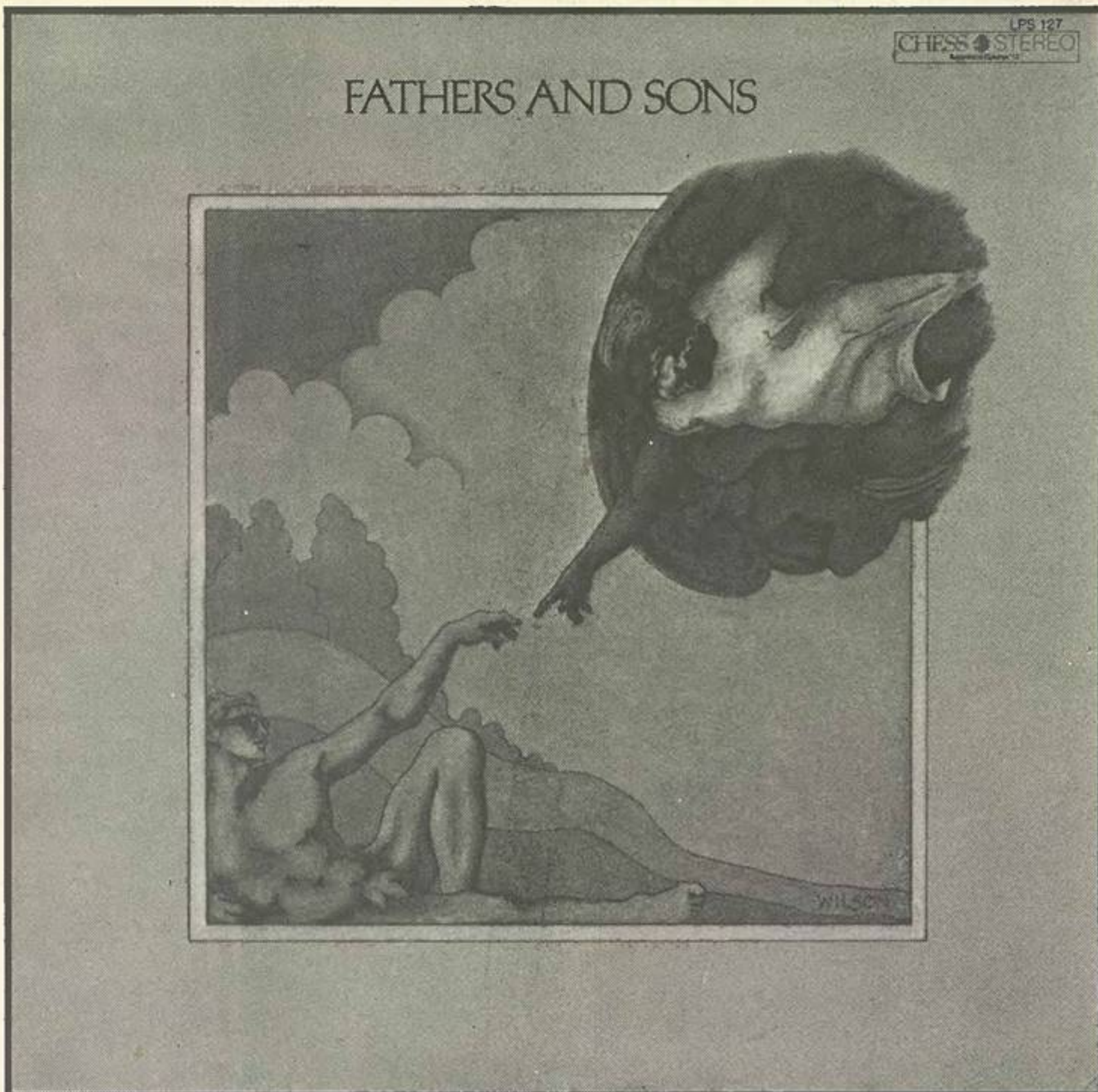
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